

the ARMENIAN REVIEW

AUTUMN, 1954

SPECIAL
**THE SOVIET NATIONALITY
POLICY**

Text of a Speech by Prof. H. Seton-Watson, with
a commentary by Reuben Darbinian

also

William Saroyan
Vartouhie C. Nalbandian
Dr. George P. Rice, Jr.
Leon Surmelian
Minas Ensanian
P. K. Thomajan
Stepan Hovian
Nuber Kazanjian
Vardges Aharonian
Prof. Clarence A. Manning
Dr. Arshak Safrastian
Archie Dickranian

Poetry, Reviews, Stories, Articles

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Editor-in-chief
REUBEN DARBINIAN

Editor
JAMES G. MANDALIAN

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JAMES H. TASHJIAN

Contributing Editors
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H. Kurdian

Dr. George P. Rice, Jr.
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A SAVANT'S SPEECH AND OUR COMMENTARY

THE SOVIET NATIONALITY POLICY

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE ARMENIAN REVIEW herewith presents the full text of a speech delivered by Prof. H. Seton-Watson, of London University, before the Institute for the Study of the History and Culture of the USSR conference of emigre scholars, at Tutzing, Bavaria, early this past July. Reprint of Prof. Seton-Watson's speech is followed by a commentary on it written by *REVIEW* editor-in-chief, Mr. Reuben Darbinian. Prof. Seton-Watson is a distinguished historian and a recognized authority on the Soviet Union.



PROF. H. SETON-WATSON'S SPEECH

There is no need before this audience to relate the detailed facts about the nationality policy of the Soviet Union. You have lived for years in the Soviet Union, I have not. You are also going to hear several reports on the detailed problems of most of the main nationalities and national regions. All that I shall now try to do is to discuss a few general problems that arise from the study of the national problem in the Soviet Union.

My remarks will be based in part on

the study of the published sources, both Soviet and foreign, for the Soviet period of Russian history, and in part on the experience of some other states and other governments faced with similar problems.

I should state at the outset that I do not believe that Russia and her problems are unique. They have of course their special features, but in many ways they are comparable with other peoples and other lands. As I have not had the opportunity to live in Russia, it is obvious that in dis-

cussing Russia I shall fail to perceive many nuances of the Russian mind and the Russian atmosphere. Of this I am constantly and painfully aware. But I do not believe that Russian nature is something that human reason cannot penetrate. Some Russians will of course contemptuously reject this view. "We are different", they will say. "You will never understand us". Here argument ends. Esoteric revelations and irrational rhetoric are unanswerable. But I presume that we would not have met here in this congress unless we intended to use our reason. All that I can say with absolute confidence is that there is nothing unique at all in the dogma "My nation is unique". This attitude is as old as the human race. In our own life-time it was used by Adolf Hitler. In a different setting it is used by Dr. Malan in South Africa. In yet another setting it is used by the Bolsheviks. It is a dangerous dogma, used by dubious people. It makes all human intercourse impossible.

I believe then that we must look for enlightenment on the problems of any country which we study, whether it is Russia or Britain or Abyssinia, not only to the historical documents of the respective country, but also to comparable problems and situations in the experience of other countries. For the problem of Soviet nationality policy I suggest that it is worth looking at the experience of Austria-Hungary and of the small Balkan states, and on the other hand at the British and other European colonies empires. If one can separate those features of Soviet national policy which are characteristic of all multi-national states or colonial empires, from those which are peculiar to the Soviet regime, one will have made some real progress.

Lenin's doctrine on the national question is no doubt so well known to all of us here that I need spend little time on it. He upheld in principle the right of every nation to self-determination, including the

right of secession. At the same time he upheld the international solidarity of the proletariat, and the consequent duty of every working class to prefer the working class of a neighboring nation to the bourgeoisie of its own nation. The contradiction between these two principles could not be, and has not been, resolved either in theory or in practice.

Whether, during the stormy years after the October Revolution, any given nationality remained within Soviet Russia or had an independent state of its own, was decided not by theoretical examination of the conflicting principles, but by the geographical position of the respective nationality and by military force. Thus the Poles, Finns, Lithuanians, Letts and Estonians established independent states because they were first occupied by the invading German army and then defended by the victorious Western Powers, whose naval might was dominant in the Baltic Sea. The Georgians, Azerbaijanis and Armenians had a few years of independence, but they were conquered because Soviet Russia and Turkey had a common interest in their suppression, because they quarrelled with each other and because they antagonised the Western Powers. The other main nationalities of the Russian Empire, Ukrainians, Volga Tatars and Central Asians, were inaccessible to western help and were conquered in turn by White and Red armies.

Once the Bolshevik regime was established, its official policy, as we all know, was based on the principle of "a culture national in form and socialist in content". In theory, there were two dangers, to be combated with equal energy and vigilance. One was Great Russian Great Power chauvinism, the other local bourgeois nationalism. In actual fact however, Bolshevik treatment of the nationalities after 1921 was as opportunist as it had been during the civil war. The most important single fact

about the history of Bolshevik nationality policy is that its phases coincide with, and were determined by the phases of Stalin's general policy.

The years of NEP were a period in which, though the Bolsheviks held dictatorial power, they exercised it with relative mildness. This was true not only in the peasant economy but also in religious and cultural life and in nationality policy. During these years some of the nationalities enjoyed a real measure of self-government. In the Ukraine, the official policy of Ukrainisation enjoyed real popular support. In Transcaucasia, though the vindictive intrigues of Stalin caused injustice and discontent, at least it was true that power was held by local men. But in the other parts of the Soviet Union conditions were different. After the disgrace of Sultan-Galiev the Volga Tatars lost most of their autonomy. In Central Asia, official Soviet sources show beyond doubt that power was concentrated in the hands of the local Russian minority, and the Asian peoples were kept in subjection. Occasional interventions by Moscow did not substantially change this state of affairs.

Stalin's second revolution of 1929, with its dekulakisation, collectivisation of agriculture and rapid industrialisation, brought a fundamental change of nationality policy, as of all other departments of policy. Ruthless centralisation in the economic fields was not compatible with self-government for the nationalities. Economic misery and political oppression created bitter hatred, and in the national areas this inevitably took the form of national hatred. Already in 1930 Ukrainisation was abandoned. The famine of 1932-33 in the Ukraine was followed by the appointment of Postyshev as Second Secretary of the Ukrainian party and Stalin's gubernator in the Ukraine. The massacre of livestock in the Kazakh steppe was followed by the starvation or

flight of nearly half the Kazakh nation and the russification of Kazakhstan.

In the national areas as in Russian lands, the years 1935 and 1936 were a period of relaxation of pressures. But the Yezhovshchina, beginning at the end of 1936 and extending till early 1939, hit the nationalities with special severity. In the Ukraine, Postyshev himself was swept away, together with all members of the Ukrainian Politburo and the Ukrainian Sovnarkom, besides hundreds of thousands of lower party and state officials and Ukrainian intellectuals. In North Caucasus and the Transcaucasian republics, Avtorhanov tells us that 3-4 per cent of the population were arrested. In Central Asia, the Uzbek Prime Minister Hodzhaev, the First Secretary Ikramov, were only the most eminent of tens of thousands of victims. The purge also ravaged the ASSRs of Tataria, Bashkiria and Buryat Mongolia.

The war brought not only an understandable exaltation of patriotism in official propaganda, but a rigid identification of patriotism with subservience to the Stalinist totalitarian regime and ruthless punishment as traitors not only of the regime's enemies, but of whole nations regarded as potentially disloyal. To this period belong the genocide of the Volga Germans, Crimean Tatars, Chechens, Karachays and Kalmyks.

The post-war period is marked by the emergence of the Soviet Union as one of the Giant Powers of the world, with an imperialist policy affecting every part of the globe. This new phase of Soviet imperialism has required still further blows to the national individuality and national traditions of all the peoples of the Soviet Union. The most striking examples of this phase are the suppression of the national epics of the Moslem peoples and the falsification of the history of North Caucasians, Kirgiz, Ukrainians, Roumanians and Bessarabia

and other nations. The campaign against "cosmopolitanism" has the same significance. For example, Tadjiks must not show pride in the common culture which they share with Persians; rather they must stress the links between Tadjik and Russian culture.

The brief survey of the past brings me to my main question. Is the nationality policy of the Soviet Union to-day one of Russification?

This raises two separate questions. The first is "Does Russification exist?" The second is "Is Russification the driving force of Soviet nationality policy? Is it the motive of this policy, or only its result, or its instrument?"

The answer to the first question must be "Yes".

There are great differences between different parts of the Soviet Union. In Georgia and Armenia there has hitherto been absolutely no Russification. These republics are ruled exclusively by their own nationals. In the Ukraine and Azerbaidjan the problem is more complicated. On the whole it would seem to me that the Ukraine is ruled by Ukrainians, though the formerly Polish provinces form an exception and though in general the Russian resident element in the Ukraine certainly possesses influence out of proportion to its numbers. In Azerbaidjan, the city of Baku has a large Russian population, which no doubt is well represented in the state and party apparatus. But the study of such sources as have been available to me — admittedly imperfect — suggests that even in Baku most important posts are held by Azerbaidjanis, and that in the rest of the republic this is definitely so.

A special case are certain border provinces. Here there have been massive deportations of local people and massive colonisation of Russians. This is true in the Western Ukraine, the Baltic states and probably

Western White Russia. It is also true in Bessarabia. In the Far East the same is true of Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands. The motives of these actions are clearly strategic.

But the most important examples of Russification are to be found in the economically developing regions of Asiatic Russia, inhabited by Moslem, Buddhist or Shamanist nations. Here Russification takes several distinct forms.

Colonisation of Russians and Ukrainians affects in the first place the new industrial centers. The capitals of the Central Asian republics are largely Russian cities — Tashkent rather less so than the others. So are Izhevsk, capital of the Udmurt ASSR; Ufa — capital of Bashkiria; Ulan Ude — capital of Buryat Mongolia. But in certain areas colonisation extends even to the countryside. After the mass starvation in Kazakhstan during collectivisation Russian and Ukrainian peasants were brought in. Hrushchov's new drive to develop the agriculture of Kazakhstan will take the process further.

To insist that Russian should be taught as a compulsory second language in national schools, does not seem to me to be unreasonable. Every great state must have a first language and in the Soviet Union it is obvious that this must be Russian. Much more dubious is the tendency to make Russian the only language in secondary and higher education in areas of mixed population. The universities of Central Asia, of which Soviet propaganda to Asia makes so much use, have for the most part Russian as the language of instruction and a very large proportion of their students are not Asians but resident Russians. Another element of Russification is the imposition of the Cyrillic alphabet for Asian languages and the systematic introduction into those languages of Russian words, which goes far beyond technical vocabulary in the strict sense.

In recent years we have seen the system-

atic falsification of the history of the nationalities. In Ukrainian history all links with Moscow are stressed, while links with Poland and with southern or western Europe are minimised. Shamil is represented as a reactionary agent of Anglo-Turkish imperialism. The conquest of Kirgizia by the Tsar's armies is interpreted as a progressive action as it furthered the social development of the Kirgiz nation and brought it into contact with progressive Russian culture. This argument is simply the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist equivalent of the arguments used by the 19th century theorists of European and American imperialism. The same tendency can be seen in the suppression of the Moslem national epics — Dede Korkut in Azerbaidjan; Korkut ata in Turkmenia; Alpamysh in Uzbekistan and Manas in Kirgizia.

Of the subordination of the republican governments to the Union government there is of course no doubt. It is clear even in the text of the Constitution and it is clearer still if one takes into account the hierarchy of the Communist party. But here too the problem of Russification arises. In Central Asia the Second Secretaries of the Central Committees of the republican parties and in most cases the second Secretaries of oblast committees are Russians. In Kazakhstan of course at present both, the First and Second Secretaries, are Russians, but this is perhaps due to temporary exceptional circumstances. It is interesting to note that post-war purges in the Central Asian parties appear to have affected Russian Second Secretaries more than Asian First Secretaries. This would seem to show that it is the Second Secretaries who wield the real power. In the case of the Ukraine the problem is not that the Ukrainian party is run by Russians — this does not seem to be the case — but that the Ukraine is extraordinarily under-represented in the leadership of the All-Union party. The All-Union Central Committee has among its full mem-

bers 36 First Secretaries of obkoms or krai-koms or ASSRs within the RSFSR and another 12 as candidates. Only 2 First Secretaries of Ukrainian obkoms are candidates, none are full members. Oblasts of such industrial importance as Kharkov, Stalino, Kiev and Dnepropetrovsk are not represented.

Let us now consider my second question. It is tempting to argue that Bolshevik policy is a continuation of the Russification policy of Alexander III and Nicholas II. There are some striking similarities, I have already mentioned the imperialistic interpretation of the suppression of Shamil and the Kirgiz. I am myself inclined to the view that the dominant social type which is emerging in the Soviet Union is a kind of bureaucratic state bourgeoisie, whose ideas and general mentality are a curious combination of those of the 19th century European capitalist bourgeoisie and the 19th century Russian bureaucracy. One might thus argue that there is likely to be a continuity of outlook between Pleve and Malenkov.

Nevertheless I believe this idea to be wrong. I do not think that the Soviet government is interested in Russian nationalism. The conflict is not between the Russians and the smaller nationalities, but between these nationalities and a centralised totalitarian regime. The regime suppresses the nationalities as it suppresses all groups not created by itself. For the suppression of the nationalities it uses Russians as its instruments. It does this because the Russians are the most numerous and culturally and economically the most advanced of the peoples of the Soviet Union and because Russians, as Russians, are less likely to be disloyal to the regime. It may well be that individual Russians used by the regime in national areas, act in a contemptuous and chauvinistic manner towards members of other nationalities. The sum total of such arrogant actions may produce a very

large volume of indignation. But Russification is not the government's aim.

The government's aim is total power. It intends to exploit every human being, and every economic resource in the country. If there is oil on the territory of Bashkiria or Azerbaidjan — that oil must be made available for the purposes of those who control the totalitarian machine centred in Moscow. If it is to their advantage that Uzbeks and Tadjiks should grow more cotton and less grain, they will be made to do so. When the British ruled Egypt, they developed cotton at the expense of grain and have been severely criticised for doing so. But there are three important differences between British treatment of Egypt and Bolshevik treatment of Turkestan. Firstly, the greater part of the profits of Egyptian cotton growing went to Egyptians, while all the profits of Uzbek cotton kolkhozy go to Moscow. Secondly, no British government would ever have considered, or did consider, withholding grain supplies from Egypt to starve its people into submission, whereas this threat was used by the Soviet government. Thirdly, Egyptians could and did bitterly attack not only British cotton policy but British rule itself. For Uzbeks or Tadjiks such criticism would be fatal.

In order to achieve total power over its subjects, the Soviet regime systematically atomises society. All associations of citizens for whatever purpose must be directed by the party and infiltrated by the MVD. This applies as much to groups of musicians or sportsmen or butterfly-lovers as to political groups. The regime has a special distrust, which, granted its premises, is perfectly just, for any association derived from some principle that is independent of, and older than the regime. The two most important associations of this kind are religious communities and nations. By its very nature the regime is unable to tolerate the existence of either. It is determined to destroy the nationalities, not in the interest

of the Russian nation, but because the totality of its power demands it. It will not be content until no Uzbek feels that he is linked to another Uzbek, because he is an Uzbek, by a link stronger than that which binds him to his hierarchical superior in the totalitarian power system.

Soviet policy is a war of extermination against the principle of nationality. It can also fairly be described as imperialism. But it is not inspired by the desire to russify the nationalities.

It would however be quite wrong to deduce from this that Soviet policy does not appear to the nationalities that suffer from it as a policy of deliberate Russification. Thousands of examples can be found to show that oppression whose instruments are people of another nation is felt by its objects to be something different from oppression at the hands of their own compatriots. In the 1930's in Czechoslovakia the German workers of the western border regions suffered heavily from unemployment. This was a result of the world economic depression of that time, but these Germans regarded it as an act of oppression by the Czech government. In Transylvania under the Roumanian king Karol the corruption and brutality of the bureaucracy caused equal suffering to its Roumanian and Hungarian inhabitants. But whereas to the Roumanians this seemed a matter of political or class oppression, the Hungarians felt that they were being victimised as a nation.

In the Soviet Union the famines in the Ukraine and Kazakhstan seemed to their victims to be measures of extermination directed against their nations, though this was not in fact the conscious aim of Stalin.

The attitude of the Moscow government to Islam seems to me to be especially important. Bolshevik persecution of Orthodoxy was persecution by Russians of Russians. Persecution of Islam is persecution by Russians of Asians. The evidence shows without doubt firstly — that ever since

1917 the number of communists among the Moslem nations of the Soviet Union has been very small, and secondly — that these Asian communists have always been most reluctant to attack Islam, even though they personally may have ceased to be believers. The campaigns against Islam have always come from Moscow and their active exponents in the Moslem areas have been the resident Russian elements. Those Asian communists who have supported the campaign have appeared to the population as mere puppets of the Russians. The attack on Islam in fact has been imposed from outside, by members of another nation with other religious traditions. Such a situation inevitably creates nationalist reaction.

I should like to say a few words about a special problem — the formation of new intelligentsias among the nationalities. It is beyond dispute that the Soviet regime has given the nationalities greater opportunities of education and of careers for their talents than could have been dreamed of under the Tsars. Ukrainians, Transcasians, Tatars and Central Asians now have hundreds of thousands of university students, teachers, engineers, scientists and bureaucrats of all sorts. These men owe their careers to the Soviet regime. It is often assumed that they are grateful for this and that they form most loyal and reliable support for the Stalinist regime among their compatriots.

In my view this opinion is quite wrong. In the Kingdom of Hungary before 1914, Slovaks or Serbs or Roumanians who learned the Hungarian language and went to a Hungarian university, could acquire the best education and make good careers. But those who did this, did not become exponents among their own peoples of the Hungarian regime to which they owed their careers. On the contrary they used their new knowledge and skill to make themselves leaders of the struggle of their peoples for independence from Hungary.

The intelligentsia of the Asian nations was created by the opportunities of modern secular education created by the European Powers. Moslems, Confucians and Buddhists of course had had schools of their own type, with their traditional form of culture, which may be equal or superior to ours for centuries. But for survival in the modern world, modern secular education is needed. This was imported by the Europeans. The new Asian intelligentsia which arose from study in the schools and universities of the West, or in schools of the western type in their countries, owed their careers entirely to the Westerners. But this did not make them exponents among their own peoples of western colonial rule. On the contrary, like the intelligentsia of the subject peoples of Hungary, they became leaders of their peoples' struggles for independence. Pandit Nehru was educated at Harrow, one of the best schools in England which had among its pupils Sir Winston Churchill, and at Cambridge University. Ho-Chi-Minh studied in France, loves French literature and civilisation and has had many French friends. The pioneers of the small communist parties of the Arab lands include many former students of the American university of Beirut.

I do not believe that the same result is not also produced among the intelligentsia of the nationalities of the Soviet Union and especially among the Asian element. It is of course true that there are no independence movements in Central Asia like the Indian National Congress or the Egyptian Wafd or the Tunisian *néo-Destour*. But as we all know, this proves only that totalitarianism is different from democracy that the MVD's function in Soviet society is different from that of the police in Britain or France. It does not prove that the Central Asian intelligentsia are not thinking in terms of nationalist movements. The campaigns of the Soviet Communist Party against "bourgeois nationalism" with all

their fantastic excesses, provide indirect evidence.

In conclusion a few words about the future. The record of Russian imperialism before 1917 was, it seems to me, neither worse nor better than that of other European imperialism. Bolshevik imperialism is a horrible tyranny, but the Russians are its victims as well as the other nations of the Soviet Union. There are positive elements in the historical relationship between the Russian people and its neighbours, at least in the east and south. Strong argument can be found in favour of preserving a single great state, reorganised on a genuinely federal principle. But there is no iron law of history that states must be big.

The Nazis loved to declaim about the merits of a "Grossraum", within which the Germans should rule over dozens of smaller client peoples. To adopt their doctrines on behalf of the Russian people would be perilous. Let us put aside all rhetorical phrases and metaphysical dogmas. The economies of the Ukraine and Russia are complementary. They must trade with each other on a massive scale. But this does not prove that there cannot be an independent Ukrainian state. National independence does not need to bring with it tariff barriers and economic boycotts. An independent Georgia would be a very small state. But Switzerland is a small state and has

survived although it lies between France, Germany and Italy, which have often fought wars with each other. Central and South America contain many small states which have survived for a hundred years or more. When Stalinism has ceased to exist — which we here may or may not live to see — we must assume that a system of international order and security will be established, within which it will be possible for both small states and large federations to exist.

One thing however is absolutely clear. Neither the United States, which has granted independence to the twenty million people of the Philippines, nor Britain, which has granted independence to the four hundred and fifty million people of India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, can undertake to support a free Russia of the future in preventing Ukrainians or Uzbeks or Georgians or Letts from seeking their own independence. The future of the nationalities of the Soviet Union must depend on their own wishes, freely expressed in a clear manner. Meanwhile we must regard the question as open and we must do everything to promote real friendship between the Russian people and the other peoples oppressed by the common totalitarian enemy. And I am using the word, not as a piece of rhetoric, but in its exact sense. By "friendship" I mean not imperialism hiding under a mask, but friendship.



A COMMENTARY ON PROF. SETON-WATSON'S SPEECH

REUBEN DARBINIAN

We are in complete agreement with Prof. Seton-Watson in his basic view that the Russian Empire, now inherited by the Soviet Union, does not essentially differ with other empires such as the old Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman multinational empires, nor even the British, French or Dutch colonial empires. Therefore, the view of

the Great Russians that the Russian Empire is an unique phenomenon of history, and thus can by no means be compared with other empires, is definitely erroneous. We believe the Russian empire, like all others, a composite of many nations, is just as liable to eventual disintegration and separation into its constituent parts as were

the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Empires.

We also agree with him that after the October Revolution the question of sticking with the Soviet or of separating and forming independent states of their own on the part of non-Russian nationalities of Russia was determined not by the theoretical examination of conflicting principles, but by the geographical position of the respective nationality and by military force.

There is no doubt that, during those stormy days and chaotic conditions, the geographic position of the Poles, the Finns, the Lithuanians, the Latvians, the Estonians, as well as the Georgians, the Armenians and the Azeris in the outlying provinces of the Russian Empire, played a most important, and perhaps decisive, role in the separation of these peoples from Russia and in the formation of their independent states.

These peripheral provinces of the Empire, comparatively remote from the Russian center, and presenting compact national units, could secede from Moscow with comparative ease when that center was preoccupied with internal civil wars, when it had not as yet stabilized its power, nor commanded sufficient military force to subjugate the recalcitrant nationalities. But by the time Moscow liquidated the civil war and turned its attention to the remote, seceding provinces, the Poles, the Finns, and the Baltic States were sufficiently entrenched as independent states, at least to such extent that it was difficult to reconquer them by subversion or internal revolt. On the other hand, Moscow was reluctant to attack and seize them by armed force for two principal reasons: first, the fear of European intervention, and second, such a step would have militated against the Soviet's official policy of liberation of oppressed nations. To go that far, and to act so boldly, the Soviet needed more time, specifically the favorable set-

ting which was to be created by the Second World War.

As to the nationalities of southern Russia: the Armenians, the Georgians and the Azeris, the Soviet did not even feel the need of waiting longer for the cogent reasons: first, the oil of Baku was a vital necessity for the economy of entire Russia; and second, there was Kemalist Turkey which was ready to aid, and actually aided, in seizing Azerbaijan and Armenia through devious ways under the communist slogans of "revolution" and "liberation," while in the case of Georgia the Soviet combined the external invasion with internal conspiracy in the firm assurance that no great European power under the conditions would want to extend a helping hand to the remote Transcaucasian peoples in the fight against the combined Turco-Soviet forces.

The brief-spanned independent status of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan, Prof. Seton-Watson ascribes to three causes: because Soviet Russia and Turkey had a common interest in their suppression; because they quarrelled with each other; and because they antagonized the Western Powers.

Of these three causes, we think, only the first is the all-important and should be considered the decisive factor in the destruction of Armenia's, Georgia's and Azerbaijan's independence in 1920. It may be stated without reservation that, if the second and third causes never existed, the first cause would have been sufficient to prevent these newly-formed states from maintaining their existence any longer. In our view, Prof. Seton-Watson exaggerates the importance of intra-national feuds of the Caucasian peoples and their so-called antagonization of the western powers.

Naturally, it cannot be denied that territorial disputes and quarrels existed among the peoples of the Transcaucasus which weakened the newly-formed states. Like-

wise, it cannot be denied that the western powers had cause to be displeased with the Transcaucasian peoples in those days.

Nevertheless, first, these peoples were desperately trying to resolve their differences which brought about the loss of their independence. Second, the western powers themselves followed conflicting policies in the Transcaucasus, and in the hour of peril, they deserted the Caucasian peoples.

Speaking of the period of the NEP — The New Economic Policy — Prof. Seton-Watson says: "Some of the nationalities of Russia enjoyed a real measure of self-government. In Transcaucasia, though the vindictive intrigues of Stalin caused injustice and discontent, at least it was true that the power was held by local men."

This may be countered by saying that today, too, the power in Transcaucasia is held by "local men," but that does not mean that the peoples of Transcaucasia enjoy any measure of real self-government, much the same as they never enjoyed such a privilege in the days of the NEP. The local communist rulers in those days, as today, were plain puppets of Moscow, their servile and obedient servants. It is an error, therefore, to say that in the days of the NEP certain peoples of the Soviet Union enjoyed real self-government. Such a thing never happened either in Transcaucasia or in any other part of the Soviet Union, nor could it happen as long as communist Moscow had planted its iron heel on all the subjugated peoples even from the start, although not with the same severity on all.

It is quite true that in the years of the NEP, 1921-23 in particular, as well as in the days of the last war, the Soviet policy toward the nationalities was comparatively mild; but that mildness never emanated from a sincere tendency toward granting real autonomy, but was practiced in order to pull the wool over the eyes of the peoples as a temporary measure catering to

their national pride in order to reconcile them with the Soviet yoke all the more easily and to drive them to additional sacrifices and privations.

It is a curious fact of history that the great Georgian uprising of 1924 took place in the very days when, according to Prof. Seton-Watson, the peoples of Transcaucasia enjoyed a real measure of self-government. Patently, there never would have been any general uprisings had there been real self-government, as Prof. Seton-Watson asserts.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of the Soviet policy of Russification Prof. Seton-Watson asks two questions: "Does Russification exist?", and, "Is Russification the driving force of Soviet nationality policy? Is it the motive of this policy, or only its result, or its instrument?"

Although answering his first question affirmatively, the Professor adds that there are great differences between different parts of the Soviet Union, and as an example, he cites the case of Armenia and Georgia, "In Georgia and Armenia there has hitherto been *absolutely* no Russification." For proof of this assertion he contends that these two republics are ruled exclusively by their own nationals.

The irrefutable fact, however, is that there is Russification in Georgia, and especially in Armenia, and that, the Georgian and Armenian Communist rulers not only do not prevent, but actually support this Russification because they are cringing puppets of Moscow, and when they fail to carry out the orders from the Kremlin they are summarily purged.

It is a well known fact that in Armenia, for example, every time the Armenian communist rulers have shown nationalistic tendencies they have either been liquidated or removed by purge. Thus, in the course of the years, numerous communist governors, such as Sahak Ter Gabrielian, Asht Hovhanissian and Aghassi Khanchian, who were not totally devoid of nationalistic sen-

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timent, were ruthlessly purged to make room for more dependable successors.

Without doubt the same thing has happened, and continues to happen, in other non-Russian republics of the Soviet Union where "the bourgeois" nationalists are always persecuted, whereas, in Russia proper, during the past 25 years, the ones who have been persecuted are not the bourgeois nationalists but the so-called "cosmopolits."

This steady Russification of the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union is carried out through several means. The first of these is the Soviet purge. The native intellectuals, whether communist or not, who show the smallest degree of nationalistic deviation from the line which Moscow headquarters can tolerate in any given period or set of circumstances, are systematically and peremptorily purged. This systematic *physical* destruction of the non-Russian nationalist intelligentsia greatly contributes to the task of russification.

The use of the Russian language as the medium of instruction in advanced or higher institutions of education is another contributing factor in the process of russification.

Third, there is the distortion of non-Russian languages. Through the forcible introduction of numerous Russian words in the vocabulary of non-Russians, the native synonyms of which are extant and have been in use for centuries, the Soviet is converting these native languages into a hideous caricature.

Fourth, the abusive and systematic distortion of the national histories of the nationalities, in an effort to minimize the historic value of their national-emancipatory movements and their national heroes, and the persistent effort to exalt and to glorify the Great Russian nation as their "liberator," "savior," "benefactor," "enlightener," and their "big brother."

Lastly, the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union are deprived of all possi-

bility of obtaining a truly national education of their own, to be inspired by their national ideals, properly to appraise and appreciate their national values, to preserve their centuries-old traditions and institutions, especially their religion and church, all of which contribute to the process of russification.

All of these measures have been, and are being employed in the Soviet Union where the dominant element are the Great Russians and where the central government is overwhelmingly controlled by the Great Russians, for the russification of the non-Russians, and as we have seen, the Armenians and Georgians are no exception to the rule.

As to the question of whether russification is the driving force or the motive power of Soviet policy, or it is a result or an instrument, Prof. Seton-Watson does not believe that the Soviet government is interested in nationalism. In his view, the real conflict is not between the Russians and the small nationalities, but between these nationalities and the centralized *totalitarian* government which suppresses all factions which have not sprung from itself.

In short, the Professor does not believe that russification is the aim of the Soviet government. Unfortunately, we cannot agree with this view.

It is true that the Soviet government's supreme aim is the preservation of its totalitarian rule, and to insure this aim, the extension of its totalitarian rule over the entire world. But it is not correct to affirm that russification is a mere result of a policy which strives for this aim. In our opinion, russification in the Soviet Union, especially in the post-war era, not only is a result but a driving force and a motive power of Soviet policy toward the non-Russians.

While true that russification, per se, is not an end for the Soviet rulers, it is equally true that the latter regard russification

as the most effective and safest means for the preservation of their power both in peace and war. Stalin himself said in his historic toast at the victory banquet in honor of his generals at the end of the last war, the honor of the Soviet victory belongs primarily to the Great Russian nation.

Nor were these historic words entirely without foundation. In the last war the mood of the non-Russian nationality soldiers was incomparably more defeatistic than the Great Russians, and it was primarily the latter who saved the Soviet government from certain defeat.

Prof. Seton-Watson admits that the Soviet government makes use of the Russians in the suppression of the non-Russians, but, in his opinion, it does this not because they are Russians but because "the Russians are the most numerous and culturally and economically the most advanced of the peoples of the Soviet Union and because Russians, as Russians, are less likely to be disloyal to the regime."

It must be observed, however, that first of all, *collectively*, the non-Russians of the Soviet Union constitute a no less number, and if anything, they are a little larger in numbers than the Russians. Then again, the Byelo-Russians, the Ukrainians, the Armenians and the Georgians are not far behind the Russians in point of economic advancement and culture, and as to the Armenians and the Georgians, they are much older civilized nations than the Russians. But it is true that the Russians, as Russians, can be regarded as a more reliable element for the Soviet than the non-Russians, and the reason for this is that the non-Russians consider the Soviet Union as the real Russia and themselves the subjects of an alien domination, while the Russians consider the Soviet Union as their own and have more reason to be content with their present condition, at least from the nationalistic standpoint.

Moreover, we think that the present gov-

ernment of Moscow makes use of the Russians more broadly and steadfastly in the realization of its aim not only because they are more reliable and loyal, but because it looks upon them as Hitler looked on the German nation, namely, the *super race* which is called upon to rule all inferior and less-gifted peoples.

This is seen by the systematic stress on the superiority of the Russian nation which the Soviet propaganda has projected especially after the end of the last war. To this propaganda is due the systematic, insistent and absurd effort to make the world believe that all great inventions of history were made by the Russians. The rulers of Moscow consider this so important that they even do not fear being the object of the world's ridicule.

This insistent and stubborn tendency to prove that the Russians are superior in all the fields of the arts and the trades to all other peoples, whether Soviet or non-Soviet, is a ringing manifestation of *Russian Nazism* which, however, does not come out into the open like German Nazism but hides itself behind the international slogans of socialism and communism, while it surpasses German Nazism with its fantastic exaggerations and distortions, ascribing to the Russians even the indisputable and universally-known inventions of other peoples, something which the German Nazis never dared to do.

Prof. Seton-Watson is generally correct in his characterization of one of the Soviet government's basic policies when he says that the regime systematically *atomises* society, something which, long before him, as early as 1947, already had been pointed out so masterfully by George Kennan. This means the systematic destruction of all organizations or institutions of society which do not fully conform to the control of the communist party. The two most important associations, according to him, which have not yet been destroyed are the

religious communities and the nationalities.

"By its very nature," Prof. Seton-Watson says, "the regime is unable to tolerate the existence of either. It is determined to destroy the nationalities, not in the interest of the Russian nation, but because the totality of its power demands it."

This is true in theory, but not in actual life, because the Soviet Government strives to destroy the non-Russian nationalities through the very means of the RUSSIAN NATION, Russian nationalism, the Russian language, the Russian culture and Russian supremacy.

In other words, although in this instance the Russian nation is an instrument for the realization of Soviet totalitarian aims, since it is unable to destroy the non-Russian nationalities without this instrument, it feels obliged to strengthen this instrument and to render it invincible so that someday when the non-Russian nationalities become merged with the Russian, the latter in turn will become the next victim. But this is too fantastic to be considered seriously, and, at best, is a question for the remote future.

In this connection it will not be needless to consider here the view of some people that the Soviet government strives not toward russification, but toward *sovietization*, namely, to amalgamate all the nationalities of the Soviet Union into a new Soviet nation.

Factually, however, this view does not contradict the theory of russification since sovietization under present conditions is tantamount to russification. The dominant position of the Russian language and culture, the supremacy of the Russian nation, the central position of the Russian government, can produce no other result except to give the Soviet sufficient time to materialize its aim of welding a new soviet nation. In short, what actually is happening is

russification under the cloak of sovietization.

"Soviet policy — Prof. Seton-Watson continues — is a war of extermination against the principle of nationality. It can also fairly be described as imperialism. But it is not inspired by the desire to russify the nationalities."

Theoretically, again this is right, but in actual practice it is not true. The Soviet government actually strives to destroy the non-Russian nationalities by merging them into the Great Russian nation. Consequently, there is one nation — Russian — which the Soviet in reality does not strive to destroy, but on the contrary it tries to strengthen it by all possible means. The Soviet strives to do this in order to create a more powerful, more dependable and more homogeneous instrument for Soviet imperialism which derives its inspiration from the urge to preserve, to insure and to perpetuate its power. In the end, the Soviet's both internal and foreign policies toward the nationalities serve the same purpose.

Although rejecting the theory of russification, Prof. Seton-Watson admits that it would be quite wrong to deduce from this that the Soviet policy does not appear to the nationalities that suffer from it as a policy of deliberate russification.

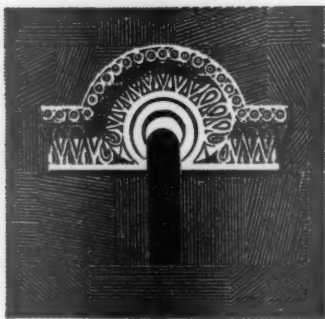
Deliberate or not, it is an irrefutable fact that the non-Russians actually are being russianized, even if that russification is being accomplished under the cloak of sovietization.

We are in complete agreement with Prof. Seton-Watson that neither the United States nor Britain, which have granted independence to the Philippines, to Cuba, India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, cannot undertake to support a free Russia of the future in preventing the non-Russian nationalities from seeking their own independence. We also agree with him that the future of the nationalities of the Soviet

Union must be determined by their own will. But this is no reason why the free world should not support these peoples to the hilt in their struggle to free themselves from the common totalitarian enemy.

And this support is essential, vitally essential to the free world and the cause of freedom. Because, only through the friend-

ship and the cooperation of these peoples — the Russians and the non-Russians — will it ever be possible to destroy the Soviet monster which not only has strangled these peoples, but is a menace to the freedom and the very existence of those peoples of the world which as yet have managed to remain immune to its ravages.



THE REARWARD DOG

WILLIAM SAROYAN

The Rearward Dog—it was his mother's name for anybody who went around with him, anybody who kept him company, anybody who drove his car for him, made telephone calls for him. She had used the term with humor and laughter, making fun of her son rather than of the other one. She had used it even when the one involved had been an actor she had seen in the movies, a man she had liked because he'd had the eyes of intelligence; even when he had been one of the greatest painters in the world; even when he had been the little saint, no bigger than a boy of nine. She had called even *him* The Rearward Dog, loping along behind you, following you, following you, why do you have a man for a dog, why do they do it, is it for money, do you give them money, why do you have to have a dog trotting along behind you all the time, you walk too fast, you talk too fast, you go too fast, why don't you let them be?

Now, years later, the Rearward Dog sat behind the wheel of the 1939 Oldsmobile he had just bought in 1950 for \$500 cash, and he remembered her saying of this one, since this one was come of her own sister, this one was in the family. My sister thinks well of him, he's her son, that's how it must be with mothers, for every now and then I find that I almost believe you yourself are as much as you seem to think, as much as you have always thought, but let my sister and myself own up to the truth, he is a fool and

you are crazy, I will give you the truth about yourself as I see it, a mother is supposed to follow a pattern in this business, but let us put aside such foolishness, my sister's boy is lazy and you are crazy. Why do you go to so much trouble to make money, putting yourself into solitary confinement, sitting at that table for weeks in a black rage, writing your crazy stories, I have read enough of them to know they *are* crazy, and then when you have earned the money, when you have earned your freedom at last, when it is time to live a little in the world instead of in that lonely place where you live, why do you call one of the rearward dogs and go off night after night, carousing, gambling, taking airplanes, driving automobiles, drinking, shouting, and laughing? Why do you go berserk after you have worked so hard, the rearward dog trotting along behind you, to hold your coat while you take the dice? I get letters from strangers telling me how proud I must be to be your mother, but what do they know about anything?

The car swung around the corner and began to climb the hill. The Rearward Dog shifted to pick up the necessary power for the climb, the motor coughed, choked, began to hiccup, The Rearward Dog trying to act as if the motor were doing fine, for the other one had already kidded him half to death about the bargain he had made.

"It's a good car," he said.

"I think the mechanic forgot to adjust the carburetor."

"It's doing fine."

The car was stopped in the middle of the hill. They were sitting far back because the hill was steep. The owner of the car stepped on the starter, hoping the motor would start again, trying not to show how mad he was at his bad luck all his life, even a little thing like the buying of a used car had him coming up with the worst one in the world — whoever heard of anybody buying a 1939 Oldsmobile?

"That was the year I went to Europe for the second time," he said.

"What was?"

"1939."

"She'll start in a minute," the other said. "She's only got 97,000 miles on her."

The car wanted to roll back. The foot-brake wasn't enough, so the driver dragged the hand-brake out as far as it would go. The car began to groan.

"Let's smoke a cigarette," he said. "Let's talk about poetry a minute. After that it'll start, I know."

"You'll be late," the driver said. "I told you I'd get you there. I insisted on it. Hell, I *wanted* to, with my big mouth. I know you'd rather take a taxi to the depot when you're going on a trip, but I don't know, I thought we'd have some laughs on the way there. I mean, across the bridge to the Oakland side, and now this car won't even get up the hill to your house."

"I've never been late in my life," he said. "Never late to anything I ever wanted to get to. I won't be late this time."

The other tried the starter again, once, twice, three times, and then it was too many times to keep count.

"You see?" he said, his voice filled with pain. "That's my luck. I can't even buy a car that'll act like a car. I wanted to show-off. A man with no money wanting to show-off. It looked pretty good. I dreamed last night that I'd get a real bargain, something fine — but this is what I got."

"Never feel sorry for yourself," he said. "I'll tell you what. It's only six blocks. I'll get out and walk the rest of the way. My bags are packed. I'll get a taxi at my house and pick you up here. We'll ride together, after all." He got out of the car. "Ease her back down the hill and let her rest somewhere."

"I think she's going to start now," the other said, but the walker was already at the top of the hill, going around the corner.

The driver eased the car back down the hill, got out and stood beside it, waiting for the taxi to show up, already waiting, even though the walker couldn't be more than a block away. Why was he waiting? Was it more of his stupor, for God's sake? He could leap up the hill and catch up with him, after putting him through a rigmarole like that, insisting on driving him to the depot instead of letting him go any way he wanted to go. He began to run suddenly, but when he got to the top of the hill he saw no one climbing any one of the three blocks that went up to the street where his cousin's house was.

He turned and ran back down the hill to the car, saying, "I've got to drive him in, the way I said I would, that's all. Once in a while in my life I've got to be able to do something the way I planned to do it." He jumped into the car, pressed on the starter, and sure enough the motor started. He backed away from the curb, swung the car around, raced the motor to warm it up for the climb, then let her go. She made it this time, but when he got to the top of the hill and was on his way to the first of the three blocks that would bring the car to the street he wanted, the coughing and hiccupping started again. He fought it out with the motor, cursing bitterly, then heard metal fall from the car to the asphalt of the street. The car stopped. He eased it back to the curb, to get it parked, out of the way, and as he drew back he saw the metal — stuff he didn't recognize, but it *was* parts of the

motor. He got out of the car, picked up the stuff, and flung it, because each piece was hot, under the car. Then he brought out a cigar — his best comfort — lighted it, and began to wait for the taxi.

When the taxi came the door swung open and he said, "How'd you get it up here?"

"Drove it," the driver said. "Will you make it?"

"Easily," he said. "I'm never late to anything I want to get to."

The taxi moved smoothly and swiftly.

"The motor fell to pieces," the driver said, "or I would have come up and driven you over to the Oakland side, like I'd planned."

"What happened?"

"Some pipes and other parts fell off," the driver said. He began to laugh to himself, hysterical about his bad luck.

"What's so funny?"

"Just before the motor fell out," he said, "I remembered what your mother used to call me, and I was so ashamed I wanted to prove to myself that I could catch up with you, get there before you called a taxi, and drive you across to the Oakland side. I felt sure I'd make it and I felt pretty good. I figured to myself that you made the motor nervous, that's why it couldn't make the hill the first time". He was laughing silently, trying to talk and trying to smoke the cigar at the same time. "You made the car ashamed of itself, I thought, and here it was going along just fine — well, it was coughing a little — " More of the silent, painful laughter. "And I was sure the whole thing would turn out all right." He couldn't go on now. He could barely breathe. His face was red and he was trying to gather himself together.

"O. K. Let's have it. What's so funny?"

"That's when the motor fell out," he said. "Your mother was right. The Rearward Dog. That's me, all right."

"She called everybody that."

"The difference is, it fits me."

"This is fine," he said. "An easy ride to the Ferry Building. If you want to ride the boat with me to the Oakland side, good. Otherwise get on back to your car and find out what's the matter with it."

"I'll ride to the Oakland side," the other said. "I haven't done that in years. How long will you be gone?"

"Well," he said, "I gave myself an out in this deal. If I don't like the University I'll stay only a day or two. If I like it I'll stay three weeks. Then I'll scoot along to New York for a couple of days, by way of Montreal. I just want to walk through the streets there. I've never been there. Then I'll scoot back by way of New Orleans. I'll see you about the end of July."

"You going to teach at the University?"

The taxi was hurtling up the steep curves of Sutro Forest now.

"There'll be little, new houses in Sutro Forest pretty soon," he said. "Each house with a little new family in it. I'm going to find out if I want to stay at the University at all."

"You may run into a nice girl there."

"That's a thought. It always is."

"Clean, mountain girls. Out of door girls."

"They stink," he said. "I hope to run into *somebody*, though. I didn't half-accept the offer from the University because I want to teach anybody how to write plays. I half-accepted it because I'm looking. There's good fishing there, I hear. Write a play if you can. The Cocktail Party's a big hit in New York. It's about people drinking cocktails. Write a play about people drinking water. But don't let the work get so important that you don't know how lucky you are. Don't let it make you give your wife a bad time. She's pregnant and she's got two kids to take care of without any help, so give her a break. Take it easy and if the writing of the play doesn't go well, know it isn't important for the writ-

ing of the play to go well. It's important for the pregnancy to go well."

"Go and see them in New York," the other said. "Go and see your kids."

"No, I won't see them," he said. "Why should I give *them* a bad time? I'll just attend to business and then hurry back and go to work again."

"You're turning the stuff out."

"It's like dying. You wouldn't do it if you didn't have to. I have to. I've always had to. I've always had to get the money."

"I've always *needed* the money," the other said, "but I've never gotten it. My luck stinks."

"You're lucky enough," he said. "When you get home Maud's there, supper's there, the two boys are there. What do you want?"

"I want to be famous," the other said, giggling at himself, hiding his face in mock shame. "I'm bald-headed. Your hair won't fall out. You can turn the stuff out. You can get money for it every time. Big money. You can get up and ramble all over. You don't give a damn about any of it. I do. I want it so bad I'll never get it, I guess."

"You've got it," he said. "When you get home you'll see how you've got it. The two boys, the girl coming, supper on the table—what are you having for supper?"

"Fridays," he said, "I try to have her cook fish of some kind. She can cook anything. It'll be a small baked salmon with boiled potatoes, pie and coffee. She makes some kind of dessert every night. That's why I'm getting to be such a slob." He began to laugh silently again.

"What's the secret now?"

"Getting to be," he said. "Getting to be a slob. I always was. Take care of your health. You worked hard. You've lost a lot of weight."

"I wanted to," he said. "It wasn't from work."

"Don't worry about the kids. They're all right."

"Sure they are. What are you doing tomorrow?"

"I never work Saturdays," the other said. "I'll take them to the Park." He began to laugh silently again, and then said, "In my car. In my car with the motor in the street."

"You've got a good safety valve," he said. "That laughing. If you run out of work, try writing a play, but don't let it throw you. Just be glad about Maud and the baked salmon."

"She asks me every morning what I want for supper. She asked me this morning and I didn't know what else to say, so I said salmon. We love to eat. You ought to eat more."

"It's an escape I don't enjoy," he said. "I used to think I enjoyed it, but I don't. I like whisky but it never kicks me around too much. My proper escape is the family."

"I hope you run into somebody real nice at the University."

"I won't, but I want to go to the University just the same."

"Yes, you will," the other said. "It's only the middle of the year. Before the year's over you'll have everything in order again. Wait and see. I told you last November this year was going to be a great year for you."

"Didn't I say it was going to be a great year for *you*, too?"

The other one laughed again, moving inwardly to his secret.

"All of my years," he said, "are the same. All failure. I can't even buy a used car that won't turn out to be a gyp. I've got to work like a dog to pick up sixty or seventy dollars a week. Everything I write is childish. I keep running after fame and I keep falling on my face." He laughed silently again.

"You've got Maud and the boys."

"Yes, I've got them. You better see your

kids when you get to New York. Take them somewhere and spend three or four hours with them. Hold them and let them smell you. It's not good for your own kids to forget how you smell."

"I know," he said. "It's not good to forget how they smell, either. Or how they walk, or how they look out of their eyes."

When they came to the Ferry Building his cousin — The Rearward Dog, as his mother had always put it — took both of the bags while he took care of the taxi, but when he was free he took the heaviest one away to carry himself.

"We'd better run," his cousin said. "They're closing the door."

"No," he said. "Let them close it if they want to." He walked slowly to the door. When they were past the gate the man slid the door shut. They got aboard the ferry, and the cousin said, "What would you have done if he had shut the door before we'd gotten in?"

"I would have taken a taxi to the airport," he said. "I would have taken an airplane to New York. I would have taken another airplane to Paris. I would have taken a taxi to Enghien. There I would have sat down and played baccarat."

"Honest?"

"That was my plan."

"What about the University?"

"What about it?"

"What about the girl you might run into there?"

"What about the one I might run into at the Casino in Enghien?"

They went to the top deck of the boat just as it began to draw out of the slip.

"Well," his cousin said. "You can't say it hasn't been a good year so far."

"No," he said. "I can't say that. Because it could have been worse, although I can't imagine how."

They watched San Francisco loom up, grow small, and then disappear, the sun going down over it. At the proper time they went to the other end of the boat and got off. The train was waiting and the porter took him to his compartment.

"I hope the ferry doesn't sink when I go back," his cousin said.

"Have them all drinking water," he said. "Who?"

"The people in the play. Thanks for riding with me. Take good care of Maud and the boys."

They got off the train together until starting time. When the train began to go he swung onto the platform of his car and watched his cousin standing there, laughing silently, almost unable to lift his arm and wave goodbye from a sense of frustration and failure, but the most truly successful man he had ever met just the same.



SILHOUETTES

P. K. THOMAJAN

APPLE! Ranging from big Sheep Noses to little Crabs — the stolen ones taste the sweetest. This is the fatal fruit with which Eve made Adam . . . bite the dust! This is the fruit whose fall gave old Isaac Newton the Law of Gravity. This is the fruit which, when fermented, makes a man lose his gravity. This is the fruit which, when eaten green, makes little boys turn white. And most futile of all things is a man trying to eat the Apple-of-His Eye!

DREAMS! Trains of trackless thought that railroad reality. Grotesque play-backs of the record of experience with boogie-woogie variations. Eerie visions with an astral logic all their own. Scrimmage of images with mistily-mingled shapes, whose phantomotifs form weird tracteries of the past-present-future. Panaroma of paradoxical phenomena—eye-openers seen with the eyes shut! Split-second-brain-blitzes that transpire with Daliesque dalliances. Dreams. . . mirages of the mind in the haunted desert of the night.

CATS—they have nine lives and a sixth sense. They get a big rise out of dogs—acute curvature of the spine! Stop or go, their eyes turn green when they see red—wary whiskers saving them from many a close shave. Cats—they range from garbage-can mongrels to mogul-like angoras. When these philandering felines get to fence-prowling and caterwauling they veer far from the straight and narrow. Cats—no one ever completely gets the number of these wayward and unlicensed creatures.

HEART! Plaything of Jezebels and Don Juans.
Frequently broken, but always mended when two
get welded. Cupid's trump card with which he
often makes grand slams. Often worn on the
sleeve of cads who live off the cuff. Power-house
of impulses and short-circuiter of logic. Heart!
Most vital of all organs . . . most discordantly
played upon!

U. S. A.—Cradle of democracy and melting pot of
all races. Fabulous nation of limitless resources
and unending miracles. Country of the Fountain of
Youth and Old Faithful, Buffalo Bill and Superman!
Land of Yankee Doodle, corn-on-the-corb, knockouts,

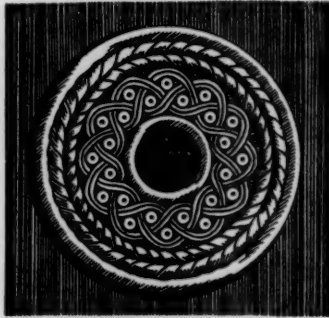
and home of the word, "terrific!" U. S. A.—God's country and the nearest thing to heaven-on-earth. Mighty crucible out of which will be poured the stuff of a wondrous tomorrow.

HANDS! They speak all languages with intuitive certitude. They make signs, cast spells, and are the very tongue of the soul. Gloved, they caress; ringed, they sing; manacled, they hate! In their palms are the blue prints of destiny that red blood can turn into glorious realities. Hands! Their telltale fingerprints are living proof of man's ineradicable individuality!

EYES! They grip one with a glance; spear one with a stare . . . flurry one with a wink. They can emanate rays of vision, or become scorchlights of searing disdain. These orbs are often blacked, when one takes a shine to the wrong party. Boldly omit the first letter, and you create your own answer to that . . . vague, dreamy look.

LOLLIPOPS! They were the big thrill of our pre-chocolate days . . . the big buy of our Indianhead pennies. With one

we were as happy as a little pup with a bone. How they made our tongues wag. They came in all colors of the rainbow and the louder the color the better they seemed to taste. What a furious licking we gave them at the start, then suddenly slowed up as we came into the last few laps. Lollypops! They made us youngsters feel that we had the world on a stick . . . and wasn't it sweet!



THE LESSON OF A HOLY WAR

LEON SURMELIAN

This is an absorbing book that James Mandalian has written in Armenian under the title of *The Vardanantz War, Synthesis of Elisha and Lazar of Pharbe*,¹ and one to be grateful for. (Hairenik Press, Boston, 1954. pp. 289.) With a passion that matches Elisha's, or Yeghishe's, the author makes an excited and exciting defense of Vardan, not so much as a martyr of the Church as a national hero, against the attacks of those who try to belittle this greatest traditional champion of Armenian Christianity, the soldier who defied the imperial might of Zoroastrian Persia. He slashes at the exponents of the Vasak school, and particularly at Hrant K. Armen, in a long polemic that forms the first two-thirds of the book, after which he gives his sober and objective synthesis of the classical versions of Armenian's holy war in the fifth century written by Elisha and Lazar of Pharbe, our two original sources of information on this tremendous drama.

Mr. Mandalian writes as a layman, though he earned his M. A. in history. He considers himself a representative of the common man, in a dispute that has been raging for some years over the relative merits of Elisha and Lazar of Pharbe, and Vardan vs. Vasak, in Armenian circles, as though this war was fought yesterday. And that of course is the wonderful thing about

this argument. Who is right and who is wrong is not for me to say, and personally I don't care, I lack the knowledge of the specialist to pass judgment on this or that theory or thesis advanced by either side. My instinctive response is, with an appreciative smile, more power to you, gentlemen, fight it out, this war has been going on for 1,500 years and let's continue.

Mr. Mandalian, a formidable foe in argumentation, believes the average interested Armenian is awed and bewildered by the prattle of pundits, and by God, he is not going to be silenced. Unfortunately at this moment I have not read the chief current culprit, Mr. Armen, on this topic. Mr. Mandalian quotes him extensively. Mr. Armen is a lawyer by profession, but he loves history — what Armenian doesn't? — and he has issued a challenging book in defense of the arch villain of Armenian history, Vasak, and has answered his critics in a booklet which Mr. Mandalian quotes too. Mr. Mandalian flies to the defense of another victim of Mr. Armen's, a political opponent of Mr. Mandalian's who edits *Nor Or* in Fresno, a fine gesture, I must say. But you will learn a lot from Mr. Mandalian's version of *The Vardanantz War*, there isn't a single dull paragraph in it, and I think he scores a bull's eye more than once.

He introduces for the reader's consideration many new and revolutionary interpretations of this sacred war and its interpreters, past and present. He is not hidebound

¹ *The Vardanantz War: Synthesis of Elisha and Lazar of Pharbe*, by James G. Mandalian; Boston, 1954, Hairenik Press; (clothbound) \$4.00; (paper bound) \$3.00.

by tradition. He is almost iconoclastic. He has disengaged Vardan's figure from the fanaticism of overzealous ecclesiastical-minded historians and restored him to human, recognizable proportions, as an able military leader, a patriot, a man of unimpeachable character. You are bound to like this Vardan better. The Mamigonian prince fights for both Church and Nation, and not for Church alone — an important, crucial distinction.

This is an eloquent book, an angry book, and full of fun too. Mr. Mandalian never loses his sense of humor; he often drives his point home with a homely Turkish proverb or American saying; there are some delicious lines in it that will make you chuckle. It would have been better to put the objective synthesis of the two texts of Elisha and Lazar of Pharbe at the beginning of the book, to lay the necessary groundwork for the average reader who has not read these original authorities and probably will never read them; without some fundamental knowledge of the story told in these two classics the reader is sometimes confused by the polemic and is likely to miss many a fine point Mr. Mandalian makes. There is evidence of hurry, there are repetitions, the polemic could have been better organized, but this is due, in part at least, to the exhaustive knowledge Mr. Mandalian commands on this topic, and you feel he could write easily 500 pages more on the subject, so close to his heart. And this passion, this anger, this love, this hotblooded argument makes the book an intensely personal one and is part of its charm. I doubt if the reader will agree with every conclusion Mr. Mandalian draws from his basic thesis, with every detail of his overflowing verbal structure, but there are always two sides to an argument, and let the argument continue. We can only be thankful for the pains the author has taken to produce this document.

He is out to debunk the debunkers. And

let the debunked debunkers hit back if they wish. We on the sidelines can learn from both sides, and no doubt they can learn from each other. I don't want to be unjust to Mr. Armen, or Father Akinian, whom Mr. Mandalian takes to task; Father Akinian considers Elisha's story pure fabrication; Mr. Armen, it seems, considers it more fiction than fact, and prefers Lazar's version of this holy war as the more factual and authentic one. Truth, of course, should not be suppressed by patriotism. Truth above all. And let's be hardboiled about truth. Romanticism is not compatible with the modern scientific method of writing history. But there is a truth that transcends historic documents, and I for one would consider Elisha's story even more valuable, revealing and significant even if it were fiction. Aristotle drew an excellent distinction between history and poetry (fiction) in his essay on Poetics, and gave priority to the latter. If Elisha's story is a novel, it is, in its essence, a higher form of history and tells us more.

In this whole drama the figure of Vasak emerges as a complex, puzzling, and to the student of human nature, fascinating character. There are of course no villains except in cardboard fiction and movie plots. The villain, as Basil Rathbone told me once, sick and tired of playing villains in Hollywood, is a man who has failed, and we sympathize with him, because most of us have failed or are haunted by the possibility of failure. Vardan is simple; he is good; we have no difficulty in understanding him. But Vasak, the marzban of the Armenian marches responsible to the Persian king of kings, Yazdegerd II, who joins the insurrection and then defaults, whose battle-flag the Christian army in Avarair sees flying on the Persian side, is he a traitor and a scoundrel? A farsighted realistic statesman? A small petty-minded politician blinded by ambition? These are not easy questions to answer. But as Mr. Mandalian sug-

gests Vasak was a man divided within himself — and out of such internal divisions great drama is born.

I think too little attention has been paid to Vasak. He is the most tragic figure in the Vardanants War, and ends badly, gone mad in the dungeon, but let's not cast stones at him with the Vardapets and monks who wrote or copied these lovely classics. If Vardan did not exist, we had to create one; we needed him; he symbolizes the perennial Armenian insurrection against tyranny and enslavement. But Vasak, my friends, Vasak is worthy of further study, and there are current practical applications, perhaps, of the school of thought he represents.

The battle had to be fought, it was one of a long series of insurrections, this was no separate and isolated war, it represented at the time, in its wider aspects, the deadly recurrent clash of two uncompromising ways of life: Christianity vs. Mazdeism, the West vs. the East, Rome vs. Persia. There were Armenian insurrections before Vardan and after him; the refractory nakharars were tough mountain men, proud, bold, reckless, and in the vast vaulted hall of the palace at Ctesiphon one of the great historic debates took place between two

religions and ways of life, with the Armenians representing the whole of Christendom. The all-powerful king sat on his throne, crowned, jewelled, surrounded by his brilliant court, his philosophers and executioners, and the defiant Armenian nakharars, Christian princes, spoke up for another King of Kings, standing up respectfully, but not flinging themselves at the feet of this earthly lord whose one nod was enough to send them all to death.

Nor was the Persian monarch all evil. He esteemed Vardan. To him this was a tragedy he wished, evidently, to avert. He wanted the Armenians to accept the cult of — fire worship — and to keep the Armenian bastion in his hands, against Rome. This is no mere Armenian argument, however, it's a bigger subject than we think, and let more arrows fly, by Mr. Mandalian or others, let's continue the Vardanants War with all the polemics at our command, for as long as we do that, we remain true to the Armenian lay and ecclesiastical princes, and the commoners standing behind them, the archers on horseback or on foot, the old men, the women, the children, who loved their chosen way of life more than life itself.

That is the great lesson of the Vardanants War.



EARLY ARMENIAN CULTURAL SOCIETIES IN THE U. S.

EPHREM POGHOSSIAN

The Aramian Society (1875)

The earliest Armenian American patriotic society known to us was founded in 1875 in New York under the title of "The Aramian Society of America," according to a report from Brooklyn which was published in a contemporary Armenian newspaper. The correspondent, K. Hekimiantz Siuni, was the executive chairman of the society, and his report is dated November 5, 1875. Hekimiantz writes:

"Among the Armenians and neighboring nations it has become proverbial that the Armenians are incapable of unity. Setting aside the falsity or truth of this adage, we would like to inform the Armenian community of America that, in this handful of Armenians, recently a new society has been organized. It is difficult to organize a society in a small community of fifty (in New York alone), but when we consider that this small number is scattered in a vast city like New York it becomes doubly difficult. This hardship, however, has not dismayed the members of the society who, after their day's work is over, travel each week regularly to be present at the sessions. The name of our society is The Aramian Society of America, and while its aim at first glance seems rather long and involved, there is not a bit of doubt in our minds that its purpose is to provide for the needs of our Armenian kinsmen. Our society will found in New York a library and a museum where our members can have access to Armenian and foreign language newspapers and

books; it will create a forum where, each week, the members of the society can assemble and wage discussions on questions which concern the best interests of the nation as well as to deliver instructive lectures for the edification of the members; the latter activity already has been started in a temporary building. Another of the society's aims is to provide medical care for its sick members and to bury the dead. No one will deny the importance and the benefit of such an organization in a foreign land. When the society is sufficiently strong financially it will establish a hotel where new-coming Armenians can find a lodging place at reasonable prices. For the present it will publish the most useful of its achievements through the newspapers of Istanbul, but as soon as ready, our society will publish an Armenian newspaper of its own. Our present membership is more than twenty and is daily increasing; the admission fee is one dollar (one Madjidieh) and the monthly fee is half a dollar. The officers of our society are: a chairman, a vice-chairman, a treasurer and a secretary who are elected by a majority vote. Mutual sympathy and affection are characteristic of our members and we are hopeful that this spirit will continue, and that each member will do his duty faithfully and with self-devotion.

"In behalf of the Armenian Society
Of America

"K. Hekimiantz, Secretary

(*Manzumeyi Efkiar, Istanbul, 1875,*
No. 2982)

The Society for the Starving (1881)

In 1880-1881 there was a great famine in Armenia caused chiefly by the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. There had been organized in Istanbul a "Central Committee for the Starving" which tried to provide for the needs of all the famine-stricken. At the proposal of an Armenian, in 1881 a new society was organized in New York "for the aid of the starving in Armenia." Each member of the society was obliged to pay a weekly fee, the amount being left entirely to his financial ability. The proceeds of this fee was sent each month to the Central Committee in Istanbul. At the outset, fourteen persons immediately joined the society and some of them paid several weeks' dues in advance, and it was hoped that Armenians of New York and other cities would voluntarily join in the contribution. Just about his time a number of other Armenians formed another society. In their first meeting one Armenian tried to persuade them to set aside the notion of forming a new society and join the Society for the Starving. He reasoned that the need of this society was more pressing. The remainder, however, would not yield, and this fact weakened the Society for the Starving. Under the circumstances, the society was dissolved and the ready funds were sent to the Central Committee in Istanbul. (*"Masis", Istanbul, 1881, No. 2925*)

The entire sum sent to Istanbul was \$12.65. The *Masis* correspondent does not give the real name of the society but calls it "The Society for the Starving."

The Haikazian Society (1881)

The *Masis* correspondent in his preceding release of June 15, 1881, from New York, emphasized the fact that, soon after the founding of the Society for the Starving in New York other Armenians of the same

city organized the Haikazian Society with the aim of publishing in New York an Armenian language newspaper. In a meeting of this society in Brooklyn one of the members proposed that they set aside the idea of publishing a newspaper and instead purchase a lot of land in the State of Georgia and found there an Armenian colony, in view of the fact that land was very cheap in Georgia. (*"Masis", No. 2925*).

The Armenian Union (1885)

This organization was founded in Jersey City at the beginning of 1885. The Armenian newspaper "Armenia" of Marseilles, October, 1886, had this to say about this society. "A little way off from New York there is a city called Jersey City in one section of which live about one hundred provincial Armenians. About one and a half years these Armenians tried to organize an 'Armenian Union', but in the absence of preliminary work, the Union met with obstacles. The sponsors were patient for a long time and now they boast of a union which embraces the greater part of the Armenian community and has a substantial sum at its disposal. The aim of the Union, carefully planned and well defined, is to help its members morally and materially, in adverse and compelling circumstances, and to be helpful to the Armenian Cause. I have verified from reliable sources that to this day there have been no irregularities, personal envies and hatreds have been eliminated, and unity and brotherly love prevails among the members. The Union has its own constitution and by-laws."

(*"Armenia", Marseilles, 1886, No. 13*)

Armenian Union (1886)

"The Armenians of New York, having heard that the Armenians of Jersey City have organized an Armenian Union, they too organized a union of the same name which is functioning very efficiently at present. However, the New York Union cannot compare with the Jersey City Union

materially and in point of membership. The aim of this union is to give public functions the proceeds of which shall go to the nation's needs." (*"Armenia,"* 1886, No. 13)

A contemporary Armenian newspaper "Haik", under caption of "The Armenian Union in America," February, 1891, has this to say about the newly-formed society: "The Armenian Union of New York was founded on February 13, 1886, thus, on the 13th of this month (Feb. 1891) it enters its sixth year. We think it is worthwhile to cast a backward glance over the history of the past five years. It is the aim of this society to establish bonds of unity among the Armenians of America, to foster patriotic sentiments, and to stage public functions for the benefit of the nation. A laudable aim, indeed, and now let us see how successful the union has been in the fulfillment of these objectives. As regards the establishment of fraternal bonds among the Armenians, we might say that the Union has been successful in the Metropolis and the environs. Its sessions have been open to all comers, whether members or not, creating an atmosphere in which to get acquainted with one another and to help one another with advice and other means. Newcomers from the motherland and visitors from other American states have attended these meetings and some of them have addressed the meetings. Fostering of national consciousness has been promoted through anniversary public functions, particularly the observance of the holiday of Vardanantz episode, attended by hundreds. These public functions have been entertaining and at once highly instructive, arousing the national spirit through Armenian and English language lectures and songs. As for profit-bearing public functions, the Union has been equally diligent. On November 26, 1887, the Union launched a campaign for raising funds for the victims of a fire in Zeitun which netted 250 dollars. The drive of January 7, 1888, net-

ted 16 dollars. Another drive, January 5, 1889, brought in 17 dollars. At this affair a rug was donated to the person who had served the newcomers at Castle Garden as interpreter and guide. On April 27, 1889, the Union raised 25 dollars to help an Armenian woman from Russia for her return to that country. With the aid of the Union also an important sum was raised for the benefit of the Holy Savior Armenian National Hospital of Istanbul. Another of the Union's ventures is the founding of a library which was begun on February 2, 1891."

(*"Haik,"* New York, 1891, No. 4, pp. 28-29)

The Armenian Progressive General Union (1909)

This organization was founded in 1909 in New York with the aim of "supporting the Armenian national bodies, to enhance their prestige and authority." In 1913 this organization had 20 university students in its membership. The President of the Society was Dr. M. Sembat Gabrielian, the secretary, H. G. Karapetian.

(*"Hovid,"* Tiflis, 1913, No. 49, pp. 777-9)

The Armenian Athletic Union (1911)

Founded in the beginning of 1911 in the City of Worcester, having for its aim the promotion of sports.

(*"Marmnamarz,"* Istanbul, 1911, p. 96)

Armenian Architects' Union (1919)

Founded in 1919. An Armenian newspaper, November, 1919, has this to say about the founding of this organization: "The first convention of the Armenian Architects Union of America was attended by 20 architects. The Union has an enrolled membership of 45. The Convention created an Armenian artisans' branch which, when the work of reconstruction is begun in Armenia, they shall return to the fatherland together with volunteer architects to give impetus to the extension of the trades and the work of reconstruction. A

special reconstruction committee, likewise created by the convention, was charged with the immediate preparation of a comprehensive report on the economic condition of Armenia, the national wealth and the natural resources, to be presented to the American government with the aim of impressing the latter that Armenia is not such a wild and desolate country as generally believed."

("Zhamanak," *Istanbul*, 1919, No. 3683)

Armenian Medical Union (1919-1920)

First mention of this organization is made in January, 1920, in all probability it having been created in the latter part of 1919. Following is the testimony of a correspondent from America to the newspaper *Zhamanak* of Istanbul: "The formation of the American Armenian Medical Union was

accompanied with unusual popular enthusiasm. A special mission has been created to provide hospital and medical supplies to the provinces. To date services have been volunteered of 14 physicians, 6 nurses, 6 druggists and 2 dentists, all Armenians. The mission will set sail in February of this year."

("Zhamanak," 1920, January 9, No. 3723)

Since 1920 the number of Armenian American cultural societies has been multiplied to such extent that it is impossible to enumerate them here by name. In 1931 the number of Armenian American compatriotic unions exceeded one hundred (*Comprehensive Year Book of the Armenian National Hospital of Istanbul*, 1932, p. 272).



VII. Political and Civil Liberty in the U.S.: The McCarthy Case

DR. GEORGE P. RICE, JR.

It is some months now since the captains and the kings engaged in conflict on questions arising out of the Senate Permanent Investigations Committee's look into Army affairs have departed from the field of battle. The clash of weapons and the shouts of anger have faded away into quiet but not oblivion. The time seems ripe for an attempt in the seventh article of this series on civil liberty to attempt a fair evaluation of basic issues and an assessment of the gains, if any, which have accrued from 36 days of struggle.¹

This writer takes the position that Senator McCarthy and his Committee are open to indictment on several counts, but that the experience was essentially constructive and informative for American citizens interested in the processes of government and the elimination of subversion in the United States.

Readers must bear in mind that some of the effects of the investigation will be immediate and some remote. The total effect of the hearings in terms of stimulating Americans to active awareness of the menace of Communism, though great, is incapable of measurement in meaningful terms.

The immediacy of the public hearings and the violent clash of personalities must not detract from recognition of the general

background preceding them: the Coplon case, the Hiss trial, the trial and judgment on the Rosenbergs, and the denial of security clearance to Dr. Oppenheimer. These events emphasize that the primary issue in the work of the Committee on Permanent Investigations is the national security — that and nothing less. It must be borne in mind also that Senator McCarthy has to a considerable extent become the *infant terrible* of the Republican Party, and as such, not only the target of ambitious members of his own group, but of Democrats anxious to further fusion in the ranks of their political rivals, and of course, he is especially the object of Communist and fellow traveller ammunition.

Before turning specifically to the rights and wrongs of the Committee and its aims and methods, a word concerning the impact of the hearings on public opinion and the means by which it is formed and directed is in order. The very lifeblood of a Government such as ours is in an intelligent and accurately informed public opinion. The wheel has turned full circles from the days of the New England town meeting of two hundred years ago. Then the democratic process was really a matter of fact — the people and their leaders met face to face and discussed questions of public concern, evidence was offered, and every man sat in judgment and had a direct voice

¹. This is the seventh in a series of articles on civil liberty in the United States.

in what was going on. With the enormous growth of the nation and before the advent of television, the town meeting type of government became impractical. The people and the sources and centers of information became too far removed from each other. Washington (or the individual state capital) was far off, and legislators lost the sense of immediate contact with their constituents. Far worse, the necessary reliance of the people upon newspapers and other journals made them peculiarly dependent upon the ethical standards of individual publishers, editors, and reporters. Special interests did not hesitate to "slant" or "color" news, and during the hearings discussed here the process of editorializing in presumptive news reports was carried to a new low by several nationally circulated journals.

The use of the television screen has laid bare this apparent conspiracy of bias and deception. It is no longer possible for a particular partisan to deceive as to what was said or done in a political hearing any more than it is for a fight announcer to favor unfairly a particular boxer. The effect of this personal check on fairness and accuracy in reporting in the formation of public opinion has been enormous and may soon show itself in the circulation of the offending newspapers and periodicals.

II

For many months the public at large was aware that the Permanent Investigations Committee had as one primary purpose the discovery of persons and evidence to support actions at law against actual or potential betrayers of the national interest. Senator McCarthy as its chairman was much in the public eye. The nature of the work and the intimate connection it has with the public welfare brought McCarthy frequent publicity, some good and some bad. It was in the nature of things political that some of his colleagues should resent the headlines accorded him, and that the

vigorous prosecution of his duties should bring him into conflict with some members of his own party in the Administration. After all, older public officials, especially if they occupy higher, though behind-the-scenes, positions of influence are inclined to resent the appearance of a new and powerful personality as a challenge to their own places. And justice demands that we admit McCarthy's own procedures subjected him to criticism: sharp and ungracious use of invective and personal attack; the assumption that an interrogation or a charge based upon anonymous sources of "information" was a good indictment; his role of judge-prosecutor which made browbeating of witnesses an easy matter; and his nasal unbecoming voice and manner which certainly did not win him friends or influence among those who were hearing him for the first time. Anti-McCarthy men also pointed out the Committee claims of 133 persons investigated and contrasted them with the one indictment procured by the Committee and the failure to secure a single conviction.

These claims can be admitted without prejudice to the fundamental value of the Committee's work. Its aim is in part to indicate lines of future legislation, not to conduct prosecutions *per se*. Its duty further is to infuse effective vigor into the Government's action for effective national security in the face of a world-wide conspiracy which has obviously laid deep and dangerous groundwork in the United States.

The work of the Committee was brought into sharp focus when the Department of the Army, through its Secretary, Mr. Stevens, charged that the Committee sought by improper means to obtain preferential treatment for a former consultant, G. D. Schine, now a private in the Army. The Committee countered by alleging that it had begun investigations at Fort Monmouth installations of the Army and had come upon leads indicating dangerous and

unchecked subversive activity there, and that the Army had tried to stop its explorations by threatening to use Schine as a hostage for the good behavior of the Committee insofar as Fort Monmouth was concerned.

The Committee's public explanation and defense of its position on this matter took many weeks and interrupted seriously the course of its regular duties. This loss of time, the invidious personal attacks, and the distraction from the main business of the Committee must be deplored by every decent citizen. Judged in and of itself, the action did not reveal either party to the argument in the high ethical light which should illumine the motives and conduct of public servants. **BUT ADVANTAGES OF INCALCULABLE VALUE TO THE BODY POLITIC HAVE ACCRUED IF WE CONSIDER HOW INTIMATELY THE PUBLIC WAS INSTRUCTED ON THE MEN AND ISSUES INVOLVED AND WITH UNDERLYING PROCESSES OF GOVERNMENT.**

III

The relation of individual liberty to the common welfare was stressed from many points of view. The just and reasonable interpretation of many articles and clauses of the federal Constitution was discussed in the nation's press. In particular the reasonable legal separation of powers among the departments of the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judiciary was reviewed.

Against the broad background of the struggle of free enterprise with world communism, these important though subordinate domestic issues received a general publicity during the hearings:

1. Whether or not the Legislative is the chief branch in the federal Government. (The first article of the Constitution deals with Congress, with the Executive and Judicial in that order. The powers delegated by the writers of the Constitution to Congress to prevent dictatorial usurpation

by the Executive are plain to any reader, despite the Administration's contrary claims through Attorney-General Brownell. Here McCarthy was on firm ground.)

2. Whether or not power delegated by the United States Senate to committees similar to the Permanent Investigations group needs clearer definition.

3. Whether or not there exists at present the apparatus to decide conflicts between Legislative and Executive branches of Government as they arose in the hearing.

(For example, does such a Committee have the right to subpoena documents and summon witnesses under its authority, as claimed by the Committee, even if the Executive issues an order prohibiting response to such process? What is the status of those summoned or who have custody of the documents if they follow (a) the Senate through its Committee, or (b) the Executive, through the presidential directive?

4. Whether or not the authority and procedures of such committees are governed by existence of present rules as to its powers and limitations?

5. Whether or not legal remedies exist for private citizens who claim their civil or political rights are unduly invaded by the Committee.

6. Whether or not evidence obtained by such a Committee by recording telephonic conversations, (termed by Mr. Justice Holmes a "dirty business,"), is legal and can be justified by the needs of national security.

7. Whether or not the Executive can be compelled to respect the *subpoena duces tecum* at the behest of Congress.

(Past experience of committees charged with probing into the political morality in Washington have held that a vital dependence upon information provided by subordinate employees in various departments, commissions, and bureaus existed. Even Mr. Justice Frankfurter, whose position has changed radically on the subject of the

scope and method of investigations, favored a hands-off attitude toward investigating committees in 1924 when he wrote on that subject for the New Republic on May 21 while still a law professor at Harvard.)

8. Whether or not there are or should be limits upon the power of civil authority to probe the military in its varied branches.

(The vast influx of defense personnel, Army, Air Force and Navy alike, into civil and diplomatic affairs at home and abroad, made this much more than an academic question, as Senator McCarthy's hearings have clearly shown.)

9. Whether or not the people are getting into Congress the men best fitted by ethics, intelligence, and education to guide them in these critical times.

(The evident low caliber of ability of certain members of the United States Senate, revealed by slovenly thinking, illiterate speech, and incredible ignorance of political facts and parliamentary procedure, to say nothing of the lack of ordinary decencies of civil personal conduct, are matters for serious reflection on the part of the electorate.)

10. Whether or not better safeguards are not needed to protect the personal and civil rights of witnesses called before Congressional committees to prevent their becoming victims of character assassination by innuendo or implication unsupported by evidence.

(It has been suggested that by legislative action we need a new bureau in the Department of Justice to evaluate FBI reports on individual subversion or disloyalty, thus preventing needless ambiguous publicity so costly to the innocent or to those whose guilt was not proved as a matter of fact.

11. Whether or not the United States Senate ought not by rules to control its members in public appearances so that

their obeisance to the demands of political expediency might be curtailed.

(The peculiar conduct of Senator Flanders of Vermont, the refusal of senatorial members of the Committee, in general, to vote for what is right, their general adherence to political loyalty, and the unethical tactics with regard to manufacture or manipulation of evidence, such as doctored photographs, are exemplary.)

12. Whether or not the aims and purposes of the Permanent Investigating Committee might not be realized more expeditiously by the retirement of Senator McCarthy and his present aids, the conduct of some of whom has certainly indicated peculiar conflict between patriotic and personal loyalties.

IV

The return of the Republican party to power in 1952 was the people's way of saying they favored an administration pledged to decentralization of government, and it was also a clear protest against the top-heavy executive powers which has accumulated in the White House during the terms of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. The clash between President Eisenhower and Senator McCarthy has certainly high-lighted the intent of the present administration to retain just as much executive power as possible. The vigorous wielding of the broom in Senator McCarthy's hands has certainly shown the need for housecleaning in a number of Departments of our government. Access to evidence is a necessary step in the process of rooting out subversives, whether they are found in the Army, the Department of State, or in the White House secretariat itself. Congress, through its committees, has always had the ancient right to investigate and determine how well the law is being executed. This ancient constitutional power is directly contrary to the views of the Attorney-General of the United States, speaking for the Administration:

"The Executive Branch of the Government has the sole and fundamental responsibility under the Constitution for the enforcement of our laws and presidential orders. They include those to protect the security of our nation which were carefully drawn for this purpose. That responsibility cannot be usurped by any individual who may seek to set himself above the laws of our land or to override the orders of the President of the United States to Federal employees of the Executive Branch of the Government."

Here is a fundamental constitutional conflict concerning exercise of power. The work of Senator McCarthy has brought it into the open, though it has not solved it. *BUT THE PEOPLE KNOW OF ITS EXISTENCE AND THE LEGISLATURE MAY ENACT LAWS TO CLARIFY IT*, subject to constitutional review by the United States Supreme Court.

The need of the times is utmost cooperation among all branches and personnel of Government to promote and protect the security of the Republic. The overtures of Senator McCarthy toward the White House are evidence that he, at least, is aware of this compelling fundamental duty. Their rejection by the Executive Branch, on the other hand, gives rise to reflection as to the motives which induced that action in the light of foreign and domestic policies toward Communism.

Senator McCarthy, it may be claimed, has further pinpointed these tendencies of the Executive Branch: a design to re-

strain the appearances of Executive personnel before Congressional committees charged with specific duties for the public good; a continuation of the "gag" rule so frequently applied by previous administrations; an intent to make a criminal act of any effort on the part of such employees to report to Congress questionable acts within the domain of the Executive; and perhaps to revise rules of investigating committees so severely as to prevent *any* investigation of the Executive Branch. *BUT WAS THERE NOT A PRESIDENT NAMED JOHNSON WHO CAME WITHIN ONE VOTE OF IMPEACHMENT IN CONGRESS?*

V

The question of whether or not McCarthy or the Army was right in the controversy is of importance, but subordinate to the underlying constitutional and procedural problems brought to the fore. These press for immediate solution. Their definition and clarification will be an achievement which is a direct result of the labors of the Senator and his Committee. Whether or not the Senator has gained or lost popularity, whether or not his methods have occasionally been at fault, (and it is freely admitted they have been), it is the contention of this writer that they have been justified by the needs of the times and the evasive tactics of those whose conduct, when placed under the spotlight of public probe, has often been questionable and sometimes outright treasonable.



"THE THERMOMETER"

STEPHEN ZORIAN

Mr. Karapet, the cook of our boys' dormitory, was a frail little old man, short of stature and with long dangling arms which reached to his knees. A veritable talking machine and quick in his gestures, this obscure servant of our school, nevertheless, wielded a powerful influence over the students of the dormitory and was heartily destested by all.

We the pupils of the dormitory called him "The thermometer," a sobriquet which he had inherited from the preceding generation. He was called the thermometer because his physical reaction to the elements was a clear index of the four seasons of the year. This may seem strange to many, nevertheless it was true. For example, in the autumn when the trees began to be stripped of their foliage and the fog covered the top of Mount Ararat for weeks, Mr. Karapet, feeling the cold, gradually would raise his shoulders until, when winter came, they reached his ears; but when the real winter was at its height, that biting winter of the Ararat Plain when the frost freezes on the mustache and the eyebrows of men, giving them the appearance of actors who were playing the role of old men, and when the glass of the windows would be covered with multifold mosaic designs — at that time Mr. Karapet's shoulders would rise so high that his little head would be completely hidden. But, the minute the spring came when the willow trees would become red and the flocks of bluebirds would settle on the tops of the poplars, his shoulders gradually would lower until the arrival of summer when they would resume their

normal position. Once, however, the heat of the summer made itself felt and when the burning streets were pungent with the smell of dust, Mr. Karapet's shoulders kept slumping lower and lower and by the time July came they verily hung from his two sides like the legs of a dead duck.

Being afraid of him, naturally we never called him the thermometer in his hearing. We always referred to him as "Mr. Karapet."

Being a bachelor, Mr. Karapet had no cares outside of his school. He was fond of repeating his pet expression of "law and order" in the school, so much so, the pupils of the dormitory tacked a second name to his sobriquet — "Law and order Karapet." A native of the City of Van, he had a weakness for arguing. He argued about things which never were debatable. If by chance one of the pupils asked him why he didn't go on a walk on Sunday, he would retort garrulously: "Ah! Take a stroll on Sunday! Pray tell me, what is the good of strolling on Sunday- You want to get rid of me so you can turn everything topsy turvy, is that it? Well, you can't get rid of me so easily."

And, indeed, he never came out of the school compound for weeks and months, fearing, as he had said, that in his absence the law and order would be broken. One could always see him in his kitchen or the home of the superintendent (the annex of our school building), or strolling in the courtyard where, together with the dormitory masters, he watched over the students. His sharp eye never missed a thing. "Ob-

serve the law and order," he would admonish a recalcitrant student, pointing a sharp finger, "everything within law and order, do you understand? This is a school, everything must be conducted in law and order."

"Law and order," it seemed, had become his flesh and blood. Even speaking of food he would say, "food with law and order." Once he chided his hairy cat whom he fed with dunked bread for having trespassed the superintendent's house, "Observe law and order, you tramp, law and order. Have a mind where you enter. You can't enter every home."

As the school chef Mr. Karapet did all the cooking for the dormitory students including the superintendent and his family and the masters. Always led by his principle of "law and order" the food he sent to the dining room was so meager that we were starved most of the time, and when we protested to our master he usually shrugged it off because Mr. Karapet compensated him in the evenings with some extra food. Finally, in despair, we would appeal to the superintendent and when the latter would summon the cook and demand an explanation, the latter would stand there before him, his long arms hanging low, and would explain to him that there must be law and order in the school. "Law and order is a good thing, Mr. Superintendent; if we stuff the pupils with too much food they will not listen to you; I know it by experience." And right there, in our presence, Mr. Karapet would teach the superintendent how to run the school.

Mr. Karapet would often assume the duties of master. Besides watching over the pupils on the campus, in the evenings he even prowled under our windows to spy on us. And sometimes when our master Mr. Mikael was off at a card party, in the evenings Mr. Karapet would enter our dormitory to see if we were asleep, if we were reading forbidden books, in short, if everything was in law and order. He tiptoed upon

us silently as does the hired assassin. In the dormitory, forgetting his position of cook, he would give angry orders: "Go to sleep at once, boys," he would bark at us if we still were awake.

If we still were awake and the lamp was burning, he would shake his head and grumble: "Why haven't you put out the light? What sort of law and order is this?" He would go around and carefully straighten our quilts, thinking he would please us by so doing, and was suprised when we did not thank him.

On the contrary we thoroughly hated him, at once hated and feared him. Not only we the dormitory students, but everyone in the school (with the exception of the superintendent at whose home he served free of charge) hated, abominated and feared him. The teachers would not speak to him while the masters would shun him. There were rumors that he spied on the teachers and reported to the superintendent. It was also generally believed that the superintendent acted on his advice. How true this was no one knew.

But most of all it was we the dormitory students who hated him. And yet we were too scared to speak out openly and content-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Stepan Zorian, the son of peasant parents, was born in 1890 in the town of Karakiliseh, Armenia (Caucasus). A self-made man who later became one of the outstanding writers of Armenia, his professional education did not exceed the limits of his local town school, but he started to contribute articles and stories to Armenian periodicals at a very early age. His serious works were produced after 1914, consisting mostly of short stories.

Zorian's best known works — anthologies — are: "Sad People," (1918); "The Fence," (1923); "The War," (1925); and two booklets of children's stories: "Hazaran Bulbul" (The Hazaran Nightingale) (1925), and "Tzovan" (1925). However, Zorian is best known for his work "King Pap" — a patriotic novel which he wrote during the second world war when the Soviets temporarily lifted their restrictions on nationalistic writings in order to supply the needed patriotic spark in the successful pursuit of the critical war. The present story is taken from his "Winter Nights" which he wrote in 1935.

ed ourselves by scribbling on the walls of the kitchen the damning sobriquet — "Ther . . . ther . . . thermometer."

This dastardly deed, of course, did not go unpunished. Terribly angry, the cook at first would diminish the quota of our food, then he would report the matter to the superintendent, would intensify his nocturnal vigilance, and thus, he would get even with us.

On one occasion, however, he went too far. One evening when our master Mikael had gone to his card party, Mr. Karapet, as always, silently entered our dormitory. We all were in our beds, listening to the reading of Abelian, a fellow-student. He was reading from one of the novels of Emil Zola. The minute he heard the creaking of the door, Abelian tucked the book under his pillow, pulled the cover over his head and pretended to be asleep. Tip-toeing, Mr. Karapet went through the aisles and came to a stop in front of Abelian's bed. We all pretended we were fast asleep. For a second he stared at Abelian, and coming closer, snatched the book from under his pillow and shouted.

"Aha! You have been reading revolutionary books!"

Abelian jumped out of his bed. "That is not a revolutionary book, Mr. Karapet," he said, agitated, and tried to snatch the book from his hand.

But the cook, like the priest celebrating high mass, raised the book over his head. "This is a pretty way of observing law and order," he cackled sarcastically. "What is the meaning of this? Do you want to stage a revolution? Very well, we shall see about this."

"That is not a revolutionary book, Mr. Karapet," the students protested in unison.

"What sort of confounded trash is it then, if not a revolutionary book? I can tell it from the binding."

"That is Zola's book, Mr. Karapet, Emil Zola's book. There is nothing revolutionary

about it," Abelian protested vehemently, once again trying to snatch away the book.

"Ah, Zola," the cook cackled maliciously, raising the book higher. "I know, I know who Zola is. He was the greatest revolutionary of them all, the greatest villain of them all. I know this Emil Zola, I know him very well. The prison cell is too good for him."

"Zola is a writer, Mr. Karapet," Abelian persisted, circling around the cook in his nightshirt. "He is a writer, not a revolutionary."

The rest of the students supported Abelian but the cook stuck to his guns. "I know what kind of a writer he is, I know," he scoffed stubbornly.

Presently the students in their nightgowns surrounded the cook and tried to seize the book, but the more they tried the more the cook was convinced that the book was revolutionary. Suddenly he tucked the book in his shirt and clamping his hands on it he shouted: "Back to your beds, you scoundrels! Remember the law and order."

Fearing our superintendent, and to avoid a scandal, we went back to our beds while Mr. Karapet, triumphant with his loot, stalked to the door. At the threshold he stopped and turning around pointed at us a threatenning finger: "Just wait, you rebels, I will show you what it means to go by law and order." And, slamming the door, he was off.

We watched him from the windows, headed for the superintendent's home. We saw that a light was burning at the superintendent's study and we realized what we were in for.

As was to be expected, the next day our ration of food had been diminished. The superintendent, on his part, severely reprimanded us. What was this? Students, instead of learning their lessons, were reading romantic novels, and had the audacity of beating the cook and kicking him out of the dormitory? "Aren't you ashamed

of yourselves?" he shouted at us with indignant eyes.

In vain we tried to defend ourselves, in vain we tried to convince him that we had not beaten the cook. No one would listen to us, no one would believe us.

The incident so disturbed the students that we decided to get even with our cook. There was no limit to the inventiveness of the wounded student, especially the provincial student. There was not a calamity, not an incurable disease that we did not wish on him. Abelian, who had suffered most at his hand, proposed to kill his cat; another student suggested that we steal the cook's hat and shoes and ditch them in a secluded spot. Thus, everyone had a proposition, and finally a fourth class pupil made a tempting proposition. The best way to discredit the cook, he advised, was to inject an extra dose of salt in his cooking.

The proposition was adopted with extraordinary enthusiasm. We at last had found a way of punishing this dastardly cook. But still it was a question as to who would be assigned the job.

"Leave it to me, I will do the job," Abelian volunteered, blushing.

It was winter. The glass of the windows was frozen, the frost clung to men's beards and played in the air like threads of wool. Mr. Karapet's head was buried deep in his shoulders. For a whole week the school was feverishly busy getting ready for the celebration of the anniversary festival of Vardanantz, invitations having been sent to the Bishop, the mayor and a poet who had dedicated a poem for the occasion. Abelian took no part in these preparations. Having turned up the collar of his overcoat, he engaged all his free time in prowling around the kitchen, examining its entrances. But he carefully avoided entering because Mr. Karapet would not leave the kitchen on account of the cold.

Finally, the day of the celebration arrived. The cook was busy in the kitchen

since morning because the festivities would be climaxed by the grand banquet. All the invited guests were on hand, the mayor, the poet, the Bishop and two vardapets who were the picture of twins.

The stage was decorated with costly rugs and colorful festoons. After the superintendent's speech the Bishop gave a long peroration on "our glorious ancestors," followed by two other speakers. Then commenced the singing and the recitations.

The exercises were about over when Mr. Karapet entered the hall. He was dressed in his daily attire — a long black woolen mantle and a red handkerchief wrapped around his neck. The hall being comparatively warm, his shoulders were lowered somewhat. He scanned the students with an admonishing look, as if wanting to say, "Don't forget your law and order, you no good scoundrels; there are guests here."

The minute he came in Abelian disappeared and a few minutes later he came back, completely flushed.

After the exercises the guests sat down around the banquet table in the dining room. At the head table was seated the Bishop with the thick long beard, flanked on either side by the two vardapets; next were the mayor with the yellow chain hanging from his neck, the poet, and the teachers in their order. We students were assigned special tables, but despite it, we attentively followed the conversation of the dignitaries. While we were waiting to be served, the guests were being entertained by the Bishop who was describing one of his childhood hunting expeditions. The guests were listening to the Bishop with absorbed attention, none daring to interrupt him. When the servants began to serve dinner the conversation suddenly ceased. Etiquette demanded that the Bishop give the signal to partake of the food. Meanwhile, waiting to be served, we students were furtively watching the guests. Most of all we were attracted by the poet

with long hair. When his holiness the Bishop took the silver spoon to his mouth, his face grimaced like one who was about to sneeze. And, O wonder of wonders, the same thing happened to the vardapets, the mayor and the poet, but the superintendent and the teachers turned pale. And yet, no one dared speak.

Finally the Bishop broke the silence. "It seems," he stammered, slowly stroking his beard, "your cook put a little too much salt in the food."

"That's right, it seems a little too much salt. . ." joined in the two vardapets. The poet and the mayor were silent.

By this time the superintendent was paler than ever. At that moment he reminded us of one of the pupils who is taking an examination and is unable to answer the questions. The teachers were silently staring at him while he turned to his guests with a guilty look as if trying to say, "Please, forgive me." The superintendent was plainly miserable.

Again the Bishop broke the awkward silence. "It's nothing, nothing," he exhorted courageously. "Let them bring the rest of the food." All the same the damage had been done. They all were trying to make it appear as if the incident was hardly worth noting and yet their gestures and facial expression belied their pretention. Most of all it was the superintendent who

was uneasy because he was responsible for the banquet's failure.

Abelian had achieved his aim the far-reaching consequences of which he naturally could not have foreseen. The very next day our cook was fired, and no matter how hard he tried to convince the superintendent that he was innocent no one would believe him.

Mr. Karapet gathered his belongings and his pet cat, and as he made his way through the courtyard for the last time he was weeping. Curiously enough his tears touched none of the students. "I am going" he said, pausing a moment on his way, "to serve as cook in another school, but I fear there will no longer be any law and order in this school."

And the old man, his head deep in his shoulders, went out of our lives. After his departure the law and order of our school was broken to this extent that the small pupils frolicked, laughed and made merry freely and without fear while we the dormitory students, when in the warm comfort of our dormitory rooms, would often strike the mournful yet ironic strains of a dismal dirge:

"Poor thermometer, I wonder where art thou now,

I would fain forgive thee all,

If only thou wouldst come back tomorrow."



ANANIA SHIRAKATZI

The Armenian Scientist of the Seventh Century

H. KURDIAN

Miss Lillian G. Murad had an interesting article on Anania Shirakatzi entitled "The Armenian Mathematician of the VII century and his Table of Polygonal Numbers." (Armenian Review, Spring, 1953, pp. 28-36.)

First, I would like to translate in full the autobiography of this great Armenian scientist. Unlike many other Armenian authors of the past who unfortunately are known to us only by their names or by a random indication of the century in which they lived, happily, Shirakatzi has not left us in the dark in regard to his identity. His autobiography is written with the same meticulous care as are his mathematical and scientific works.

Here is his autobiography. *

"I Anania of Shirak (Shirakatzi), who absorbed the learnings of our Armenian nation and became learned of biblical books, and day by day I was illuminating the sights of my mind as it is said by the singer of the Psalms. And always listened to the blessings of the learned who seek

knowledge, as it is ordered by Solomon, accept knowledge and wisdom. And banish ignorance, naming the darkness its parent. You that refuse knowledge, I repudiate thee. And, I, terrified from this menace, and wishing to arrive into blessedness, desired wisdom. And much wishing the science of calculation, I thought that nothing could achieve wisdom without numbers, assuming that this was the mother of all wisdom. And among the Armenians I could not find a man that knew wisdom (of mathematics) nor books on the arts in the land (Armenia). Then I went to the land of the Greeks and arrived to Teothupolis (Arzourum, Karin), and I found there a knowing man, learned in ecclesiastic books, who was named Eziazaros. He told me that there was a man in the territory of Fourth Armenia, named Christosatour. And I went and stayed with him six months. And I saw that he did not have all the knowledge, but gleanings from here and there. And I met there some that I knew. And they told me why did you travel so far? For Tiugui-kos, the Byzantine master, is near to us on the shore of Pontic sea, at Trabizon. (He is) full of wisdom and knows Armenian and renown to the kings. And I asked them, How do you know this? And they said, we saw many travelers who came to him, for his great knowledge. And even now the Filagr Deacon of the patriarch of Constantinople was co-passenger to us on the boat (from Constantinople), and he was taking many youngsters to him to study. Upon hearing

* Editor's Note — Mr. Kurdian's translation of Shirakatzi obviously is very poor in point of grammar, diction and sentence structure, without doubt the result of the translator's solicitude to stick to the original as closely as possible. However, since Shirakatzi's original is not at our disposal to enable us to make a comparison, and since Shirakatzi's words must be regarded too inviolable to be tampered with by conjectural reconstruction, we have refrained from retouching the English of Mr. Kurdian's version and herewith present his translation verbatim.

this I praised God, that he fulfilled the desire of his servant. As it is said seek and you will find. And departing I found him at the place of martyrdom of St. Evguinia. And told him about my going to him. And he received me gladly and he said, Thank God that sent you to me in search of wisdom, to receive this science for the see of Gregory (The Illuminator, that is Armenia), and I am very pleased, for having a student from that land, because in my childhood I remained long time in Armenia, and ignorance prevailed in there. And the master Tiuguikos, to whom I had gone, loved me as his son and emptied into me all of his knowledge. And God gave me grace, and completely he taught to me the art of mathematics. Until the royal co-students that were there were jealous of me. And I remained there with him for eight years, and learned many books that were not translated into our (Armenian) Language. Because he had a great many books, secret and known (ecclesiastic) and external, scientific and historical, medical and chronological. And if I named them one by one, there would not be any books that he would not have. And he had the grace of the holy spirit in translation. If he wished to translate the Greek writing into Armenian, he would not hesitate as other translators do, he would in Armenian language as if it were written in Armenian. And he told me as how he learned the Armenian language and to this wisdom. He said, I during my childhood in the city of Trapizon stayed at the foot of John the militant and as a soldier remained in Armenia a long time until the time of king Mauricus (Byzantine Emperor) and learned literary Armenian. But when the Persians attacked upon the Greeks, I was wounded on the battlefield, and escaped to Antioch and every thing was taken in plunder. Then I begged from God healing of my wounds, and pledged by saying, if you will grant me life, I will not collect worldly treasures,

but will follow the treasures of knowledge, as it is said, Accept advice but not silver, knowledge is better than gold. And God granted what I sought, and vitalized, I went to the city of Jerusalem, and from there to Alexandria, and from there to Rome, and remaining there for a time, I returned to Constantinople, and found there the master Atena among the philosophers of the city, a renown man and I remained with him in learning not a few years. And with complete wisdom I returned to my place. And I started to teach and instruct. And in a few years the master died, and not finding any one like him among his students by the order of the king and the princes they send inviters to go and sit at the empty chair. But he refused saying, that I have pledged to the heavenly father not to depart from this place. And after that they came to him from all over the world to study from his sealike knowledge.

"And I the humble of the Armenians learned from him this powerful science, which is desirable to kings and brought it to our country, without the help of any one (without a patron or a sponser), only by the help of God and the prayers of St. (Gregory) The Illuminator, altho no one thanked me for my labors, as the Armenians do not like the philosophy of science, because they are lazy and bored. When I arrived in Armenia, many came to me to learn and after little learning they did not remain for complete education of this art, left me and isolating themselves they started to teach what they did not know, and had not understand. Hypocrite and vainglorious, showing an appearance of knowledge and to be named by man master. And they blame me with lies that they create themselves. And I not having the meanness they had, in mastering and teaching, I bear in mind the Lord's word they say, mine is the revenge, and I will repay. And again that give my gold to the moneychangers, and I

will demand with the interest. Then not deprived from any one those that desired to learn. And this I leave to you forever, masters of learning and wishers, do not prevent, and Christ, who is free giver of grace, will repay you, and the glory of Christ now. . . ." (Translated from the Armenian text published by K(erovbe) P(adkianian), printed in St. Petersburg, 1877, pp 1-4).

At the end of one of his essays on Easter Anania states that his father's name was Hovhanness (John) Shirakatzi (*Patkianian*, p. 26). This is about all we know concerning his family. Anania is named Shirakatzi by virtue of his birthplace of Shirak, an ancient and famed province of Armenia. The capital of Shirak, the City of Ani which was famed for its 1001 churches, is supposed by some to be his birthplace.

As seen from his autobiography, Anania, after learning all he could in his native land of Armenia, went to the "land of the Greeks", meaning the Byzantine Empire. He plainly states that the reason for his departure was the lack of scholars and books to teach the thing which he really wanted to learn, namely, mathematics and the sciences. Thus, he was obliged to travel elsewhere in quest of his education. He arrives at Theodosiopolis, present day Erzerum, and there he found an ecclesiastical scholar by the name of Eziazaros (as the name in printed) or Eliazaros who assured him that in Fourth Armenia, whose center was Theodosiopolis, there was a man named Christosatur who was a mathematician. Christosatur is an Armenian compound word: Christos and A tour, which means Christ-Given — the gift of Christ, that which was given by Christ. Obviously this Christosatur was an Armenian who resided in Byzantine Armenia and this was the reason why he was unknown to Anania in Shirak.

Having studied at the foot of Christosatur for six months, when Anania saw that his master had nothing more to teach him,

he decided to go to Constantinople to further his education. However, on the way he meets some people whom he knew and who were returning from Constantinople. They told him that there was a fellow passenger on board the ship, Deacon Fliagre who was the deacon of the Patriarch of Constantinople and who was bringing some youngsters to Trebizond, a seaport on the Pontic or Black Sea, to study under the scholar Tiuguikos. Upon hearing this Anania hastened to go to Tiuguikos.

According to the autobiography, Tiuguikos was a Constantinopolitan who had moved to Trebizond where he taught mathematics and science. He was a renowned scholar, respected by kings and princes. He had a great library of books on history, religion, medicine, philosophy and chronology etc. The Master himself told Anania that his early childhood was spent in Trebizond. Thereafter he was enlisted in the army and was sent to Armenia (evidently Byzantine Armenia). There, during the Persian-Byzantine wars at the time of Emperor Maurice (Mauricus) who, incidentally, is claimed to be of Armenian origin, Tiuguikos was wounded in a battle and escaped to Antioch. However, during his long stay in Armenia, he was able to learn Armenian reading and writing thoroughly, an achievement which amazed Anania years later.

In Antioch Tiuguikos resolves to follow science, and after convalescence, he travels to Jerusalem and from there to Alexandria a great center of learning in those days. From here he departs for Rome and from there to Constantinople. Here he finds a scholar by the name of Athena, a renowned philosopher under whom he studies for many years. The name Athena here has been confused with the City of Athens. This is an obvious error because the words of Anania are explicit enough. Tiuguikos did not go to Athens as far as Anania's autobiography shows.

After completing his education under Athena in Constantinople. Tiuguikos returned to Trebizond where he founded a school of his own. Shortly afterwards news arrived that Athena had died and the Emperor and the princes extended Tiuguikos an invitation to come over and take his place. Tiuguikos declined the invitation, objecting that he had pledged to God to remain where he was, namely at St. Eugenia's place of martyrdom, evidently a monastery in Trebizond endowed with the facilities of a school.

Unfortunately, nothing is known now about this great Byzantine scholar. His name may really be Tiuguikos, or perhaps it is a corruption of another name, effected through centuries of manuscript transcriptions. Perhaps he had another name which, if we knew, we could identify him all the more easily. At any rate, he remains totally unknown to us. We know of no scholar in Trebizond who corresponds to Anania's description of his master.

Anania Shirakatzi studied under Tiuguikos for eight years and returned to his native Armenia where he founded his own school. But his pupils did not remain long enough with him to complete their studies. This, naturally, vexed Anania who in his autobiography does not hesitate to describe them with scathing words. His former students, particularly those who were jealous of his erudition, whispered lies about him, plotted against and accused him. Anania remained helpless, and as we shall see, was careful in his writings. He admits that he returned to Armenia without invitation; no great lord of the land sponsored him, became his patron and protector. Anania, however, was a prolific producer, and he certainly must have had some students, although very few, who followed his great teachings and reflected his knowledge. This could be proved by the few great names in Armenian history who seem to have followed his steps. Too, there are a few, very few

manuscripts, all copied in various centuries long after Shirakatzi must have been dead, that have survived the elements and the ravages of destruction until our times.

At this point I would like to make a few minor corrections on the biography of Shirakatzi, based on his own autobiography. These corrections are on the works of great Armenian scholars, such as Adontz and M. Abeghian.

In his "Historical Studies," (Paris, 1948, in Armenian), speaking of Armenian scientists in the Byzantine era and basing his thesis on Anania's autobiography, Professor Adontz assumes that he (Anania) "decided to go to Constantinople. Here he met people that he knew" etc. However, Anania does not say that he went to Constantinople that he arrived there, and that it was here he met his friends. His friends tell him that, while they were on the ship which sailed from Constantinople they saw Deacon Filagr, etc. Now Anania met his friends not on the ship, but evidently after they had left the ship and were at the seaport, travelling on land. According to Anania, they told him that Tiuguikos was "near to us on the shore off the Pontic Sea, at Trebizond." Thus, Anania and his friends met one another at a place not far from Trebizond, at a near place, and most likely at a seaport where they had just debarked, as Anania was about to embark for Constantinople. This place could be Sinope, a seaport on the Pontic or Black Sea near Trebizond.

Adontz, evidently misreading the above, continues to make other errors by saying: "By the order of the Patriarch of Constantinople, a certain Deacon Filagr was to take a group of boys to Trebizond so they can study with Tiuguikos. Anania utilized this opportunity and joined the group, became a co-passenger and arrived in Trebizond, etc. (p 533). As we have seen, this is not correct. Those who became co-passengers of Deacon Filagr were the friends of Anania, and not Anania himself.

It was Anania's friends who told him where and how they heard about Tiuguikos.

The Academician Manook Abeghian also has made a similar error. In his "History of Armenian Ancient Literature" (Erivan, USSR, 1944, Vol. I, p. 374), undoubtedly by an oversight, he misinterprets Anania's autobiography in part. Abeghian writes: "(Anania) goes to Constantinople. Here he meets some of his friends who say to him . . . near us, on the shore of the Pontic Sea, at Trebizond. . ." Now, if Anania met his friends in Constantinople, naturally they could not have said to him "near us," because Trebizond is nowhere near Constantinople. If they meant to say "near our native Shirak, again it is impossible because Shirak is nowhere near Trebizond. Naturally, it could be observed that Anania's friends do not necessarily have to be from Shirak. In that case, the last and the nearest place Anania could have made friends would be Theodosiopolis where Anania stayed for six months, just about time enough to make friends so they could go to Constantinople and return when Anania could meet them. Theodosiopolis or Fourth Armenia could not be classified as "near us" to Trebizond. Thus, again we have to correct Abeghian's misinterpretation of Anania's autobiography.

Miss Lillian G. Murad also has made an error in her article when she states that Tiuguikos, which for some reason she transliterates Tuhik, "had studied in Athens" (p. 28). The fact is, Tiuguikos met his teacher Athena in Constantinople, as Anania reports. Athena was the name of Anania's teacher in Constantinople. Tiuguikos never mentions having gone to Athens.

We have no direct biographical dates (birth, dates, etc.) of Anania. He received a commission from the Armenian Catholicos Anastas (on the throne 662-668) to revise the calendar. Thus we know that Anania was back in Armenia from his studies abroad about this time. Prof. Abeghian be-

lieves that a chronological table dating from Adam to 685 is from the hand of Anania. However, Anania tells us that his teacher Tiuguikos was a soldier in Armenia and remained there for a long time until Maurice became Emperor of Byzantium which would be about 582 A.D. Assuming that Tiuguikos was at least 20 years old when he became a soldier and was in the service for no less than five years when Maurice became emperor, then Tiuguikos must have been born on or about 567. Assuming that he was no less than 50 years old to win a reputation as a teacher when Anania entered his school, we arrive at the year 617. Anania studied under Tiuguikos for eight years which brings us to 625. Anania wrote his autobiography when he was just established as a teacher, perhaps around 630-635. Tiuguikos was still alive when Anania wrote his autobiography.

Now then, Anania must have been about 20-25 when he started his travels and entered Tiuguikos's school about 617, and departed from Trebizond in 625, eight years later. By this time he must have been at least 30-32 years old. Therefore, he must have been born about 595. Again assuming that he finished the calendar revision ordered by Catholicos Anastas in 665 (Anastas died in 668), Anania was then already 70 years old. By the time he must have prepared the chronology from Adam to 685, as Prof. Abeghian assumes, Anania must have been 90 years old. This, naturally, should be carefully examined before it is accepted.

Here ends all we know about the life of Shirakatzi.

Anania was a prolific writer. As is the case with most ancient writers, a considerable amount of their works have not survived the ravages of time and destruction. Some works have remained anonymous while some have been attributed to different writers. Happily, time and new research has helped augment the list of Anania's

works. I will try to present these works with explanations whenever possible.

1. "Of Anania Shirakatzi the Calculator said on the appearance (birth) of our Lord and Savior." In his work Anania disputed the date of Christ's birth as December 25 and argues for January 6th, the date accepted by the Armenian Apostolic Church. It is written in quite strong language against the Byzantines who obviously were interfering with the rights and the customs of the Armenian Church.

2. "Of Anania Shirakatzi the Calculator on the Eastern of our Lord." Carried in the same anti-Byzantine vein.

3. "Of Anania Shirakatzi the Calculator on Weights and Measures." An exposition on the weights and measures of various peoples, etc.

4. "On Questions and Answers," a collection of mathematical problems. This is the most important of his works and should be considered as part of his Philosophy of Numbers and mathematical tables. We will have more to say on this work a little later.

5. "Universal Knowledge and Calendar." This was published in Erivan, USSR, 1940.

6. "Geography" which is attributed to him.

There are other small works which are claimed to be from Anania's pen, but, for the present, I believe the above works are definitely known to us as either Anania's authorship or works attributed to him.

One of the most interesting of Anania's works is his knowledge about the universe. In this work he speaks of the heavens, the earth, the sea, heavenly bodies, movements between heaven and earth, the milky way, the northern star, the moon, the sun, the signs of the Zodiac and astronomy.

In his day Anania naturally had to be very careful not to offend the sensibilities of the clergy, so he explained his comprehension of the universe in careful terms. Speaking of the earth, he says: "The earth,

some said . . . was like a ball . . . with an under half-sphere." Again, he proceeds cautiously: "If anyone wants to listen to the explanation of the earth, I could resemble it, let us say, to an egg, as the yellow in it is formed like a ball, and the white all around it, and the shell encompassing all of it, so thus, the earth is constructed in space, and about it the heaven girdles all." And again: "The (secular scientists) tell us about the abode of the living here and there, if there are men that live under the earth's sphere, and other animals that are antipodes to us, like flies on an apple, so are men on the earth, and they stubbornly insist, if they are not antipodes, to whom the sun shines for half of the day, when the shadow it puts us in the night. Because it is impossible for the sun to waste its tour."

It would be interesting, indeed, to translate carefully the whole of Anania's work on the universe. The preceding is but a sample. Thus, as early as the seventh century A.D., Anania KNEW and TAUGHT that THE EARTH IS ROUND.

The forte of Anania Shirakatzi, however, is mathematics. He has become famous as a mathematician. Although for years it was believed that Anania had prepared an important work on mathematics, fragments of such works having been found here and there, the complete work remained undiscovered. Because of its highly scientific nature, Armenian scribes who saw and copied this work could not understand it, and believed it was some sort of mystic work, a talisman, etc., and named it "Vet-zhazariag", meaning "Six Thousand," because the work was built on the number "six" and started with 6,000.

Although Anania's "On Questions and Answers" (24 mathematical problems with solution) was known and published quite early, receiving the attention of Armenian scholars such as Joseph Orbeli who insisted that these problems were a part of a more

comprehensive work, still a more or less complete manuscript discovery was made only in 1939. In the State Library of Erivan an Armenian manuscript (no. 1770) was discovered which contained tables of addition, subtraction and multiplication. From other manuscripts the division was discovered.

However, besides this number, I have been able to discover another manuscript which seems to me to be the most complete copy of Shirakatzi's mathematics. This is now included in my collection of manuscripts. My manuscript, purchased a few years ago, has two copies of the same work. Obviously, the scribe had seen one copy and had copied it. He then found another copy in another place and copied this one too, without realizing that it was the same treatise.

My manuscript, written on paper about the end of the 16th century and completed in 1623, is in excellent condition, finely illuminated and miniatures. On page 154b, without any title, and immediately following a table of the Zodiac, starts Anania's table of addition. This is followed by the tables of subtraction and multiplication, after which come what seem to me as tables of problems and multiplication. This portion comes to an end on page 158a.

On page 222a starts what I consider, and as it will be shown here, as the complete work on mathematics of Shirakatzi, as it was perhaps originally compiled by the great Armenian scientist.

First, the work begins with his autobiography. To this is added a short preface of his tables, addressed to his pupils of mathematics, informing them that he is starting with the lowest and the simplest of calculations. He names his table — "The Additions" — and commences with adding one and one makes two. This table ends with "nine thousand and nine thousand makes eighteen thousand." For ten thou-

sand a small mark is used like an horizontal single quotation mark.

On the next page, 224b, after a very short preface addressed to the students, Anania gives the table of subtraction. One subtracted from ten leaves nine. This section ends with subtracting one thousand from ten thousand which leaves nine thousand. (p. 225b).

The table of multiplications, likewise, starts with a preface in which the author tells his pupils that so far their task has been easy, but from now on they should follow him more diligently. Pages 226a to 229a, devoted to multiplication, starts with two times one equals two, and ends with nine thousand times ten thousand equals ninety million (the million mark is a small letter o).

On page 229b Anania has another preface for his pupils, telling them he will introduce them now to the fourth exercise which is division. This includes the longest series of tables, 24 altogether, ending on p. 255a. Here Anania has another address to his students in which he says:

"Because I wrote the art of calculation in books, classifying them under 25 headings, I have also created here a 24th chapter, because this is the completion of calculation and the crown of division, the king among numbers, the glorious six thousand of the numerals. Although many of the former (scholars) had a preference for certain numbers according to their desire, for instance the Khaldeans had a predilection for the number thirty which we recognize in the laws of Moses, but Pythagoras signalized the number "four", while Aratos and Ptolemy preferred the number 'sixty' which they honored and praised. And I, who am the lord of numbers, I honor this and praise it because it is the father of all and is taught more than other numbers. And now, I consider this (chapter) more or less like the others, but completely different from the other chapters because it

does not take a division from any other, but itself becomes divided from all, and now I complete here in detail, dividing this with its daughters and I place it in front of you plainly."

Anania climaxes this passage with a poem glorifying the number "six thousand." The 24th part ends on p. 258a.

After this, beginning with page 258b, comes the problems of mathematics, 24 in number, each problem followed by its solution. On page 261a Anania offers six problems like games to be used at banquets or gatherings. This is followed by his weights and measures, an excellent and complete copy.

Thus, we have an excellent copy of Anania Shirakatzi's mathematical works right here in the United States in my collection of Armenian manuscripts. This copy is more complete than the famous and widely-publicised No. 1770 of the Erivan State Library which we are told contains the tables of addition, subtraction and multiplication, but not the most important and

lengthy 24 tables of division. In the last table of division there is the answer of Shirakatzi to his "honoring and praising" the six thousand, a complicated table which would need the help of an expert mathematician to solve. The copy of the Erivan State Library does not contain the tables of division.

No doubt, in my manuscript the scribe, who laments many times his lack of mathematical knowledge, has made errors in copying which sometimes are obvious even to me although I am not a mathematician. A learned mathematician, no doubt, could decipher all these errors. It would be worthwhile, indeed, to have all the tables in the manuscript corrected and published. I will be very happy to cooperate with any scholar who is willing to undertake the task.

With this I end this attempt to present the great Armenian scientist, Anania Shirakatzi, to my readers of the Armenian Review, hoping that this modest effort will pave the way for added interest and a more comprehensive presentation of the material.



THE HISTORY OF ARMENIAN LITERATURE AND ITS STUDY IN SOVIET ARMENIA

STEFAN HOVIAN

The text of an address delivered by Mr. Hovian before the conference on "Academic Freedom in the USSR as a Threat to the Theory and Practice of Bolshevik Doctrine" held under the sponsorship of the American Committee for the Liberation from Bolshevism, New York City, April 3-4.

On the basis of ancient Greek historians, early cuneiform inscriptions and the research and studies of modern scholars it has been established that the Armenian Language is a separate and independent branch of the Indo-European family.

As to the people, Arnold J. Toynbee states: "The Armenians are perhaps the oldest established of the civilized races in Western Asia. Their home is the tangle of high mountains between the Caspian, the Mediterranean and the Black Seas."

Among the earliest forms of Armenian literature are the legends, told from one generation to the other and perfected by the troubadours and the minstrels of the land.

The rich history of Armenia, in its constant struggle for national independence, became the source of a great many songs, poems and heroic stories which were later the prime material of the Armenian Epos.

In the year 404 the learned monk Mesrop Mashtoz invented the Armenian alphabet and thereby laid the foundation of Armenian written literature. Since the Armenians were the earliest nation to accept Christianity as their state religion, it is only natural that the first work in Armenian was the translation of the Bible, by Mesrop

Mashtoz and his disciples, which the renowned French philologist La Croze has called the "Queen of all the Versions."

In the fifth century, as a result of the work of these same authors there appear a number of not only translations, but original compositions. Naturally, the early works in Armenian were primarily of a religious character. And the first center of scholastic studies and writings became the monasteries.

One of the important branches of Armenian literature, from its beginnings to the end of the 18th century, became the recording of chronicles.

These chronicles throw a great deal of light on the development of Armenian Literature. The first work is the Chronicle of the Armenian historian Koryune, which was a biography of his teacher Mesrop Mashtoz and which appeared between 443 and 451.

The first effort to portray Armenian history, as such, was made by Agathangeghos, again in the fifth century. This work has been the source of intense studies by European scholars among whom are Academician Nicholay Marr, Prof. Alfred Von Gutschmidt, Academician Manoog Abeghian and others.

This early work is followed by the writings of such historians as Faustus of Byzantium, Lazar of Pharp, Zenobius of Glak, the monk Eliseus and others. The father of Armenian history, however, is rightfully considered to be Moses of Khorene whose work is not a mere chronicle of events, but a literary portrayal of the Armenian people, their customs, traditions and achievements as well as their legends and epic stories.

Despite the fact that Armenia, situated on the crossroads of nations, was constantly a victim of wars, invasion and destruction, the development of Armenian literature continued, uninterrupted, even after the loss of statehood and complete independence.

Suffice it to say that during the Middle Ages, there appeared such religious poets as Koochak and Narekatzi. The work of the latter has been translated into most European languages and only a couple of months ago, the well known French writer Luc-Andre Marcel, having finished a new translation, said:

"We find in Armenian literature all the treasures that abound in the creations of other nations. But the Armenians have one thing which no other people has and that is the poet Narekatzi."

Armenian literature developed not only within the homeland proper, but also abroad. Thus two important centers were established in Venice and Vienna, where the Mekhitarist fathers have enriched Armenian literature with countless poets, writers and scholars.

Indeed, it was at the Mekhitarist Monastery on the Island of St. Lazarus, Venice, that Lord Byron learned Armenian and translated his own "Child Harolde" and other poems.

The full and complete development of Armenian literature was reached in the second half of the 19th and the first of the 20th centuries. One after the other, there

appeared brilliant figures in the world of letters, not only in East Armenia, which was within the Czarist Empire, but equally in West Armenia which was part of the Ottoman Empire. Raffi, (Hagop Melik Hagopian), Mooratsan, and somewhat later Shirvanzade, Levon Chanth, Tzerentz, Matevos Mamourian, Grigor Zohrab, Ghevont Alishan, Mgerditch Peshiktashlian, Bedros Dourian, Rafael Patkanian, Michael Nalbandian, Smbad Shahaziz.

There followed the poets, Hovhannes Hovhannesian, Hovhannes Toumanian, Vahan Terian, Avedik Isahakian, Avedis Aharonian, Daniel Varoogjan, Siamanto, the satirist Hagop Paronian, the playwright Gapriel Soondookian among others. All of these have contributed their rich talents to the treasury of Armenian literature.

After the establishment of Soviet rule in Armenia, not only literature, but all cultural expression fell under the iron control of the bolshevik censors. We must here record, that despite the most impossible conditions, many Armenian writers, especially in the early period, succeeded in producing works of real merit. However, even poets such as Yeghishe Charentz, who proclaimed himself to be an apostle of the new era and who, in fact, is one of the most brilliant figures of modern Armenian literature, was censured for the so-called nationalism that had crept into his poems and he died in a cell of the Cheka, where the walls were covered with his creations, since he was refused even pencil and paper.

The list is almost endless of the talented Armenian writers who became victims of bolshevik censorship and paid with their very lives for the works of their natural genius. Poets and authors such as Aksel Bakuntz, Gourgen Mahari, Ler-Kamsar, Totoventz, Zabel Yessayan, Norentz, Mekrtich Armen, Lucy Targule, Palandouz Muko, and many, many others disappeared not only in person, but from the textbooks and publications of Soviet Armenia, and

this, despite the fact that these very same authors had been hailed by the very same Soviet authorities as the best examples of how genius developed under communism.

Bolshevik censorship extends itself not only within the realm of Soviet reality, but deep into the past of Armenian literature.

The degree and method to which the study of Armenian literature and its history is distorted in Soviet Armenia can be seen from recent events. In order to eliminate so-called "injurious concepts of Armenian old bourgeois clerical historical science," the Central Committee of the Armenian Communist Party last year decreed the Social Science Department of the Armenian Academy of Sciences to organize a series of scientific discussions. This Department initiated the task and selected as lecturers Profs. Hovhannesian, Mgerian and Nersissian. But the Soviet authorities were dissatisfied with the criticisms of these historians and philologists, and through the press attacked them. The heaviest censure fell upon Prof. Nersissian, who, according to SOVYEDAGAN HAYASDAN, "did not approach serious problems from the standpoint of Marxist and Leninist theory." Nersissian was forced, the newspaper wrote, to criticise the bourgeois nationalist errors of some historians and men of letters, as well as to criticise his own errors. The press criticised Nersissian because, as it said, "in his work entitled *The Narodnik Organizations of the Trans-Caucasus between 1870-80*" published in 1940, and in *The Armenian Liberation Movement between 1850-80*" Nersissian portrayed the Armenian National Movements as democratic, and proclaimed such bourgeois nationalist writers as Raffi and Patkanian as democrats."

Thus, the Communist critics are accusing the Armenian historians and men of letters of labelling the Armenian Liberation Movement 'patriotic' instead of 'nationalistic.' In order to save his skin, Nersissian wrote a letter to SOVYEDAGAN HAYAS-

DAN confessing his uncommitted crimes: "Those criticisms levelled at the works of some historians and men-of-letters, including my own, are completely correct. . . In my works published in 1940, 1943 and 1945, I have allowed serious methodological and political errors. In commenting on some questions dealing with Armenian history in the 19th century, I have been influenced by politically unsound and anti-scientific concepts of the bourgeois nationalist theory of 'unified current'. I have not been able to surmount the traditions of Armenian bourgeois historical science. I have depicted the Armenian Liberation Movement in my works as a Peoples' Democratic Movement, when actually that Movement in its problems and nature was bourgeois."

Consequently, Prof. Nersissian, promising to take note of the criticisms in the Soviet newspapers, declared that now having learned his lesson, he would through 'self-criticism' correct his errors.

"It is my duty and obligation as a historian to reorganize my scientific work and struggle against all expressions and repetitions of bourgeois nationalism in accordance with the theories of Marx and Lenin, Comrade Stalin's new works of genius, and the decisions of the 19th Party Congress of the Soviet Union and the 16th Party Congress of Soviet Armenia."

It is noteworthy, and also typical of the ever-changing currents in the Soviet political atmosphere that just several weeks ago, at the 17th Party Congress of Soviet Armenia, the critics of Nersissian themselves were severely castigated and he himself absolved.

It is true that ancient Armenian literature, up to even the end of the 18th century is the subject of great scholastic studies. The works of Abeghian, Melkhassian, Adjarian and many others are brilliant achievements of research. But these works are not circulated. They do not find their way into the textbooks used by the schools,

but remain within the narrow and exclusive limits of an elite of scholars.

But when we come to the 19th century, especially its second half and the beginning of the 20th century until the sovietization of Armenia, the infinitely rich Armenian literature of that period is left in almost complete darkness.

True, some works like the major novel of Khatchadoor Abovian, who is the father of modern Armenian and who lived in the 19th century, as well as the works of such writers of the 19th and 20th centuries as Ghazaros Aghayan, Grikor Zohrab, Shirvanzade, Hovhannes Toomanian, Hovhannes Hovhannesian, Soondookian and some others have been published and circulated in Soviet Armenia.

Soondookian's play "Pepo" has been in the repertoire of the State Theatre for the past thirty years, and no wonder. For what is the story of "Pepo?" In this play, the rapacious merchant Zimzimov refuses to pay to the poor fishermen Pepo the money that he owes him. On this is built the personal tragedy of Pepo and his sister who cannot marry since she does not have a dowry.

Naturally, the bolsheviks, who like to portray themselves the defenders of the down-trodden classes, found this play of Soondookian quite acceptable.

But when we come to the truly national literature of the 19th and 20th centuries then the example of the greatest Armenian novelist Raffi will serve to establish what the rule has been in Armenia.

Until 1940, not only were Raffi's works not circulated, but it was forbidden to ask for them at the public libraries. But when the Second World War broke out and the Soviets tried to inspire each people of their empire to the defense of the fatherland, then the works of Raffi, which bear an indisputable national stamp, were published.

And let us record here, that when the

sale of Raffi's works was announced at Eri-van's principal bookshop, there was such crowds and excitement that the militia were called out to establish order. Nevertheless the shopwindows were broken and all the books were sold out in a matter of a few hours.

But when the war was over, once again Raffi became a menace and no less a source than *Pravda* itself decreed that his bourgeois-nationalist works were withdrawn and strictly forbidden.

On the other hand, in the case of Avedis Aharonian, one of the greatest Armenian literary figures of the last 100 years, he was totally eradicated from the histories, anthologies and collections of Soviet Armenia. Here the reason was a little different. For Aharonian, beside being a talented poet and novelist, was also the President of the Parliament of the Independent Armenian Republic, one of the prominent leaders of the Dashnag Party and a signatory of the Sevres Treaty, which internationally recognized the independence of Armenia.

So, the writings of Aharonian, which describe the centuries-old struggle of the Armenian people, their sufferings and their dreams, were branded as decadent and bourgeois-nationalistic and were blotted out completely.

The authors of Western Armenia in particular are very poorly represented in the textbooks and studies of Soviet Armenia.

Such great talents as Rouben Zartarian, Mekertich Peshiktashlian, Ohan Karo, Gegham Ter Karapetian, Gegham Barsegian, and many others are practically unknown to the new generation of Armenia.

The reason is always the same. That all expressions of national genius, creation and aspirations are forbidden to the peoples of the Soviet Union.

And of course, Soviet textbooks, publications and books will not even mention all the writers, poets and artists of the Armenian dispersion.

In their endeavor to make the people believe that only under Soviet conditions is true artistic creation possible, the bolsheviks live in constant fear and will not utter one syllable about the many great talents that today produce valuable works in Armenian in many lands of the free world.

It is enough to mention names such as Constant Zarian, Shahan Shahnoor, Vasken Yessayan, Malkhas and an endless list of others who have produced major works of lasting value, but whose names will find no mention in Soviet Armenia.

And thus, there are three iron curtains:

The first has descended upon the great writers who began under Soviet rule, were hailed by the Soviets, but later were branded nationalists. The Armenian people under Soviet tyranny are forbidden to read the works of these writers, are forbidden to utter their names.

The second curtain has descended upon the writers of the past and especially those of the latter half of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century.

There are countless treasures here of which, especially the youth, the new generation, has not even heard.

The third curtain cuts off the Armenian people from their brothers and sisters in the dispersion, from the works, creations and achievements that have flowered in many lands and have enriched the total of Armenian literature, but about which not even a whisper has reached the Armenian people under the communist regime.

And now, the writers of present day Soviet Armenia are completely cut off from the natural sources of inspiration, from all that springs from their hearts and their souls, but must, instead, press themselves into the stifling mould of Soviet censorship.

But what has this resulted in? We have this on the best authority possible — the new Secretary of the Central Committee of

the Communist Party of Soviet Armenia, Tovmassian.

In his report, delivered a month ago to the 17th Party Congress of Soviet Armenia's Communist Party, Tovmassian deplored the fact that Soviet Armenia is not producing good novels, there are no inspiring short stories, there have been no well-written plays, no worthy motion pictures, no satire.

Let us quote him in brief sentences for he is indeed prolific and eloquent in his lamentation and his examples:

States Tovmassian:

"We cannot name novels or works that would give the real and interesting life of the workers, of the collective farms, of the post-war period, of our intelligentsia, of our glorious youth."

And again:

"The teenagers of Armenia have not received from our writers books where the workers and the collective farms should have been glorified, books which should perform the role of teachers for them, drawing them to the life of the factory and the kolkhoz."

He goes on:

"The satiric form has been completely forgotten by Soviet Armenian writers. The theatres of Soviet Armenia have not produced anything worthwhile."

And finally, singling out one hapless writer, Tovmassian says:

"Comrade Hovhannesian, regular member of the Academy of Sciences and director of the department of social sciences, has been busy during the past seven years making pompous announcements in connection with distortions corrected by him in his published works."

And so it continues, endlessly. Thus Tovmassian tells his listeners and the whole world that the writers of Armenia are incapable of producing their creations in the darkness and the stifling atmosphere of

Soviet reality. But perhaps Tovmassian should remember that dictatorships and tyrannies appear on the historic scene only to pass away, while nations remain to build, create and establish a higher, a better civilization.

And few have expressed this truth better than a talented Armenian poet who lives and writes in Soviet Armenia and who had this to say in a short poem published a few years ago:

*"We were peaceful, as the mountains of our land
You stormed against us, like the tempest wild,
We rose to face you, like the mountains of our land
And you howled in fury, like the tempest wild.
But we are eternal, like the mountains of our land
And you — you will pass, like the tempest wild."*

MUSEUM PIECE

*This formal measurable self
Exposes nothing but the bone
Each piece according to the scale
Is placed to form a skeleton.*

*What in this life of death is wrong?
The square enclosed glass contains
A tripod that was three feet long
Held tight with wire thread.*

*And all admitted to this place
View an armature at rest
Observe a patience locked in space
Devoid of any quest.*

*What is it here that holds the mind,
Is it containing space or time
Through prehistoric things men find,
Is it assembled line and grace?*

*Do we imagine space within
Where marrow lies enclosed in bone?
Or with our eyes assume that skin
Once grew around these stones?*

VAROUJAN BOGHOSIAN

WAR OR PEACE?

REUBEN DARBINIAN

The Chances of a Global War

Ever since the day when, at the close of World War II it became indubitably clear that the Soviet is determined to prevent the world peace, and that it has not the slightest intention of abandoning the original communist plan of world conquest, the threat of a Third World War has been pressing on the breast of mankind like a deathly, strangulating nightmare. And each time the international situation deteriorates, as in the case of the Berlin Blockade, the Korean war, and now the crisis in Indochina, the fear of a new global war strikes terror in the free world, not only among the common people but their political leaders as well.

How probable and how imminent is a new global war? This is a fateful question which cannot but keep the public mind everywhere in suspense.

Curiously enough, all pessimistic predictions in this respect have proved to be unfounded to date. During the Berlin blockade, for example, war seemed imminent and yet nothing came of it. The same apprehensions were widely shared when North Korea attacked the southern democratic republic, and yet the world again was spared a general war.

After Stalin's death it seemed there was a slight relaxation in the world tension, and even if the menace of war was not completely eliminated, still it was the prevailing opinion that Stalin's successors, faced with immediate internal difficulties, would be reluctant to precipitate a global war at least for the present.

But, having settled their score with Beria, when Stalin's successors resumed their inflexible policy of aggression, their behavior revived the old fears of a general conflagration.

If the leaders of the free world were so patient to bring about the Korean armistice, if they showed the same perseverance to put an end to war in Indochina, the reason was that they were afraid the prolongation of the local war might eventually end up in a global war.

Fortunately, the governments of the free nations dread a world war as much as their peoples and are doing their utmost to avoid it. There can be no doubt about this. None of these nations aspires to conquer the whole world; furthermore, the free democratic order which prevails in these countries will never permit their governments to plunge the world into a new war against their will.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of communist governments. The reasons for this are many.

First of all, the communist governments openly pursue aggressive aims, openly strive to communize all the peoples of the world. Their aim is to subjugate and to enslave the whole world and they will stop at nothing to reach this objective.

Secondly, having established a terroristic regime in all the countries they have subjugated, the communist governments do not feel themselves restricted by the pacific inclinations of their peoples, but they are in a position to defy their will and to promote all kinds of war, a global war not ex-

cepted, provided they deem it expedient.

It is natural for the peoples and the governments of the free world, therefore, to expect of the promoters of the Berlin blockade, the Korean and Indochinese wars, that they are capable of promoting a global war provided, of course, that they feel ready to take such a fateful step.

Needless to say there would not be the slightest doubt about such a contingency were it not for the modern improved weapons of war, including the atom and hydrogen bombs, radar, the rocket ships and the guided missiles the employment of which would prove disastrous in a major war for both sides of the belligerents. Were it not for this fact the Soviet dictators no doubt would not hesitate a moment to precipitate a major war much the same as they do not stop at small scale local wars.

The Soviet dictators cannot but fear a global war, much less can they afford to risk one, in an age of such vastly-improved and formidable weapons of war because the use of such weapons will make the destruction of their persons and power inevitable. And since, to them, there is nothing more precious than the safety of their persons and their power, it is difficult to imagine that they will dare to take a step which surely will spell their ruination.

From the first day when the cold war was launched on many occasions we advanced the opinion that although the Soviets were the authors of the cold war, although they communized a number of east European countries by force of arms, taking advantage of the post-war confusion, although they dared to destroy the independence of Czechoslovakia, although they dared to blockade West Berlin, although they did not hesitate to instigate their minions to promote hot wars in Korea and Indochina, just the same they genuinely shun and will continue to shun a new world war for the simple reason that they know they will jeopardize not only all their conquests of the

post-war era, but the safety of their persons and power as well.

No new basis nor reason has evolved during the past few years to compel us to revise or change this view. On the contrary, recent developments confirm our stand. The unyielding and even aggressive disposition which the Soviet leaders have displayed at the Berlin and Geneva conferences are calculated only to break the solidarity of the western powers, to divide them and to cause them to fight among themselves, in order thus to insure themselves against the mortal danger of a new war and to try to subjugate the entire world by a war of attrition.

A Russian Journalist Poses Some Interesting Questions

Recently a Russian journalist of New York, in *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, May 23, made an original and highly interesting approach to the fateful question of a new global war.

"The communists," he writes, "have the atom bomb with which they threaten the free world. These bombs are carefully stored in certain bases, ready to fly to Europe and America some day and to bomb these countries.

"The first question: who holds the keys to these storehouses? It is plain that the man who holds the keys is the real master of the Soviet Union. Who, however, can be trusted with these keys? The chief of the MVD? But what if he should prove to be a traitor like Beria? That there are hostages? But the example of the traitor Khokhlov in Germany and the Petrovs in Australia has proved that holding hostages is not enough. Relying on Soviet patriotism is likewise intricately bound with many risks. Could it be that Malenkov keeps the keys in his night safe?

"But, let us grant that there is such an incorruptible Soviet patriot who can be trusted absolutely, and he, at the order of Malenkov will open the storehouse and will

deliver the bombs to the pilots of the jet planes and the latter will drop them on designated spots.

"The second question. Will the pilots drop the bombs where they were ordered, or will they fly to the other side of the ocean and prefer to cash in on the \$100,000 reward which was promised by Washington? No matter how high the improbabilities of such a treason, nevertheless each man has his price. Caution will dictate to the communist leaders to take this contingency into account.

"But, let us admit that the pilots are 100 percent communists and that they cannot be bribed at any price, and that the bombs will be dropped. Should this happen there will be instant retaliation, and this brings us to the third question. What is it that will be destroyed by the use of the bombs?

"Let us admit that the material destruction on both sides are equal and that as many million men have been killed on both sides. Let us admit that the damage to production is equal in both camps. Even then the federal structure in America will not be destroyed but what will happen to the Soviet government in the Soviet Union? The atom will destroy the government's nerve center, will decimate the country, reducing it to a number of isolated regions. In America each state is an intrinsic part of the whole country with an attraction toward the center. The experience of the last war with Germany proved that the various regions of the Soviet Union, after they were cut off from the central government, not only did not strive to restore the broken thread, but did their very best to be rid of it. Caution would lead to believe that, once the atom war is ignited, it will destroy the Russian system which is the backbone of communism. Can Moscow take such a risk? If the material wreckage of an atom war might be equal for both America and the Soviet Union, its political wreckage will only be a threat to Moscow.

"But, let us go even further and grant that the Communist side will win the war, the Soviet government will remain unimpaired, while western Europe and America will be reduced to ashes. This brings us to the fourth question.

"What to do with the millions of people who have survived, who have lost everything and who are doomed to absolute destitution and despair? Shall they be driven to concentration camps, or to destroy them in crematories? Industrial Europe and America are tempting targets for the communists. In ruins, they will be loaded with formidable dangers. The communists' remote aim is, while destroying the enemy's political regime, to preserve the material wealth of that regime. And this brings us to the fifth question.

"Does Moscow really need to resort to a world war — a war in which it will find itself confronted with explosive problems of global magnitude. Good sense would dictate to Moscow that it does not need such a war, and that its remote aims must be pursued only through other means. How far those aims can be realized through small wars and large scale propaganda, we have seen it in the Korean war and now we are seeing it in the example of Indochina."

And the Russian journalist justly poses the following poignant question:

"If this policy of small wars and large scale propaganda has proved so effective for the communists, what reason is there that the democratic governments of the West should not emulate their example, namely, why can't they fight communists with their own weapons?"

The reason, which he gives, is that the democratic governments of the West have no common policy and for this very reason they cannot present a united front against the Soviet imperialism.

This, of course, is true, but it is not the whole reason. There is also the lack of a complete understanding of the com-

munist conspiracy which is the chief source of the West's many errors. There is also a democratic psychology and a tradition of tolerance, nurtured from generation to generation, in the free democratic atmosphere of the West which prohibits fighting the communists with their weapons. Furthermore, there is a general incapacity, even on the part of the most experienced and astute western leaders, to comprehend the gangster psychology of deceitful and piratical communist leaders. Another formidable deterrent is the fact that, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for the free West to freely organize in the Soviet Union its fifth columns as the Soviet dictators do so freely in the free West.

And lastly, there is the dread of the atomic war which shackles the leaders of the free world far more than the Soviet masters. The latter are confident that the free world does not, and never will, *start* an atomic war, whereas the free world has no such confidence in the Soviet leaders who are free to act as they please, without consulting the wishes of the people.

Fighting in Kind

We might not agree with all the premises of the Russian journalist. It might, for example, be contended with equal force that, according to the conviction of the communists, it will be the capitalistic order which will suffer, and not the communist system, should a third world war break out. They believe the result will be the triumph of communism. It should not be forgotten that the communists are fortified in this conviction by their highly encouraging gains from two world wars. The first war brought them to the head of Russia, one of the greatest countries in the world; through the second they extended their power over one third of mankind, a mass population of nearly 800 million.

Nevertheless, we agree with the Russian journalist's conclusion that the Soviet dictators are not interested in provoking a

global war in order to achieve their aim, primarily because such a war would jeopardize the safety and the continuity of their power which is paramount as far as they are concerned. In an atomic war they are certain to lose. This explains why they confine their efforts to limited or local wars which can be dealt with by "police" actions. Considering the gains which they have made to date, the Soviet dictators have no cause for discontent, nor will they be satisfied with their conquests as long as the future is full of potential victories through local wars accompanied with the global cold war.

No doubt, this method, although relatively slow, is incomparably more safe, at least it has proven safe so far, in their aim of world conquest than a major war could possibly prove.

And yet, no matter how true it may be that Moscow will do its utmost to avoid a global war, there is no guarantee, nor can there be, of course, that the local wars which it perpetually has been igniting and the global cold war will not eventually precipitate a general hot war. And since Moscow acts as if it is feverishly preparing for a major clash, it is quite natural that the free world should react in a similar vein, straining every effort to be ready for the eventuality of a sudden war, should it ever come, despite its genuine devotion to the preservation of the peace.

But, if in a global war it is possible, and perhaps inevitable, to employ the modern catastrophic weapons of destruction, such as the atom and hydrogen bombs and the guided missiles, to date it has not been possible to use these weapons in small local wars, nor will it be possible to use them in the future, as the chastening example of Korea and Indochina has proved.

It is quite true that there was a brief span of time when political and military circles in Washington toyed with the idea that small wars could be prevented by the

threat of the atom bomb, or by the so-called massive retaliation threat. But the latest lesson of Indochina came to prove the futility of this plan in view of the fact that the West, and even Washington, is not yet politically and psychologically ready to carry out such a threat.

And since the free West hesitates to carry out its threatened massive retaliation, it is natural to expect that the Soviets will continue to ignite new local wars in countries of their choosing in their effort to exhaust and to debilitate the great powers of the west as the latter are driven to distraction in trying to stem the tide of Soviet aggression.

Will the free world be able to continue to restrain all the Soviet plots in every corner of the world without completely draining its energies and without precipitating a general war? And since it is impossible to extinguish these perpetual fires through the use of massive retaliation, are there no other means which can be employed without exhausting all their power, without spreading the small wars, and without precipitating a global war?

Unfortunately, there are no such fire proof means. But, if we comprehend well the psychology of the communist leaders, their methods, tendencies and their ways of action, if we admit that they fear the atomic bomb and the global war no less than the western leaders, but even if they are not so afraid, they are the ones who shall choose the opportune moment for such a fateful step, in that case they will not respect any kind of treaty as their past behaviour proves, nor will they be inveigled by the provocations of their enemies into a general war. If we agree with these premises as true, we will be obliged to agree with the Russian journalist that the only way to restrain the Soviet-instigated local wars is to retaliate in kind, namely, by provoking insurrections in the most suitable remote corners of the Communist world.

In other words, instead of waiting for new Koreans and new Indochinas in areas which are difficult to defend, it would be far more expedient to ignite new fires inside the Soviet orbit in such areas where it is difficult for the Soviet to defend. In such a case it will be the Soviet which will be forced to exhaust its energies in her effort to defend her dominions.

For example, the West could give the Soviet a great headache by arming the anti-Soviet Albanians, furnishing them with volunteer fighters, supporting them financially and materially in order to overthrow the Soviet regime in Albania. This would be doing precisely what the Soviets did in Korea, Guatemala and Indochina. Why necessarily wait if it is infinitely more advantageous for the West to do the choosing of its spots and thus busy the Soviets?

An Eye for an Eye

Bitter experience has proved that the most effective way of combatting communism is the method of retaliation in kind. These are: (a) propaganda; (b) organization of anti-communist fifth columns, and (3) inciting local insurrections and small wars in the Soviet orbit.

If the free world will not utilize this method to the full, the only remaining effective solution is the resort to atomic war. It is not surprising, therefore, that a number of influential western leaders, despairing of the futility of the measures hitherto used, have proposed to serve the Kremlin with an ultimatum, and if the Soviets give no satisfaction to the demands for general disarmament and the establishment of a permanent world peace, to resort to the use of the atom bomb in order to overthrow the Soviet regime.

But, this is an extreme measure which can be justified only when all the other less-destructive measures of self-defense have been exhausted, whereas, the fact is, the free world is far from having exhausted these measures.

On the other hand, if the atomic war is a desperate measure which we must avoid as much as possible, it is altogether senseless, futile and illusive to hope to come to an understanding with the Soviet leaders through the medium of negotiation.

In the first place the communists have never made real concessions voluntarily, nor are they apt ever to do so, and if they take part in negotiations they do so first, to win some concession from their opponents which they had failed to obtain through other means, and second, for purposes of propaganda.

Second, to date there has been no agreement or treaty which the Soviets signed and which they have respected. They sign agreements and treaties in order to shackle their opponents, but never to restrict their own freedom of action. The Berlin and Geneva conferences have clearly demonstrated the futility of settling issues of freedom and peace through negotiation with the communists.

Those who claim that communist successes in a large measure are due to their opponents' shortsightedness, ignorance and incompetence, and not due to communists' real power, their capacity or their genius, are not far from the truth. As a matter of fact there never was a country subjugated by the communists where the communists constituted a majority. There never was a country which they won peacefully through a majority will of the people. Everywhere, not excluding Russia, they constituted a negligible minority. They have taken over the power through deceit, force and terroristic methods.

If the non-communists and the anti-communists had not been so incompetent, so divided, if they had understood the communists well, if they were well versed in their tricks, they never would have made any concessions to them; on the contrary they would have retaliated with their own methods. They would have countered the

communist propaganda which is based on lies and deceit with a propaganda of their own which is infinitely more powerful because it is based on the truth. And they would have done this on a larger scale, with greater intensity and determination. And they would have countered the communist subversion in free countries with insurrectionary liberation movements of their own choosing within the Soviet orbit.

It must be always borne in mind that communist leaders dread nothing more than the policy of an eye for an eye. But when the leaders of the free world constantly try to appease them, their appeasement is taken for weakness and as a sign of fear which makes the communists increasingly more bold, audacious and insolent. Moreover, capitalizing on this apparent timidity, the eagerness to appease, and the dread of the atomic war, the communists endeavor to disrupt the west's united front, to divide the members and to make them fight each other, thus to enable themselves to settle their scores one by one.

And since the atomic war is out for reasons which we have explained, and in view of the proven futility of negotiation, there is nothing else left for the free world except to combat the communists with their own weapons, namely, the method of revolution.

First, let us take the matter of propaganda. The Soviets expend hundreds of millions of dollars for propaganda, and not satisfied with this much, they utilize the funds raised by their fifth columns in the free countries, whereas, the free world spends scarcely a few tens of millions for the same purpose, and even this pitiful sum is spent so incompetently. On the other hand the free world expends fabulous sums for the rearmament of free countries, notwithstanding the fact that propaganda is an equally effective weapon in the fight against communism as are our armies, our navies and our air fleets.

It is true that the free West, the United States in particular, recently have begun to grasp the importance of propaganda in their fight against Soviet imperialism and have even taken some tangible measures in this respect. But compared with the volume and the intensity of communist propaganda these measures are trivial.

How impotent this anti-communist propaganda still is we have only to take a look at the record. The Soviet propaganda which is based on shameless lies and distortions has proved infinitely more effective than the western propaganda despite the fact that it is based on irrefutable facts and the absolute truth. Whereas, it should have been the exact opposite had the West attached as much importance to this branch of the warfare as do the communists.

The Means of Retaliation

After the propaganda, the second best means of combatting communism is the creation of anti-communist fifth columnists, where and when, and as much as conditions of the Soviet world will permit.

Naturally, the West can never hope to create fifth column cells inside the Soviet Union on a scale and a quality which the Soviet has created in the free world. Conditions in the Soviet world make such a prospect prohibitive. Notwithstanding this fact, the free West still possesses a priceless asset in the knowledge that the overwhelming majority of the peoples which have been enslaved by the Soviet, who have drained the dregs of Soviet tyranny, and who bear on their skin the scars of the Soviet whip, are filled with bitterness against their oppressors and in case of a war, even if unorganized, they will be eager and anxious to play the role of fifth columnists.

These unorganized masses are in need of trained leaders who can organize and direct the resistance, and the West can easily pre-

pare these leaders from among the thousands of refugees who have found shelter in the West.

For years the Soviet government has been rallying thousands of youths from the free world, youths who are either communists or fellow-travelers, and at government expense has been training them in special schools. After completing their course, these youths are returned to their countries to take charge of the communist movement. It is well known that almost all the principal leaders of the Soviet Union and the satellite countries, all the way from northern Korea to eastern Germany, are graduates of the Moscow training schools.

The West has no need of importing youths from the communist world at its own expense in order to train them for leadership in special schools. These youths already have run away, all that is needed is to assemble them and give them the necessary training. After completing their training some of these youths can be sent to their former countries to direct the underground activity, much the same as the Soviets do.

It is true that it is far more easy for the Soviet to carry out its subversive activity inside the free world than for the West to organize the resistance inside the Soviet orbit, but it is by no means impossible. During the last war the Allied Powers succeeded in smuggling thousands of agents inside the enemy countries; what reason is there to think that the same thing is not possible in peace time? There is no doubt that, once the West is convinced of the wisdom of the policy of an eye for an eye, once it decides to organize its own fifth columns which shall operate inside the Soviet orbit, it will be easy to surmount a number of difficulties which to date have been regarded as insurmountable.

The case of small local fires ignited by the Soviet, the so-called small wars and

local uprisings, is another weapon which may be fought by retaliation in kind.

First, it should be noted that any free or semi-free people presents a less favorable field of popular uprising than any people under the Soviet yoke, and if the Soviet, despite this handicap, achieves tangible successes in the free world, what reason is there to think that the free West cannot do the same thing within the Soviet orbit, in spots of its choosing which it considers militarily and politically expedient?

Is it not better to do this in order to frustrate the Soviet's aggressive designs, rather than to let matters take their precipitous course which can be stopped only by an atomic war?

Secondly, it must be noted that, in inciting local revolts and civil wars in free countries through its fifth columnists, the Soviet always poses as a liberator. It cloaks its subversive activity under the euphonic slogan of liberating those peoples from European or American imperialism, while the fact is, far from liberating these peoples, it is really striving to subject them to a worse sort of tyranny. It simply misleads the simpleminded natives by presenting itself as an ardent champion of their emancipatory aspirations. And if the Communists succeed in enlisting the services of the liberal and nationalist elements of those peoples, what reason is there to think the West cannot do the same thing for those millions who have been groveling under Moscow's iron heels, the very same West which can offer them real freedom and absolute independence by supporting their effort morally and materially?

On other occasions we have advanced the view that the free West should counter the Soviet's Communist International with an organization of its own which might be called the Democratic International in its effort to stem the tide of Soviet imperialism. The Soviet cannot very well object to the creation of such an organization

as long as it itself expends inexhaustible sums of money for the maintenance of its subversive instrument.

It is true that the Soviet officially denies any connection with the Communist International, shamelessly has assured the world that it has remained neutral in the Korean and Indochinese wars, and has had the audacity of demanding representation in the solution of these countries' problems in peace conferences as a neutral. And yet, even political infants know that both of these wars would never have taken place were it not for the communists' limitless military and political support. Why cannot Washington, as the West's leader, do the same thing? Why can it not maintain its own Democratic International, why can it not maintain an office of its own and publish its own organ in a free country, without claiming any official connection, as the Soviet does through the Communist International's official organ in the capital of Rumania?

The Need of a Democratic International

The democratic West which under the leadership of the United States is waging now a life and death struggle against Soviet imperialism, unfortunately has not come forth boldly with the proposition of disseminating its democratic ideas and ideals throughout the world with the same vigor and determination which the Soviet has shown in the prosecution of its communistic ideas, and this lack of determined effort especially is noticeable in the young generation. The fact is, the free West is in possession of far more attractive ideals with which to inspire the peoples of the world, especially the young generation, than the Soviet can offer.

Suffice it to say that the free West can really bring freedom to all peoples, while the best the Soviet can do is to offer them is an absolute slavery. Moreover, the free West can offer a higher standard of economic and social status, such as the

one which prevails in the United States, the like of which has never been seen in history, while the Soviet tyranny, despite its lavish promises, can only offer the peoples of the world a semi-starved existence, a perpetual shortage of housing and clothing, forced labor camps and the like which we have witnessed for years in all Soviet dominated countries.

It is an astonishing fact that a great commonwealth like the United States which each year expends billions of dollars for the rearmament of its allies with modern weapons of warfare, has not deemed it necessary as yet to invest at least one billion dollars a year for the propagation of its democratic ideals and aims as against the Soviet government which easily expends this sum for Soviet propaganda.

Futhermore, while the United States for years has been exerting extraordinary efforts to coordinate its military forces with those of its allies in a united front with which to restrain Soviet imperialism, to date it has not even tried to organize a similar ideological front against the formidable Soviet menace.

Whatever the reasons or the causes of this deplorable negligence, it is imperative that they be removed as soon as possible. The same importance should be attached to the creation and the organization of the ideological instrument of combat as we do to our military means.

Therefore, first, we must multiply at least tenfold the appropriations which we make for anti-communist propaganda.

Second, we must organize an international anti-communist body consisting of the democratic groups of *all* nations which will direct the fight, much the same as the Soviet has been doing through the Communist International.

Third, that instrument which we could call The Democratic International or Freedom's International, aside from its

propaganda activity, should have a department which shall concentrate its efforts on revolutionary enterprises by organizing, training, and preparing fighting units from all anti-communist elements and put them into action.

In this connection, it is not irrelevant to stress why this body should consist strictly and exclusively of democratic elements.

It is a well-known fact that in the anti-communist elements of all nations there are adherents of dictatorships of one sort or another, such as monarchists, fascists and Nazis. Such elements should never be encouraged, much less be incorporated in a general anti-communist organization. Indeed, what sense is there in supporting and strengthening such elements which, after the overthrow of the communist regime, assuredly will strive to establish another sort of dictatorship in their countries, whether monarchistic, fascist or Nazi, which will be not much better than the Soviet dictatorship, and which will be a new scourge to their countries and perhaps to entire mankind?

In this connection the free world, the United States in particular, must be very uncompromising and must concentrate their support on truly anti-communist elements which strive to establish truly democratic orders in their countries.

To succeed in this fight, and to emerge from the fight with a minimum of loss, the West must do far more than hitherto it has done for those hundreds of thousands of youths who have fled from communist countries, especially their intellectuals. It must aid them materially and morally, must assemble and organize them, must train them for the fight against communism, and in case of need, must arm them and prepare them for revolutionary activity. This support must be restricted to the *democratic* anti-communist organizations only.

It is a mistake for the West to be interested only in the anti-communist struggle.

It is equally important to be concerned even now with those vital problems which shall preoccupy the peoples of the world, especially the peoples of the Soviet world, *after* the Soviet is overthrown, because, if these problems are not anticipated, after the Soviet's overthrow such a dangerous and perilous situation might evolve which actually developed after the Second World War.

We must never forget the lesson of the immediate past. To destroy the German Nazi menace the free West became the ally of no lesser a menace — the Soviet despotism, without giving a thought to averting or neutralizing this new menace. If President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, the two outstanding democratic leaders, in their efforts to remove the Hitlerite menace, had had a clear idea of the terrible menace presented by Stalin which they were nurturing, they surely would have followed a different policy than the one they espoused. In such a case they would have concentrated their efforts to remove both menaces at the same time, although that might have been through quite different methods.

By all means, this fatal mistake should never be repeated. And this can be accomplished only if the West completely excludes the monarchistic or fascist elements and concentrates its support on truly liberal and democratic elements which can be trusted.

Pessimism vs. Optimism

In the cold war, as well as the local hot wars the authors of which are always the communists, the advantage no doubt is on the Soviet's side because it is better prepared, for years has had practical experience, has greater determination, knows what it wants, and commands an incomparably larger supply of weapons for this kind of warfare.

It should be borne in mind that, to raise the peoples of the East against the West,

the Soviets systematically have been working ever since the infamous Congress of Eastern Peoples in 1920 in Baku — a Congress whose first victim was to be the Republic of Armenia. The West which for long years has ruled the peoples of the east naturally does not enjoy their sympathy or confidence, and consequently, psychologically, it is in an unfavorable position as compared with the Soviet which is just being recognized by the peoples of the East and for this very reason can easily pass off a worse type of imperialism as a movement for national independence.

Another cause of this manifest disadvantage is the fact that the West cannot bring into full play its most formidable weapons in this type of warfare and is forced to confine itself to conventional weapons which the communists command in greater supply and facility in places of their choosing which invariably are too far and too indefensible for the West.

Having fully grasped the adverse nature of the situation, President Eisenhower wanted to reverse it by inaugurating the new policy of the so-called massive retaliation. He warned the Soviets that after the Korean armistice if they or their satellites started new small wars against the free world the United States would retaliate by the use of the atom bomb on such strategic bases which would cause the greatest damage to the communists.

President Eisenhower's threat did not, however, stop the communist imperialists who launched a new and fierce offensive in Indochina immediately after the Korean armistice. And yet the United States hesitated to carry out its threat. The reasons for this hesitation were the following.

First, America's chief allies opposed intervention in Indochina fearing it might expand the war and even might pave the way for the Third World War. Second, the United States Congress and public opinion opposed unilateral action in Indochina.

Third, France which was the legal owner of Indochina hesitated to make the necessary concessions to the people of Indochina and to accept the American offer of direct military intervention.

It is true that Indochina was not altogether a new battleground. The communists started the war there in 1946 and up to recently kept it up with unflinching tenacity, despite the fact that during the past eight years the government of France made important sacrifices to suppress the Soviet-directed revolt. After the Korean armistice, however, communist China and the Soviet government multiplied their aid to the communist rebels of Indochina which proved that they were not afraid of the American threat, feeling certain that America not only would not start a general war by direct attack but would hesitate to send troops to Indochina to stop the communist advance.

There are some people, even including prominent figures in political and military circles in Washington, who apparently no longer believe that a compromise with the Soviet imperialists is possible through negotiation. These men, seeing the Soviet's steadily increasing rearmament, fear that some day they may become invincible, and disturbed by the prospect of a more catastrophic future, directly or indirectly express the view that, since war is inevitable, and since the Soviet imperialists steadily are getting stronger, it is better to forestall their designs by a stunning atomic blow. They further think this should be done at once, while it is not yet too late and while the West superiority in atomic and hydrogen weapons still has a chance to vanquish the enemy.

Fortunately, this view is shared by individuals only and President Eisenhower's administration is absolutely opposed to it. Manifestly, this view emanates from sheer despair, a view which President Eisenhower does not share. He is not so pessimistic

about the international situation as to resort to a preventive war of desperation.

President Eisenhower, judging from all signs, fully realizes that a peaceful co-existence between the communist and non-communists camps under present conditions is impossible, and yet he does not believe that a global war is the solution of the problem. Even in case of a victory, the unprecedentedly extensive physical and moral wreckage of the world will present such a picture which under no circumstances can justify a global war. And yet, President Eisenhower's administration is far from regarding the general situation as hopeless, but on the contrary, apparently it is quite optimistic about the future.

What is the basis of this optimism?

First, there is the firm conviction that the masters of the communist world equally dread a new general war.

Second, there is a firm belief that, once the free world is sufficiently strong, militarily and economically, and once it is united, it will be quite easy to prevent small local wars. The rearmament of Western Germany and Japan and the creation of a Pacific Pact similar to the Atlantic Pact will greatly contribute to the preservation of the general and regional peace.

Third, the general belief that the internal conflicts in the communist world, the deeply-rooted popular discontent, the rivalries between the rulers, and the prevailing volcanic tension sooner or later will produce huge rifts and will precipitate explosive outbursts is another cause of this optimism.

Fourth, there is a firm conviction that the paths of the Soviet government and Red China sooner or later will part no matter how intimately cemented they may seem today. The difference in their interests, the mutual fear, and their mutual rivalry for the leadership of the East, sooner or later is bound to separate the two powers.

Lastly, the optimism is based on the firm conviction that the invincible faith, the aspirations and the struggle for freedom on the part of those peoples which have been enslaved by the Soviet, acting in a thousand and one visible and invisible channels, finally will contribute to the overthrow of the communist yoke and thus will save mankind from the menace of a Third World War.

The Danger of a Second Munich

In the struggle against communism the safest guarantee for the abovementioned optimism is the West's military power.

The greater this power the surer we can be that the Soviet dictators will avoid a global war for the realization of their aims. Moreover, they may even avoid small wars if they are convinced that their aggression will be met with a respectable military force.

It is quite true that, as we said before, military power alone will not suffice finally to remove the communist menace from the face of the earth. The ideological weapons are equally important. We must organize anti-communist movements everywhere to counter the communist movements.

But if all these means are not backed by a superior or at least equal military force it will be impossible to stem the communist tide. The communists are great respecters of force. They have achieved all their major successes by force. In no country have they won the power by the majority will of the people. In no country have they come to power by the force of their ideology. Almost invariably they have taken over everywhere by sheer force of military power or pressure. Whenever they have yielded or retreated, they have done so in the face of superior or at least an equal force.

This is the reason why, if the free world, headed by the United States, wants to reduce the communist menace to a minimum, above all things it must never relax in its rearmament. This must be done, of course,

without inpairing or weakening its economy. At all events, it must do its best to maintain its military strength in order to make the Soviet think twice before taking a rash step like precipitating another global war.

Immediately upon taking over the government in the beginning of 1953 President Eisenhower's administration made a reappraisal of the international situation from the military, political and economic viewpoints and developed a new policy according to which the military budget inherited from the previous administration would be subjected to certain reductions. In introducing this new policy the assumption was that an immediate war was highly improbable while, on the other hand, local wars could easily be prevented by the threat of the use of the atomic weapons. It was thought that this threat would restrain the Soviet and Red China from assisting the communist rebels of Indochina.

Bitter experience, however, soon proved that this hope was futile. These two powers continued their aid to Vietminh rebels in such proportions as to create a grave situation not only for Indochina and the French defenders but for the whole of south Asia. The Soviet imperialists defied the gauntlet thrown at them because they could clearly see that their opponents were not united, were loath to act alone, were weary and really hesitant in interfering in Indochina either with the atom bombs or with conventional weapons, for fear of igniting another world war.

The war in Indochina once again has conclusively proved that the small local fires ignited by the communists cannot, and should not be attempted to extinguish by expanding them into a general conflagration. The best way of meeting this situation is to start counter fires inside the Soviet orbit and keep the Soviet busy extinguishing them.

The developments in Indochina naturally

compel President Eisenhower to revise the so-called "new look" and to devise other methods of combating the scourge of small wars as well as to be ready for a possible global war. This means an increased degree of expansion in our military budget instead of curtailing it, a stronger army, a stronger navy, and a commensurately strong air force.

In many ways the present world situation is reminiscent of the eve of World War II during the crisis in Czechoslovakia when the big powers were feverishly busy trying to prevent an obvious world calamity. At that time the British and French prime ministers' hasty retreat to Munich, their humiliating concessions, their abject appeasement, and their almost shameful surrender, instead of putting a stop to Hitler's aggressive demands, on the contrary made him so arrogant and so demanding that it was impossible to please him further and what had started as small local wars was converted into a global war.

Like Czechoslovakia, the little local war

in Indochina became a veritable headache for mankind, and if the communist aggression in that area were not immediately stopped the situation may deteriorate into a real Munich.

Fortunately the example of Munich is still fresh in men's minds. The world is loath to repeat that inglorious surrender. There are reasons to believe that the present enemies of the peace have likewise profitted from the fate which befell Hitler, that they dread another big war no less than we do, and that they will hesitate to push matters too far lest they plunge the world into another catastrophe and themselves share Hitler's fate.

As matters stand now, much depends on the attitude of the free world to keep the peace. If the free world is sufficiently united, wise, strong and firm, it can prevent the events from precipitating another world war. It is by no means inevitable that the present sinister course of events in Indochina will follow the tragic path of yesterday's Czechoslovakia.



THE ELEMENT HYDROGEN

MINAS ENSANIAN

Introduction

On August 5, 1945 a lone plane appeared over the Japanese city of Hiroshima, a few moments later there was an explosion and the temperature exceeded 100,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit, another black chapter in man's turbulent history had begun. One could hear the words of the great Adam Smith, taken from his monumental treatise, that "consumption is the sole end and purpose of all production." This is the story of HYDROGEN!

Dedication

With humility, I dedicate this paper to those wonderful boys and girls of the Karen Jeppe Armenian National College in Aleppo, with the hope that they shall experience an eternal, unquenching thirst for *knowledge* and that someday they shall direct its great powers, towards the founding of a free and independent Armenian Republic, a nation based upon the inspiring philosophy of the immortal Thomas Jefferson.

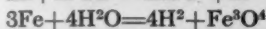
History

Once upon a time, there lived in England, a strange eccentric man; nevertheless he was a genius, a scientific savant. Many historians claim that he was the wealthiest depositor of the Bank of England. He lived in a villa at Clapham Common, a suburb of London. Most of his life was spent in one room, which he called his laboratory, and his two pet hates were women and fancy clothing. He dressed like a beggar and would have nothing to do with the rest of the world, especially the fashionable society of London.

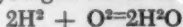
Most of his great works were in the field of chemistry and they would have made a half of dozen men famous. His name was Henry Cavendish, who along with Faraday and Newton, are the greatest that England has ever produced. We often hear the song, that "behind every great man there is a woman." Well the oponents of this theme will often cite Cavendish, Newton, Beethoven and Kant among many others. Nevertheless let us take the case of Newton. Whenever this subject is mentioned I am sure that the air above Schopenhauer's grave has once more begun to oscillate. Some scholars tell this story about Newton. It so happened that Newton solved the famous Binomial Theorem of mathematics, while he was sitting on a bench with his lady friend (wife-to-be), holding her hand. A few moments later in a spell of absent-mindedness, he tried to use her finger as a pipe cleaner, the pipe was still burning. The events which followed put an end to the romantic aspects of his life, perhaps to the benefit of society. We must not be too hard upon these gentlemen, since I am sure that historical facts will prove that at least they tried.

The element Hydrogen is the lightest substance known and it is the first member of the chemical periodic table. It has the simplest atomic structure. The nucleus of its most abundant isotope, that of mass 1, consists of a single proton, while the nuclei of the rarer isotopes of mass 2 and 3 have, respectively, 1 and 2 neutrons in addition. The hydrogen atom, therefore, has but a single electron which vibrates around the

nucleus. The gas was prepared by the action of certain acids upon active metals, and by the action of steam upon iron.



The gas which is colorless, odorless and tasteless was first recognized as a chemical individual and adequately investigated by Sir Henry Cavendish, in 1766. Cavendish's experiments attracted great attention and he called the substance "inflammable air". A short time later the great French chemist Lavoisier was able to prove that the new element is a constituent of water, i. e. when hydrogen burns in air it forms water.



Lavoisier suggested the name Hydrogen, from two Greek words meaning "water producer". In the entire history of science it would be most difficult to find a more painstaking experimenter than this Englishman Cavendish, who first showed that oxygen and hydrogen tend to combine in exact proportions and that water itself was the product of the explosion. Lavoisier's fame rests upon his ability to correlate and interpret the works of Cavendish and Priestly. This in itself was a noble gesture and their combined efforts laid the foundations of modern chemistry. It is perhaps unfair to expect the layman to understand the profound revolution which Cavendish started in science and in natural philosophy. His researches inspired the work of Priestly which led to the discovery of Oxygen and his papers on the nature of hydrogen led the Frenchmen, the Montgolfier brothers, Joseph and Etienne, to construct the first balloon, which subsequently gave birth to the science of Aeronautics; and the rereading of his famous papers a hundred years later led to the discovery of the rare gases by Rayleigh and Ramsay. History proved that Cavendish's famous little "bubble" was the rare elemental gas Argon.

Emerson once said that "and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography

of a few stout and earnest persons."

We must pay tribute to the memory of the great Schopenhauer who once again taught humanity the value of genius and who championed the ennobling worship of heroes, when those strange savants and bitter philosophers Hegel and Marx attempted to eliminate genius as a fundamental factor in human history. History itself shall again progress only through the interval of incidence of geniuses. Mass momentum does not of necessity determine the dynamic laws of the universe. They are perhaps as suggested by Schrodinger in their final analysis, of an unstatistical nature. Perhaps it is the conflict between these two schools of thought, which today has once again given prominence to the element Hydrogen.

Let us for a moment return to that revolution which Cavendish's researches created. This fine fellow had just let the bottom fall out of the main stronghold of ancient philosophy. He had proved that the holiest of all substances, Water, was not one of the basic elements of the universe (the ancient Greeks thought that the universe was made of the four elements, water, air, fire and earth.), but the product of the combination of two gases, one being "inflammable air" and the other "dephlogisticated air." These facts had the same impact as the theories of Darwin, Kant and Einstein. Cavendish was about fifty years old at the time and all he wanted out of life was simply to be left alone. Before we leave this great man who more than once astonished the world, I would like to mention that he also measured the mass of the earth and his papers indicate that like Newton and the great Josiah Willard Gibbs he had anticipated several modern theories, especially in his works on the nature of electricity.

We could not go on with our story of hydrogen without mention of that most wonderful and courageous character of French history, the fabulous, flamboyant,

Pilatre de Rozier. When de Rozier heard about the studies on hydrogen made by Cavendish, he decided on a rather queer experiment. He inhaled the gas until his lungs were filled and then when the gas began to issue from his mouth he set fire to it. Paris was in an uproar as they watched him spit fire. However a short time later de Rozier tried something else. This time he inhaled a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen and again set fire to it. The explosion was so bad that he thought that he had blown all his teeth out. But the mistress, history, did not claim this son for his rather queer experiments, but for the events which were to follow. The influence of Cavendish's works led the Montgolfier brothers to construct the first balloon in history, they used hot air by the burning of straw to inflate the balloon. The success of this attempt encouraged them to build another, but larger, capture hot air balloon and I shall leave it to the reader to guess who was the first man in history to make a flight in a balloon. The balloon was constructed and inflated by the Montgolfiers. 300,000 people watched as a lone human climbed into the basket. Whatever scholars may say about this young man, who God knows had raised a lot of hell in the past, they must admit that he had plenty of guts, the kind that makes history. It was a day in October, the year 1783, and it turned out to be a happy event. De Rozier descended safely. Man had conquered the air and a young man by the name of Pilatre de Rozier was the lion of the moment. The success of the hot air balloons led to the idea of a hydrogen-filled balloon. One of the prime movers was Dr. Charles of Paris. They used 500 pounds of sulfuric acid and a half a ton of iron filings. It took them 4 days to inflate the balloon which was 13 feet in diameter and weighed about 20 pounds. The balloon rose to a height of about 3000 feet and remained in the air for about 45 minutes. De Rozier made sev-

eral more flights, once with the Marquis d'Arlandes.

These events bring to mind the *Intrepid*, Lowes hydrogen-filled observation balloon, which was of great value to the Union Army during the civil war.

Chemistry is a very romantic subject; its characters are among the world's most outstanding men. The great chemistry lectures of that master teacher, Professor Dumas, more than once brought tears to the eyes of Louis Pasteur, the most famous son of France, a man who revolutionized medical science with only a Ph.D. in organic chemistry. Among the other victims of this basic science were Michael Faraday, Thomas A. Edison, Aleksandr Barodin and thousands of others and, last but not least, Knute Rockne of Notre Dame. Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote, "I thought today, in these rare seaside woods, that if absolute leisure were offered me, I should run to the college or the scientific school which offered the best lectures on Geology, Chemistry, Minerals, Botany, and seek to make the alphabets of those sciences clear to me. How could leisure to labor be better employed?"

There is not a single item which one can see or feel which is not the product of the chemical laboratory. We are living in that grand and wonderful age of Chemistry, with its synthetic rubber, plastics, metals, dyes, foods, drugs, synthetic textiles, fuels (auto and rocket), paper products, inks and photography etc. ad infinitum, and now the Hydrogen Bomb!

The history of the element hydrogen, is in truth the story of the evolution of the universe, which is continually expanding at a rapid rate. As a humble student of cosmological problems and one who has spent countless hours pondering over the expanse and mechanisms of the giant universe, I often think of the words of Santayana, when he was asked, why God had created the universe.

Santayana's answer was simply, "in order that the Ninth Symphony might be written." There is not one of us who some time or other has not asked him or herself these questions. Why are we living? Is there really a God? What is life? And is there a here after? The average citizen would dare not discuss these questions with their friends, since most people keep these matters to themselves. However, every so often we hear the phrase, "back to the Greeks etc." during the course of a conversation. It may be an apocryphal excuse or attack in order to justify a given concept or problem. Science is the result of man's insatiable curiosity concerning his strange world. Science is void of the so-called absolute authority, we have a few experts and they are not by any means infallible. Its most powerful tool is of course mathematics and its method of reasoning — and now we are back to Pythagoras and his great school of thinkers. Since the above questions have been asked, how are we going to liberate ourselves from the enigma? A few years ago I attended a lecture on the origin of the universe by Professor Gamow. When the lecture was over, a man got up and asked Dr. Gamow: "What was going on before that point, which gave birth to the universe?" Gamow answered that "God was making hell for people like you who would ask questions like these." The answer is simply that no one knows, nor does the solution if any appear in sight. The layman may ask, "Why are scientists so interested in the secrets or mechanism of Life?" In this case the answer is very simple. Have you ever watched a human being lying in bed and dying of cancer? Why is the problem of cancer so tough? And why can't they do something about it? There are *hundreds* of variations of cell growth; cancer is abnormal cell growth and that is the reason why thousands of chemists thruout the world are engaged in biochemical research in the hope of finding a cure for cancer.

It is an awful feeling to stand helpless along side a dying man. It is during such unpleasant moments that people appreciate the need and power of science and prayer. The reader is well aware that I have deviated somewhat from the main subject, but after my apology, I am sure that they realize the philosophic importance of the question at hand. To understand cancer means to understand cell chemistry and a complete understanding of cell biochemistry is in itself the secret of life. There is nothing here which is impractical, immoral or fantastic. Cell biochemistry and particularly the degradation products produced by carcinogenic agents, their structure and nature are among the most fundamental problems in relation to cancer research. So we again see that the basic problem concerns one of the most difficult questions in science, i. e. what is life?

Hydrogen and the Universe

There are many very interesting questions pertaining to Hydrogen, and perhaps before we go into our story any further, the answers may shed some light upon its nature.

What percentage of all the atoms of the earth atmosphere, hydrosphere, and crust combined are hydrogen atoms?

Ans. About 16 per cent.

What is Heavy Water and does its action differ physiologically from ordinary water?

Ans. It is Deuterium oxide (D_2O) which is composed of the hydrogen isotope of mass 2. Taken internally it has no noticeable effect on the animal organism, but it has effected the rate of plant growth in some cases.

What is the most abundant substance in the universe?

Ans. Hydrogen and then Helium.

Who discovered heavy hydrogen?

Ans. Dr. Harold C. Urey, et al in 1932.

Is it true that tadpoles have died prematurely in heavy water and that the latter

has increased the speed of the life processes in white mice?

Ans. There have been several such reports concerning deuterium oxide which had replaced 20 per cent of their body water in the case of the mice.

What do we mean by "atomic hydrogen"?

Ans. Dr. Irving Langmuir (Nobel Laureate) invented the atomic hydrogen torch. the hydrogen gas is passed thru an electric arc and the heat of the arc splits the hydrogen molecule into two hydrogen atoms which are known as atomic hydrogen, it cannot be stored as such.

What is the relationship between apple pie and hydrogen gas?

Ans. Since most people use such products as Crisco or Spry when baking, and these are made of cottonseed oil which has been hydrogenated in the presence of a nickel catalyst.

Is there any hydrogen in the Hydrogen Bomb?

Ans. Ordinary hydrogen as such is not used, however the isotope of mass 3 which is known as tritium may be used.

What is ortho and para hydrogen?

Ans. The gas exists in two forms and at ordinary temperatures the ratio is 3-1 (ortho to para). Quantum mechanics predicted that the space wave functions of diatomic molecules with like nuclei, can be symmetric or antisymmetric depending on the spins of the nuclei.

Why is heavy water so important to modern science?

Ans. There are many reasons among them the fact that heavy water can be used as a tracer in research work and also as a moderator (a substance which slows down neutrons) surrounding a nuclear reactor or pile.

By means of the above questions we have made a superficial study of some hydrogen chemistry. There is another term which I would like to bring to the attention of the reader. It is the new quantity, the

"Q", just the plain letter Q. One Q is ten raised to the eighteenth power British Thermal Units (10^{18} BTU) or a million, million, million BTU. This is a tremendous quantity since the whole world may only burn a tenth of a Q of energy in an entire year.

Based upon some government data the world's total coal and oil reserves are somewhere near 36 Q, this would seem to indicate that at the present rate there is less than a 100 years' supply. This important problem concerns both scientists and economists and is one of the main reasons that England has given so many millions to other sources of energy, such as solar or atomic and their subsequent investigation and utilization.

We may now enter the final chapter of our hydrogen story which will take us through infinite space to the world's beyond. The life giving star which is affectionately known as "the good old Sun" has a composition by mass of about 67 per cent hydrogen. The element Helium which is the second member of the periodic table was first discovered in the sun before it was detected on the earth, by means of the spectroscope and other instruments. The fuel of all stars is hydrogen, the latter is being converted into helium and it is very easy to see how our friends the astrophysicists may determine the age of these celestial giants.

It would be difficult to overemphasize the role of light in modern science and the famous theories which have attempted to place its strange behaviour under mathematical laws. Two such theories are relativity and the formal wave mechanics, which in turn gave birth to the atomic era. By means of star light we are able to determine their distance, size, chemical composition, velocity, mass and probable age, all this information, by a simple analysis of the light which they emit. However the scientist doing this work, must know his

chemistry, physics and be a master mathematician besides have spent years in astronomy.

Each day the universe becomes larger, the stronger our optical instruments become the more new galaxies appear. I am informed that the new 200 inch telescope at Mt. Palomar is able to explore a volume of space containing 800 million galaxies. These figures stagger the human imagination. In the words of Albert Einstein, "What ever is learnt before the age of eighteen is taken for the fruit of experience. Whatever is heard later is taken for theory and speculation."

Also of interest is the famous statement by that great mathematician Lagrange, "These astronomers are strange creatures: they have no wish to believe in a theory when it conflicts with their observations."

After all who can blame them? Theirs is a most complex problem which seems to have no end. The Milky Way outlines a mass of stars which we observe from the inside, this section of the heavens is known as the Galaxy. Among the first to realize its significance was Emmanuel Kant when he wrote the paper, "Allgemeine Naturgeschichte und Theorie des Himmels" in 1755. In its plane the Galaxy extends over a distance of 100,000 light years and comprises at least 100 thousand million stars. A few moments ago we stated that the telescope at Mt. Palomar covered a volume of 800 million galaxies. This will give the layman some idea of the problems which confront these scientists.

Some stars emit as much energy as 50,000 of our Suns combined and others are 100,000 times less luminous. This proves that the stars differ greatly among themselves. Modern astronomy through the local characteristics of the spatial distribution of the galaxies, has destroyed the ancient schools of anthropocentrism, this was a great blow to many philosophers, since they were based upon the theological concepts of

an earlier era. Without predilections the metagalaxy has been displaced, but please do not ask where it is. It is interesting to note that Zwicky estimates that the mean density of the universe — (ρ bar) is ten raised to the minus 26th power, grams per cubic centimeter. This may be a high value according to many experts at least by a factor of 100. Geodesics, curved space, and the Einsteinian gravitational laws are all important considerations in modern astronomy.

The objective of certain scientific research is often very difficult to understand. Who could imagine that back in 1873 the equations of James Clerk Maxwell in his "Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism" would lead to the radio etc? Science is a guiding spirit of humanity, it is tolerance, it is the spirit of courage, it makes life easier and gives man a hope for the future. The genesis of the history of science could perhaps read that "in the beginning there was Hydrogen. . ." At the present we are confronted with the theory of the expanding universe where two great forces are at play.

One is the force of the expanding universe often called the force of cosmic repulsion, the other is the force of gravity. We must again pay homage to the genius of Einstein whose model of the universe paved the way for other scientists, among them, de Sitter, Lemaitre, Eddington, Friedmann, Tolman, Milne, Jeans, Shapley and the great Hubble. Einstein's original papers showed that the amount of space in existence was determined by the amount of matter in the universe, and that this same matter determined the metric properties of space. A furore rocked the world in 1687 when Newton's "Principia" was published and again in 1919 by the Einstein theory. Our whole story is based upon the fact that when several hydrogen atoms react to form helium, some mass is left over and

the latter is converted into energy, the power of the stars.

We have been able to detect most of the chemical elements in the sun and stars; an example is the calcium which is found in the sun's atmosphere. The thermonuclear process which is mainly responsible for the energy production of the sun is not limited to a single nuclear transformation but rather to a linked series or reaction chain. This unusual reaction is a closed circular chain, which has been called the "carbon cycle." It was discovered by H. Bethe and Carl von Weizsacker.

At the center of the sun the temperature is 20 million degrees centigrade, the pressure is 10^{11} atmospheres, and the density about a 100 times that of water. The transformation of hydrogen into helium in the sun has been known since 1938 and the overall cyclic reaction is known as the Bethe Cycle. The participants of the reaction are carbon and nitrogen atoms together with protons (a proton is a hydrogen atom which has been stripped of its electron) with which they collide. The net result is that the nuclei of carbon and nitrogen are forever being regenerated and therefore they act as catalysts while four protons have reacted with the formation of one helium nucleus. The surface temperature of the sun is only about 6000 degrees centigrade. The accepted age of our own planetary system is 3.5 billion years and in a period of 1 billion years, the sun converts to helium a quantity of hydrogen equal to about one-hundredth of its total mass. When all the hydrogen which is available is converted to helium, then the star becomes extinct. In most stars about 1 per cent of the total mass of the transformed hydrogen is converted into energy. The color of the stars vary from a brilliant blue-white to dull reddish. One of the most interesting subjects concerns that of star densities. There are some White-Dwarfs which are so dense that a cubic centimeter

would weigh about 30 tons here on the earth.

The very high densities of the Dwarf stars can be explained by means of Fermi Gas also known as Electronic Gas. We know that between the planetary electrons and the nucleus of an atom there is relatively a great distance. Now in the event that we crushed solid matter or made that distance even shorter then the density of the substance would increase. The pressure which is required to crush atoms is of the magnitude of 150 million pounds per square inch, which then gives us a compressable gas. This is the phenomenon which occurs in many of the stars. A simple calculation would show that one pound of hydrogen upon conversion into helium liberates energy equal to about 10,000 tons of coal.

The Hydrogen Bomb

For thousands of years man has pondered over the sun and now the once romantic celestial body turns out to be nothing but a hydrogen bomb. Chemical substances like human beings often will not react unless they are pushed. We know what the ingredients for the H bomb are, but the push in this case is heat, in the order of millions of degrees centigrade, then the reaction will convert tritium or lithium into helium. It is very difficult to produce such temperatures on the earth by conventional means, so scientists explode an atom bomb and the latter will give temperatures of the required order, about 10,000,000 degrees centigrade.

It is of great interest and importance to note that in the Atomic bomb there is only about a 5 per cent conversion, this is due to the fact that the active masses are blown apart before the total mass has been given a chance to react. A stronger mould, one that can withstand higher temperatures would greatly increase the efficiency of the bomb. Another factor is the atmosphere

ric conditions at the time of the thermonuclear explosion.

Conclusions

Paracelsus, of Switzerland, that great chemist and teacher, who once taught that the true scientist should be more interested in healing the sick than in trying to make gold, had noticed bubbles of gas rising from an acid into which iron had been thrown. He also found that the gas burned, but he went no further. Little did he realize the importance of that substance and the role that it would perform in the development of modern chemistry and philosophy.

The development of various thermonuclear weapons of modern warfare or the even more dangerous biological substances, would make science to appear almost passionless. Nothing is further from the truth. Often the men themselves are more interesting than their work which directly helps

to lessen, the everpresent human suffering.

Scholars often wonder what Darwin had in mind when he said, "To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful." Science will not destroy the world; there is an unseen bond between all men and the philosophical foundations of man's greatest law, the second law of thermodynamics, proves that man shall someday evolve into a being of the highest moral stature. Those who understand the field concepts of modern science can quickly see this.

The story of hydrogen is one of hope and not destruction, it is the beginning and not the end. Let us return to that city of Königsberg to the home of Kant, who had returned to God and hailed the French Revolution with tears of joy. "Now at last," he exclaimed, "I can say with Simeon — Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."



NATURAL SELECTION

The story of an escapee from the Soviet Hell

ARMEN SANINIAN

They say suffering refines the soul. It could be. But if so, then suffering makes man a philosopher and philosophy is neither foresight, intellect nor experience, but indifference. Indifference is the only solace of the suffering soul.

When they first arrested me I suffered from righteous resentment. I suffered when they beat me up unconscionably. But when I signed my confession for a crime I had not committed I was indifferent — indifferent to the signature and the terrible consequences which it would entail. I was indifferent to the whole world, to all mankind, including the good and the bad. At that time it was all the same to me, whether they beat me up, executed me, or consigned me to an endless hard labor camp. I did not care what happened to me any more.

This mental state continued until they told me that I no longer was a free moral agent. I was a slave now. The official announcement shook me loose from my indifference. Apparently, my manifest apathy had not completely conquered me as yet.

That day I was nearly beside myself from my resentment toward the injustice of it all, toward the tyranny which was destroying my soul. That day it seemed all men were my enemies, all of them, not even excepting the kindest and the most virtuous among them, since none of them stood up in my defense. None of them raised his voice in my behalf, saying: "You

are punishing an innocent man there. I protest against this outrage."

All this may sound silly now, but at the time I was very much in earnest, I seriously believed what I thought. At that time I was very young and I had faith in the goodness of men, in good men. And, driven by the resentment toward this crucifixion of justice, toward this triumph of the evil, I wanted to cry out to the whole world.

But the grinding wheels of our sluggish train kept repeating in my ears: "It's useless, it's useless, it's useless."

"What shall I do?"

"Indifference! Indifference! Indifference!"

"For how long?"

"For always. Always. Always."

I fell asleep from sheer despondency and when I woke up I saw that indifference had conquered me anew. Again the whole world had become as one, all the men who lived in it, the good and the bad. From that moment I felt like a mere object, a senseless moving object. I really believed it, and I was prepared to endure all the repetition of my former castigations. My indifference had drained me of all emotion. I was no longer a human being, a free moral agent. I was a mere object. It was better that way.

The shrill whistle of our human cargo train blasted the air as we traveled through the desert stretches, but it was always silent when we entered a station. At times our

train stopped for long days at distant rail terminals.

Our wagon had no windows but through the cracks of the wooden walls we could see when we were moving. None of us knew where we were going, still we could tell that we were headed for the north because, despite the fact that we were packed like sardines, we could feel the effects of the cold.

At first, the men in the wagon were silent. Like sick oxen, with dull, bloodshot eyes they watched one another then they dropped their heads. But once someone broke the silence and after that the conversation never ceased.

The man who broke the silence, lying down on a wooden bench across from me, apparently was having a hard time making himself comfortable. He constantly kept fidgeting, shifting to his side, sitting up, and again lying down. The first night, our wagon being pitch dark, I could not see his face, but the next day, from the light filtering in from the cracks in the walls and the door, I could clearly discern his pale face with its dark outlines as he set up and fixed his gaze upon us.

"Where are they taking us?" he suddenly asked in a shrill voice, apparently speaking to himself yet obviously directing his question to all of us. He waited for an answer for a long time and yet no one spoke. Thereupon he again lay down and again sat up.

"They will not beat us up anymore. Period!" he declared solemnly, as if he himself had made the decision.

Despite the solemnity and the importance of his declaration, I thought he again would fail in provoking a conversation, but I was mistaken in my conjecture.

"How do you know?" someone challenged him from our side of the aisle.

"I know."

"Tell us, how do you know?"

"What a strange man you!" someone in-

terrupted mockingly. "Don't you know that the fellow is the attorney of the USSR Cheka? When he says he knows, he knows."

This remark provoked a ripple of laughter but it incensed our Optimist.

"Ha, Ha, Ha. Go head and laugh at me. I see you have not had enough and want some more. If so, go head and have some more beatings."

After he got it out of his chest, the Optimist again lay down. He spoke in a tone as if he were cursing us. As if he was the one who had issued the order that there would be no more third degree, but, offended by their slight, he had revoked his order.

This outburst had its reaction, resulting in a general displeasure of the fun makers and a reluctant sympathy toward the offended Optimist. The prisoners now wanted to placate him.

"The man wishes us well and yet they call him a prosecuting attorney."

"The Russian does not need kindness, he needs a prosecuting attorney."

"And he must be an attorney of the Cheka."

Listening to these comments, the Optimist took heart. "Why are you surprised, my brothers? Every man wishes what he wants. I was merely giving expression to something I really desired. That was all."

Just then someone from under our bench crawled out, and elbowing his way through the crowd, stood in front of the Optimist.

"Comrade," he called to the Optimist.

"Yes, what is it?"

"It seems these men are scientists, professors and educators. I am not one of them. Tell me, is it really true that they will not beat us anymore?"

The Optimist sat up. "What is your occupation?" he asked his questioner.

"I am a Kolkhoznik," the latter said, meaning he was a worker on a collective farm.

"That's good. I am glad you are a Kolkhoznik."

"Why do you say that?" the Kolkhoznik replied, offended. "We too are human beings."

"I did not mean to say the Kolkhozniks are not human beings. What I meant was that you could understand me better."

The Kolkhoznik took heart at this. "I thank you," he said approvingly. "These others naturally would not understand you because they are goody goody. My father used to say the more a man is goody goody the less brains he has."

"That was a bit too strong," the Optimist observed, seemingly displeased that he was classified among the goody goody.

"Forgive me," the other apologized. "I am a Kolkhoznik and sometimes do not realize the full meaning of my words. Now tell me, why do you think they will not beat us any more?"

The Optimist perked up. "Before you entered the Kolkhoz did you own a horse?" he asked.

"I did."

"How did you employ that horse?"

"I made him do everything, everything. I made him plough my field, pack the hay and the crop. I rode him to town. How many shall I recount?"

"Did you ever beat up your horse?"

"How could I? People don't beat up a dumb animal."

"Bravo! Now we all are like your horse. To be accurate, we are human horses for our masters. For them we plough the field, we carry their load, we cut the timber, we carry them on our backs to the city and back. We are useful for them. That's why they do not beat us, just as you don't beat your horse. They don't beat the dumb animal. Do you understand now?"

"I get you," the Kolkhoznik nodded and was about to return to his place. But the Optimist stopped him. "Wait," he said, "what's your hurry? You spent many days when you were in the Kolkhoz."

"It's not that at all. I loved my horse just like my children. But these men. . ."

"That's just what I am going to explain to you. You loved your horse just like your children because, all told, you had only one horse. But there are ten million of us here. How many of us can they love?"

"Seven million," corrected an interested listener.

"Aw, what's the use of talking to fools like you," the Optimist retorted disgusted, and again stretched on his back. This peremptory remark brought the discussion to an abrupt stop. After that the prisoners mingled among each other trying to ascertain the number of the slaves, whether seven or ten million.

After this episode the Kolkhoznik took a great liking for the Optimist and whenever he was puzzled about anything he went to him for the explanation. At this time the thing which concerned the prisoners was the food situation. For three days we had had nothing to eat. So the Kolkhoznik took the matter to the Optimist.

"Comrade," he asked, "why is it that they haven't given us anything to eat these many days?"

"Because they have not felt the need of it," the Optimist replied.

"How come they don't feel the need of it?"

"Very simple. I don't think you fed your horse on the days he didn't work as much as when he worked."

"That's right."

"There you are. There's your answer."

"But I did not let my horse starve on the days he didn't work, whereas these men are literally starving us."

"Have no fear, we won't die. The fifteen days are not over yet."

"I don't get you."

"Do you know the story of the gypsy's horse?"

"No."

"I will tell you. Once upon a time there was a gypsy who, was so niggardly that he decided to teach his horse to live without eating. For two days he did not feed the horse, one week and still the horse was alive. The son-of-a-gun is getting used to the idea, the gypsy chuckled, and kept starving the horse. The horse lived without food for fifteen days but the sixteenth day he fell dead. Seeing it, the gypsy exclaimed: 'Mind you, for fifteen days he ate nothing and yet he lived. If he had not died today he would have got used to going without food. The son of a bitch!'"

The starving prisoners chuckled at the joke as much as they could muster power. "You seem to be a good skate," the Kolkhoznik was effusive, "but it's a pity I don't know who you are."

"Before I was arrested I was a man," the Optimist replied.

"What I wanted to know is, what was your occupation until the time of your arrest," the Kolkhoznik pressed.

"Come closer," the Optimist said.

The Kolkhoznik came closer and the Optimist whispered something in his ear.

"A plague upon your house," the Kolkhoznik slapped his knees in surprise. "Such a great man, and now. . ."

He did not finish the sentence.

"And now he is the gypsy's horse," improvised a wag.

For a moment the laughter of the slaves drowned out the noise of the flying train. The Optimist himself joined in the laughter.

For a long time our train had come to a standstill. Finally we knew that they were trying to open the door of our wagon from the outside. They were having difficulty in sliding the door because the joints apparently were rusty from long disuse.

Our Kolkhoznik verily flew out of his hiding place thinking they at last were bringing us some food. But when the door was opened we heard the sharp command

of the guards: "Everybody out! Snap into it."

Since we all were expecting food, the shock of the surprise order paralyzed us for a moment. Besides, weakened by the long hunger, and numb from the long lying down on one side, it was not so easy for us to move so briskly as the guards wanted.

"You dogs, you sons of parasites, what do you think? Do you think you will be served food on a golden platter? Out with you, you dogs!" our guards were shouting, rushing inside the wagon.

Our Optimist's prediction had gone awry. The infuriated guards were using the butts of their rifles freely to clear the wagon, creating a veritable stampede. As I stepped down from the wagon I felt that I was not standing on solid ground. I was standing on human beings who had fallen exhausted.

It seemed it was morning. There was a light drizzle of rain. Stunned by what had happened I was still bewildered as to my step when I felt a heavy blow on my middle. "Step into line," commanded the man who had struck me. I ran a few steps forward and found myself in knee high water.

Our train had stopped in the open field, far away from the station. Through the swamp along the rail, or it might have been pools of water formed by the falling rain, the long dull trail of the slaves, silently and slowly was dragging itself with an abnegation which is typical of the lost souls. Far ahead loomed the station, while to the right stood the city whose electric lights were valiantly trying to penetrate the mixture of the rain and the dusk of the dawn.

In a moment our wagon was vacated. Those who had fallen were raised to their feet and made to stand in the water in rows of four. The Kolkhoznik and the Optimist were in the row right in front of me. We waited there in the water and the soaking rain for one hour until all the wagons were

emptied of their human cargo. When all were ready we started at a fast clip. On the way I saw many piles of human bodies. I saw the Optimist in one of these piles. The fallen instinctively huddled together. They were watched over by special guards.

The rest of us kept running, the idea being that we should reach the station while it was still dark lest we were seen by the people of the city. By the time the carnivorous gates of the city prison were opened before us I had seen the second, third and fourth piles of human bodies, the exhausted fallen prisoners who could not make the grade.

The cells of the city prison being filled with local prisoners we were lodged in the prison yard and the corridors of the several story structure. Toward evening we were served mess, an operation which lasted several hours under the rain.

When night came I was still without a place to stand, to say nothing of sitting or lying down. I could not stay in the courtyard. The rain was still pouring down, and I was soaked to the bones, trembling like one who had caught pneumonia. While in this condition several prisoners approached me. They were Caucasian mountaineers, tall and handsome, with fur caps, coats of goatskin and leather trousers tucked inside long leather boots. Seeing my dark complexion they thought I was one of them and started to talk to me in a strange language. I told them in Russian that I did not understand their language.

"What nationality are you?" they asked me.

"I am Armenian."

"Armenian?" they asked surprised. "We had heard that there are no Armenian men-folk in Armenia any more."

"They picked me up here in Russia," I said.

"What do you know, the sons of bitches have sought out the last Armenian and finally they have arrested him," one of them remarked innocently.

"You are wrong," I said, "There are many Armenian males in Armenia."

But they still persisted in believing that Armenia was emptied of all males. "You have not been in Armenia so you don't know," they persisted. "Everybody says there are no males in Armenia."

"Where are you spending the night, boys?" I asked them.

"Inside. What's the matter, have you no room for the night?"

They talked some more in their language then they decided to take me along. By the time we arrived at their cell my Caucasian compatriots had a hundred fights. They trampled upon the prisoners who resented it and were ready to fight, but when they saw that they were Caucasian mountaineers they backed down. Thereafter, in all the other prisons I saw that the Russian prisoner is afraid of the Caucasian. "They are barbarians, damned barbarians, ready to pick up a fight," they would complain.

The mountaineers' cell was magnificent. It was warm and crowded. They had even brought along their priest. When we entered the cell the priest was at his evening prayers, with gesticulations which seemed strange to me. Not one Russian dared push his head inside that cell. The Caucasians would not stand for it. I don't know how or why, but there was the smell of the bear on them. It seemed I had entered an animal cell.



ONE WORLD

A ONE-HOUR T.V. SCRIPT

(An Attempt at Burlesque)

NUBER KAZANJIAN

(An assembly-hall filled with the envoys of nations. The faces of Russell Chase, financier, Ivan Sivanov, industrialist, Douglas Priest, Cleric, and Marcel De La Mort, Lawyer, are seen behind the respective markers for them with their names thereon. The time is April 1st of ten years from now. As the show opens, a super-sophisticated idiot with nondescript accent is speaking with the most dulcet tones.)

IDIOT: . . . And therefore, most esteemed, superior, and distinguished colleagues, on this nineteen hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the month of April, I, yet once again, find myself obliged to find it most difficult, if not downright impossible, to believe that peace, let alone justice, will be found, as the people say popularly, around the corner. Indeed it will not be found around any corner whatsoever, anywhere. Our little disagreements again seem to be rather insurmountable, don't they? And so, in my practiced opinion, I can see no other recourse for us but to drift, according to our various lights, in any of the directions that we may choose in the ways of the compass. Personally, with summer not too far away, I should much rather drift in a northerly direction. I thank you.

(Polite laughter and applause, when an anguished voice is heard from one side of the dais. The owner of it is not immediately seen.)

VOICE: No!

CHAIRMAN: *(not hearing)* — And now,

I wish to present to this most illustrious and notable gathering. . .

VOICE: No!

CHAIRMAN: What's that?

VOICE: I said no, Mr. Chairman!

(He's now discovered, a short, elderly, and sympathetic-looking man with whiting hair.)

I can no longer sit idly by and listen to these speech-makers, these praters, brush off all the peoples' hopes for justice and peace like that. it's a sin against humanity!

(General Hubbub.)

CHAIRMAN: Professor, your conduct is highly irregular, if I might say so, and quite embarrassing too.

FISHER: The hypocrites!

CHAIRMAN: Well you might at least have waited until after I had introduced you. I was just going to, you know. Ladies and gentlemen, valued friends, our impatient colleague, Professor Joseph Fisher, one of our foremost scientists, a submarine-designer and engineer. . .

FISHER: I can't see why, I simply can't see why we can't achieve justice and peace on the face of this Earth. And that within forty-eight hours! We can do it in forty-eight hours if we really wanted to. Why can't we? Why?

CHAIRMAN: Really, Professor, a little less frankness, if you please.

FISHER: I don't please!

CHAIRMAN: Well, really!

FISHER: That's what's wrong with meetings like this. You never really tell the people the truth. Well, just for a change, I'm going to go ahead and do a bit of plain speaking.

CHAIRMAN: Now, now. . .

FISHER: There is no difficulty at all except those that are put in our way, deliberately put in our way, by those whom justice and peace would hurt. So let it hurt them. Personally, I'm sick to my stomach of having to see our beautiful children, boys and girls, go out on battlefields and rip each others throats out with bayonets!

CHAIRMAN: Professor Fisher, unless you seat yourself. . .

FISHER: (*more and more heatedly*) — Wipe out those selfish interests that are pushing us once more to the brink. Rise and demand your right to security from this barbarous peril!

CHAIRMAN: But you must behave yourself. I insist! Propriety, you know.

FISHER: Don't let these word-fanciers put us off again with words. Where's your humanity. your compassion?

CHAIRMAN: (*banging his gavel*) — This meeting is adjourned. I must say!

(*They all rise and begin to leave.*)

FISHER: (*continuing nonetheless*) — I demand that you envoys of all the nations come to an agreement, do you hear? I demand it! You must grant us this most elementary decency that can be given to peoples who call themselves civilized; freedom from fear. Stop! You can do it. Assert your independence. Come back here. You must do it. Come back!

(*But the meeting has broken up, the faces of Russell Chase, Ivan Ivanov, Douglas Priest, and Marcel De La Mort all showed disapprobation of one kind or another as they passed the camera on their way out. After the hall has been cleared, the camera*

approaches the sole, remaining occupant, Professor Joseph Fisher, scientist and submariner. The frustration now revealed on his face gives way to an imbedded sorrow which continues to be seen in the background as the following newspaper headlines appear before it, and the following radio-comment is heard. As these progress within sight and hearing however a gradually mounting anger replaces the sadness in Professor Fisher's emotions. This anger rises and rises until at the very end a firm determination combines itself to it. He resolves something. And he emphasizes his grim determination with a decisive bang on the table.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Nuber Kazanjian, the author of the T-V scenario "One World" — his first appearance in the REVIEW — was born in Marash, Cilician Armenia, in 1919, and came to the United States at the age of four. His elementary and high school education he received both here and in France, and later studied at City College of New York and — "thanks to a generous government", as he himself puts it — at Columbia. He is a veteran of World War II service. Kazanjian first began writing in 1950, an adventure which "has become an intermittent endeavor since then." His friend, and ours, Mr. Steve Dardouni, asked Kazanjian to send a sample of his work to the REVIEW editors. The result is a "find" — passed on to REVIEW readers.

The newspaper headlines approach the camera with rapidity, and they are as follows:)

WASHINGTON EAGLE

April 2nd, 1962.

Nation's No. 1 Submariner Goes Berserk!
Demands Justice!

MOSCOW GAZETTE

April 2nd, 1962.

Fisher Violates Ethics of Diplomat!
Tells Truth

PARIS NEWS

April 2nd, 1962.

Fisher Scandalizes International Assembly!
Demands Peace!

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

April 2nd, 1962.

Joseph Fisher Claims Agreement Among
Nations is Possible: Sanity Feared!

RADIO-COMMENTATOR: (*who may be seen as well*) — . . . And this impractical dreamer, ladies and gentlemen, claims it as a right that people should have freedom from fear, justice and peace on Earth. His friends believe that it was overwork that was the cause of his hysterical outburst. It is rumored that Professor Fisher has just finished building a secret project; a new atom-driven, deep-sea submarine which he himself designed. He will now be urged by his friends to rest in a sanatorium where he can recover and come back to normal. So for at least a little while, I don't think that we'll be hearing from Professor Joseph Fisher again. . .

(The commentator and his voice fade, and it's now that Fisher emphasizes his gathered determination. Quickly, now, he goes to a bed in the next room, and kisses, tenderly, a little girl of approximately eight years who is sleeping there. Sadness returns for a moment.)

FISHER: (*softly*) — Good-bye dearest.

. . . I may never see you again, Olivia. . . Good-bye.

(He picks up his hat and coat and departs quickly.)

Headlines now approach the camera again as rapidly as before. Pictures of the men involved are illustrated so that they are recognizable.)

WASHINGTON EAGLE

April 15th, 1962

Russell Chase Disappears!
International Financier Missing 2 Days.
Left Word He Was Inspecting New Project.

MOSCOW GAZETTE

May 1st, 1962.

Ivan Ivanov Missing!
Director of Heavy Industries
Visited a Foreign Inventor.

PARIS NEWS

May 15th, 1962.

Marcel de la Mont Gone!
Prominent Lawyer-Diplomat Saw Foreign
Client Who Just Arrived in Port.

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

May 20th, 1962.

Douglas Priest Vanishes!
Well-Known Cleric Receives Private
Messages to Visit Penitent at Sea.

COMMENTATOR: . . . And while Misters Chase, Ivanov, de la Mort, and Priest hardly ever agreed in any of the international conferences that have been going on since the end of the war, still it's only natural, I suppose, that the peoples of the Earth should be intrigued by their whereabouts. Foul Play is feared. And the police of all four nations are cooperating closely with one another trying to unravel the deliberate pattern that appears to be shown in the disappearances of these four men.

Well, here's something. I've just been handed a news-item, ladies and gentlemen, dated June 1st, 1962, which says that an underwater volcano in the middle of the

Pacific Ocean is showing signs of activity. It seems that a kind of bubbling is rising to the surface from within this underwater crater. Sometimes it stops for awhile, then resumes its bubbling. It may be that a volcanic eruption underwater is going to take place in the middle of the Pacific. Scientists have received this most unusual news already, and with the deepest interest. And if the phenomenon persists, they are already talking of sending an expedition to that latitude.

(Headlines now appear again.)

WASHINGTON EAGLE

July 1st, 1962.

Wireless from Ocean Bottom! !
Fisher Gives Earth One Month
to Achieve Justice and Peace! ! !

MOSCOW GAZETTE

July 1st, 1962.

"I Shall Blast This Earth Apart"! !
Deadline: August 1st! !

PARIS NEWS

July 1st, 1962.

Fisher Bluffing! "Can't Be Done"
Other Scientists Say.

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

July 1st, 1962.

Kidnapped 4 with Fisher as Witnesses! !
Will Be Allowed to Report to Earth
in Due Course!

COMMENTATOR: . . . And so, the opinion appears to be general that Joseph Fisher can't make good on his threat to blow up the world; especially from the bottom of the sea. What is he thinking off? Doctor Philip Thorne, Fisher's associate and collaborator in a number of scientific inventions, says that he may want to issue a statement later on, but that right now we would do well not to estimate Professor Fisher's genius too lightly. But reviewing the press-comments by the leaders of the various countries, it is obvious that they consider Fisher as nothing but a crazed crank. And they

seem definitely inclined to laugh him off.

Some people are beginning to wonder though whether that bubbling which is still going on and off in the Pacific Ocean for the past month has anything to do with Fisher's submarine the exact location of which is not yet known. So far, the scientific expedition ship there has reported no volcanic eruption. And that's all the news for now.

(The scene now shifts to the middle of the Pacific Ocean and to the bubbling rising from the underwater volcano. There is a single ship lying off it. The camera passes the ship and descends into the ocean beside the bubbling. It goes down into the crater itself, and we see the bubbles on their way to the surface. The camera descends, and descends, and finally there, at the very bottom, we see an elongated and illuminated object: The submarine. The bubbles are coming up from beneath it, and all around it. And as the seconds pass, we visibly see the sub descending.)

The camera now enters amidst the bubbles, loses itself there for a moment, then opens on the interior of the craft. There is professor Fisher busily engaged in operating a singular gadget, or machine, in the floor proper of the ship. This gadget, or machine, seems to have something to do with the descent of the ship and the bubbling outside because for so long as he operates it these things occur. But when he stops, so do these manifestations, forthwith. There's a mess of instruments and gauges on one side, a simulated radio-transmitter and receiving set, and a two-way radio apparatus. A large calendar hangs where it can be plainly seen at all times. And it's open to the month of July from which the first seven days have been crossed out.

Chase, Ivanov, De La Mort, and Priest are there too. But, as prisoner-observers, they're chained to their bunks with a light chain. The liberty these chains allow con-

sists no more than in standing conveniently with arms folded.

The firm resolve is still written on professor Fisher's face, but it's tempered somewhat by the natural benignity in the man. The others are becoming nervous again.)

CHASE: (*bidding*) — Two million!

PRIEST: (*Same*) — Four million!

DE LA MORT: (*same*) — Six million!

IVANOV: (*same*) — Eight million!

CHASE: Ten million dollars for my freedom! . . . What's the matter? Don't you like millions anymore? You want billions?

MORT: After all, we've done nothing against the law. Everything we did was as neat, legal, and as proper as could be. Look at the records.

IVANOV: I have already told you, but you do not seem to understand. My factories cannot give them all work. There are too, too many. Don't you see what unemployment and hunger can do? Revolution!

MORT: Revolutions are against the law!

CHASE: Think of my investments!

IVANOV: So we put them in the Army. It means work; until they die.

CHASE: I simply can't get it through my head, Professor; I can't believe that a great scientist and inventor such as you . . . can possibly care about what happens every twenty years or so to a few million dirty, ignorant and superstitious fools and rascals that scurry about like rats blighting the face of the Earth.

PRIEST: Worshippers of false idols, most of them. Holy Church employs thousands to preach the true Word. But hardly enough to take up the slack in employment.

IVANOV: Think of that: the press of so many, so many people as the years go by. Where can we put them all? Since their loving parents will not control themselves even a little, little bit, the baby darlings keep pouring out. We have got to dispose of all this issue in some way.

MORT: And we make sure we dispose of

them according to the forms and the appearances of the law. We're all law-abiding citizens here.

CHASE: Don't you see? We've got to have our little disagreement and arguments in those conferences up there. Then when its time to go to war, we can use them as ready-made excuses.

PRIEST: The children of the Lord have strayed from His Commandments. The Lord is displeased. Therefore, strife is inevitable on the face of the Earth.

IVANOV: If you were only realistic, practical, Professor. Young boys and girls, men and women, they want excitement, honors, glories, a chance to travel and have adventures. Otherwise, they would die from boredom. And so far, civilization has developed nothing else for them to gain these ends but war. And for that, they also receive the thanks of their remaining countrymen.

MORT: Besides, it takes their minds from all their little grievances at home, like low wages and such. Look at all my clients who are sent away in this manner. But do I mind? So why should you?

PRIEST: The land flowing over with milk and honey will only be when the children of the Lord return to the paths of righteousness, and not before.

(Still no word from Fisher who merely continues working away at his gadget.)

CHASE: (*finally*) — Alright! So we've got all the wealth and the power, and all the privileges, and the people haven't got any. So what! You know there's not enough of those things to pass around to everybody. So we keep them!

PRIEST: It has always been that for every rich and powerful one there are found ten thousand others who are made to serve him hand and foot, in every way. Thus are the people taught meekness. "Blessed are the Meek", saith the Lord.

IVANOV: And we will see to it that they stay meek. You will not bully me with all your silence, Professor. Go ahead and dig, and dig, and see where it gets you. Ha!

MORT: You haven't even got a license to dig here, you know. You're breaking the law, and can be prosecuted!

CHASE: (*more placatory*) — Now look here. Be sensible. Look at all the prosperity that comes with wars. Factories going full blast, everybody working and making money; lots of money. Now, with atom-bombs we can clear whole slums in a jiffy; just like that. And from now on whole cities, towns and villages will have to be rebuilt and rebuilt consistently. The ones who live through it will have millions of jobs to choose from. Planners, architects, engineers, builders, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, masons; everybody will work; until twenty years later. Don't you see? Bread for the people!

IVANOV: It is the peoples' fault. They got to choose. Use a preventive, or have a war.

PRIEST: Beware! The canons of Holy Church forbid preventives. It's a pagan idea, thoroughly.

MORT: (*sweetly*) — whereas, and wherefore, the facts are such, may I propose that I arbitrate this issue between you? I know all about all the laws on that very subject.

PRIEST: The Church has spoken!

MORT: Amen.

PRIEST: (*back to the Professor*) — However, my son, even the great Lord Himself, in the Old Testament, found it to be his most painful duty to slay repeatedly by the hundred-thousands. Are we mortals then doing anything that the Lord Himself has not done a thousand times?

MORT: That's precedent for you. A thousand times!

CHASE: And just because it's necessary, it's necessary, mind you, for us to act the very same way in every generation, you've

chained us, and perhaps are even thinking of doing away with us. Are you?

PRIEST: "*Thou shalt not kill!*"

IVANOV: Will you finally say something, anything!

FISHER: (*calm and professorial*) — This is an atomizer. . .

(*They all groan.*)

IVANOV: Yes we already know that. You told us a hundred times!

FISHER: (*imperturbable*) — With this atomizer, I shoot neutrons at high speed into the atoms that compose the rock below, and a sort of atomic fission takes place. My neutrons cause the rock-atoms to explode, and thus a portion of the rock evaporates. The bubbling you've been hearing outside represents the actual disintegration and evaporation of the rock. The bubbles rise to the surface and disappear. The more neutrons I shoot downwards therefore, the more rock evaporates, and the lower I descend.

CHASE: Thank you, Professor, but it seems to me I remember the time when you could speak of other things as well. Rather than listen once more to that pet speech of yours, I'd even be willing to talk about justice and peace for the people. Ha, ha, ha.

MORT: Your manners are still far too bare, naked, if I might say so, Professor. If you'd only ask me I would be only too happy to teach you, without charge, how to gloss over those bare and naked facts so as to make more friends for yourself.

IVANOV: You forgot to say, Professor, that only one other person besides yourself knew about your atomizer.

FISHER: (*repeating still imperturbably*) — Only one other person knew of its existence before I told you, since we collaborated on it together. Now here is something you don't know.

CHASE: Something new?

IVANOV: Yes?

FISHER: As you might have imagined, we are not going to the core of the Earth.

CHASE: The core!

FISHER: As you know, we're on the floor of an underwater volcano, and going down. This volcano, at one time, was active. Therefore, a fissure exists below us, somewhere, that leads straight down to the core.

CHASE: The core again!

FISHER: At the present, we are at a depth of five miles, and I have good reason to believe that I will find that fissure in the rock before we reach the maximum depth of twenty miles that my ship can descend to. The ocean water can pour down from there.

MORT: Holy jumping Jesus!

PRIEST: Forgive him, O Lord, and save us!

IVANOV: The cold ocean water pouring down into the boiling lava core?

CHASE: That will create enough steam-pressure to blow this whole Earth apart!

IVANOV: To ribbons!

FISHER: Exactly.

MORT: This is more than I contracted for!

PRIEST: Indeed it is!

FISHER: There was no contract. I lured you in here and kept you.

MORT: By hitting us on the head with a club when we weren't looking, then chaining us!

FISHER: Alone, all by myself, I had no other alternative.

MORT: Assault and battery, that's what it is! Kidnapping! Forcible detention! Law-breaker! I'll have you arrested, see if I don't!

CHASE: (*exploding*) — You fiend! You communist!

IVANOV: Hey! I am the communist; not him.

MORT: Aren't you even going to give us a chance to run for it? Where's your

sporting instinct? Base, base! It's illegal! I know what I'm talking about!

(*Priest is busy praying feverishly.*)

CHASE: But why didn't you let us know before? Why?

FISHER: It may seem strange to you, but it was because I didn't want you to suffer needless anguish.

IVANOV: Then why do you tell us this now?

FISHER: Well, you wanted me to say something different didn't you?

PRIEST: (*fervently*) — Let us henceforth learn to keep our mouths shut. Father! Does he know what he's doing?

CHASE: Listen, Professor. We received some reports from our secret agents on your craft while you were in the process of building it. We know, of course, that you can run this atom-driven submarine all alone, without a crew. A magnificent achievement! . . . Ahem. We also know that you can stay submerged for as long as you like since you manufacture your own air down here. We know that you've stored away ample supplies of food and water that will last you for months. And even if we weren't chained, we couldn't run your ship. We wouldn't know how. Therefore, we realize that, for us, there is no possible hope of escape. In view of this situation, let me ask you for mercy.

MORT: I take back all that I said before. Have mercy.

IVANOV: Mercy.

PRIEST: "Blessed are the merciful."

FISHER: (*losing his control for the first time*) — Why you blackguards! You stink in the human species! Mercy, is it? But when did you ever have mercy? And you? And you? And you? Remember the thousand times the people begged you, appealed to you, petitioned you, pleaded with you, clanked their chains before you when you were on the Earth? We asked you to

understand. But did you? We asked you to be kind. But were you? And now you dare to ask me for mercy when I myself saw you laughing, laughing at their suffering and misery! Worms! Justifying wars, rapes, murders, thefts, deceits; justifying the brutalizing and the degrading of the human spirit to my face! So? At the approach to your own ends, you're getting a little nervous, eh? Well, well, well. I like that fine. Now at least you too are beginning, just beginning, to feel what millions of your fellow human beings go through every generation; everytime it crosses your fancies to have a game of war. You puny monsters with pygmy brains! — (to PRIEST) — And you tell us to suffer in silence!

PRIEST: But Professor, this is supposed to be a valley of tears.

FISHER: It is!

PRIEST: Well then. . .

CHASE: Fifteen millions of dollars for my ransom! Just drop me off on any inhabited island.

MORT: Me too! Fifteen million.

IVANOV: I join them!

PRIEST: May the good Lord grant that I be considered worth that too.

MORT: I'll draw up the agreements immediately!

CHASE: There you are, Professor, a cool sixty million if you let us go free. Let us contact our families, and the Reverend here his organization, and they'll bring you the entire amount in any manner you specify. It's a fair offer.

IVANOV: You can still return here afterwards and dig to your heart's content.

PRIEST: Labor is the hard-work of the Lord.

FISHER: Well, this is going to be quite a novel experience for all of you. You've never before seen the man you couldn't buy, have you? Well, he stands before you! God, I could almost torture you for this insult alone.

CHASE: If I were free, I'd soon show you how to slit a throat. Your throat!

IVANOV: (*almost fainting*) — Two hundred and forty million rubles he does not take! Two hundred and forty! The man is not normal!

MORT: How could he be? Only honest men don't take bribes of sixty-million dollars; normal people do. He's more dangerous than us thieves. He's got more character.

PRIEST: But all this is frightening; absolutely frightening. Was I destined for a hole in a fissure?

CHASE: Now stop all this nonsense! Do you mean to tell me, Professor, that you actually expect to reach a fissure below us that leads straight to the core of the Earth?

FISHER: I do.

PRIEST & MORT: (*together*) — You do?

FISHER: I do.

IVANOV: He does! Look at him.

CHASE: Then our only chance for survival lies in the establishment of justice and peace on Earth before that time?

FISHER: It does.

PRIEST: Let me at that wireless, my son. You wanted me to be an observer here, and that's what I've been. I believe that you are not only serious in your intention of blowing up the Earth, but also quite capable of achieving it. Let me wire my organization to take you seriously!

CHASE: They'll listen to me in my country. By all my wealth, they'd better! You want us to tell them up there, isn't that so? That's why you finally told us something different!

MORT: I won't squeeze the people dry in the meshes of the law anymore. I'll talk justice to them. We'll see to it that they get a square deal from now on, won't we?

IVANOV: And I will talk peace. Let all the Generals and the Admirals rust. They will no longer have fun moving divisions this way and that. Peace, it's beautiful!

PRIEST: Justice and Peace. I must say those words never sounded so sweet to my ears. Well, will you let us communicate?

(Fisher looks at them intently for a second, then turns on his heels and goes towards the wireless apparatus as the scene fades.)

The camera now turns to four high officials, one from each country concerned, and we see that they're laughing their fool heads off. In one hand they hold a wireless message, and the more they look at it, the harder they laugh. Their laughter continues to be heard in the background as the following headlines appear. It subsides after the last one.)

WASHINGTON EAGLE

July 8th, 1962.

Chase in Crater at Bottom of the Seal !
Demands We Work for Justice! ! !

MOSCOW GAZETTE

July 8th, 1962.

Bubbling Caused by Atomizer Digging! !
Ivanov Wants Peace on Earth! ! !

PARIS NEWS

July 8th, 1962.

De La Mort Reveals Existence of Volcanic Fissure! ! Demands Good-Will Toward All! ! !

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

July 8th, 1962.

Priest Reveals Theoretical Depth of 20 Miles! ! Demands Federal Republic of the World! ! ! !

COMMENTATOR: Well, the four messages from the crater-floor have aroused considerable mirth among the statesmen of the leading countries, ladies and gentlemen, and it has its humorous aspects. Here is a single, solitary man; a crazed man, Joseph Fisher, who has so succeeded in terrorizing and humbugging such solid, respectable and responsible gentlemen as Mistery Chase, Ivanov, de la Mort, and

Priest that they send messages demanding justice and peace on Earth. These men would never have been taken in by such fishfosh if they had had a free choice, believe me. So the only plausible explanation offered is that they've been so cruelly tortured, then forced at gun-point to send such unrealistic, impractical and nonsensical wires. And it's only right, I think, for our leaders to resent such blackmail for the establishment of justice and peace on Earth.

The present depth of five miles of the submarine is quite easily explained by the fact that the ocean is actually that deep in some spots. Obviously, Professor Fisher chose the crater-floor for his digging operations, if that's what he's actually doing, because of the existence of less mud and salt there. But as for reaching a fissure under the crater-floor is concerned, and that by the end of this month; that is in only twenty more days; well, that's nothing short of fantastic. In fact, I personally think its more than that. I think its the purest fabrication!

(The scene shifts back to the bottom of the ocean again, and we see the ship sinking lower and lower. We enter the ship again. The men have received wireless messages too which they've crumpled and thrown away. Since the calendar has been crossed out now until the 15th, they must be a week old. However, Chase picks up his message again, looks at it again, crumples it up once more, and throws it away for the tenth time. Their attitudes betray a helpless anger and dejection. Professor Fisher, on the other hand, is working away with a concentration that lets up for only a moment: And that to say.)

FISHER: Remember, once, how you laughed too?

(He looks at his depth gauge. It says:

10 miles. He returns to his work, and the camera returns to earth, and to the following newspaper headlines.)

WASHINGTON EAGLE

July 16th, 1962.

Depth of Ten Miles Reached! ! !

MOSCOW GAZETTE

July 18th, 1962.

Should We Believe "The Four"?

PARIS NEWS

July 20th, 1962.

13 Miles Down! ! !

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

July 21st, 1962.

Dr. Philip Thorne Substantiates Atomizer! !
(And a picture of Dr. Thorne is shown.)

COMMENTATOR: . . . There is talk of dropping depth-bombs and blasting the submarine from existence. But no damage could possibly be done in that way because present depth-bombs are known to explode, or disintegrate, long before they reach the submarine depth of 13 miles. There is now real danger to the Earth. Contrary to all expectations, Professor Joseph Fisher is descending rapidly enough to find his fissure. Doctor Philip Thorne, who has been associated with Fisher in past scientific researches explained today that he hadn't mentioned the existence of the atomizer before because he wasn't sure as to whether Professor Fisher was really serious or not in his intention to blow up the Earth. But now, with the rapid, incredible descent of the sub, he no longer entertains any doubts about it. Doctor Thorne has sent Professor Fisher a wire, and he's leaving immediately by plane to the site. There he will attempt to contact Fisher via the two-way radio, and talk to him person to person.

(A plane takes off in a hurry. Time passes. Then it's seen circling the bubbling and the ship below. As it goes in for a landing, the camera returns to the sub.

Fisher is concentrating in dead earnest now, and the bubbling outside is rippling, if possible, faster than ever. There are 22 days crossed off the calendar now. The men are sweating profusely, and breathing hard.

Suddenly, a bolt flies out of the roof of the sub onto the floor. And at the same time, Priest, raises his hand to his head and falls back in a faint.)

CHASE: The pressure, Professor!

(Fisher has looked at the bolt and the hole it made in the roof. Now at Chase's call, he wheels around to look at Priest. Quickly he turns a valve marked "Air-pressure", and soon thereafter the men begin to breathe more easily and with relief.

Priest begins to stir. Fisher takes a pitcher of water and sprinkles some of it on Priest's face, and he soon revives. Ivanov misses his sole opportunity, at this close quarters, to grab the professor. His chains fall just short of the necessary arm extension. He's straining to get at Fisher all the time that Fisher is sprinkling water, but after a close call, Ivanov is finally frustrated.)

MORT: It's getting insufferably hot down here.

IVANOV: Da. We are near the fissure, that is what.

MORT: The law says you can't overheat a place, Professor. You are a violator of the first category. You're a menace to society!

CHASE: You won't get away with this, you dadblamed communist!

IVANOV: (roaring) — Hey! I told you already. I am the communist. Not him!

CHASE: Well, he's still a dirty red to me!

IVANOV: Is that so? Then you are a dirty capitalist to me! You lousy businessman!

PRIEST: (desperately) — O be quiet, both of you! My prayers for salvation are

not being answered. We had the wealth and the power. It would have been so easy for us to have established justice and peace on the face of the Earth.

FISHER: Exactly.

PRIEST: But if only we had known that this would happen.

MORT: How could we? There was no precedent to go by. We ought to make it illegal to spring this kind of thing without six months advance notice.

(A voice now is heard over the two-way radio.)

VOICE: Hello? Hello? Professor Joseph Fisher. Joseph Fisher. Joe, are you there? This is Philip Thorne. Over.

FISHER: (switching over) — Hello Phil. I've been expecting you. Where are you? Over.

FISHER: Well, your Earth is safe so long as you do. What's it got to say to me now? Over.

THORNE: You're dead serious about it, aren't you?

FISHER: You know I am.

THORNE: The Earth's taking notice now. That much I can say. You've really got them scared now.

FISHER: Good! A little fear goes a long way. Ask any cleric.

THORNE: Yes but Joe, it's not their fault; it's not the peoples' fault. Ever since they were born they've been told what a pack of low-down sinners they are. They feel guilty about that so they try to throw it off on other people. That's one of the reasons why people let themselves get pushed into wars. They figure that by suffering that way, they're being purified. The whole trouble, Joe, is that they're gullible. They believe almost everything that the rich and the powerful tell them. Those big shots have got no real love for anybody else but themselves. Every man with understanding can see through them, the deceitful, merci-

less tyrants who rip out the bowels of our dignity, our independence, our true freedom. I, too, would sweep them off their base pedestals instantly if I could.

FISHER: (quickly) — A few more days, at the outside, Phil.

THORNE: But don't you see? They're not the people. There is no similarity at all between them.

FISHER: Patience my young friend. Perhaps even tomorrow those rich and powerful ones of whom you speak will receive such a severe dose of similarity with the people the like of which they never even dreamed of before. They'll all similarly die together.

THORNE: But why blow up the people?

FISHER: Because there's no other way of getting rid of the tyrants too.

THORNE: Be reasonable, Joe. These ways of Providence are inscrutable, you know.

FISHER: Don't tell me they've hooked you with that one, you fool! You mean that Providence consents to this arrangement of things, do you? Well you can tell Providence from me that I, Joseph Fisher, do not consent. Indeed, I'll not stand for this arrangement of things! And Providence will soon find out that I've done something about it!

THORNE: But Joe, how can you judge?

FISHER: There are no "hows" about it, Phil; we all do. Those who run the Earth, and their little hirelings, have invented a lot of those pretty sayings just to confuse the vision of even the likes of you. "Blessed are the meek", indeed. When were they ever blessed? "This is a valley of tears", so suffer, brother, suffer. Because the people believe these inventions of the rich, the rich keep all the spoils for themselves. They've been getting away with it too long. How can we judge? I judge them and find them guilty!

THORNE: I'm sorry, Joe. I don't know you felt so strongly about it.

FISHER: And Providence is in league with them!

THORNE: Listen Joe, it's true that we haven't really advanced too far away from burnings at the stake, drawings and quartering, being beheaded or eaten by lions, being buried alive, or having our tongues cut out, or our ears, or our noses; it's true that we're still not too far away from being turned into eunuchs suddenly at the sharp edge of the sword. But we haven't had the time yet to grow up into a finer, ethical, and compassionate type. It's true that the Earth may be two billions of years old. But the human beings on it are only 40,000 years old, or so. Sure, we're still cave-men. But you know how slow evolution is, Joe. You've got to give us a chance!

FISHER: Well what do you want from me, another 40,000 years? I'll be dead before then, and you know it.

THORNE: But damn it, man, although most of us may still be cave-men, still there are others who have already developed into a finer, thinking, ethical, and compassionate type. There are thousands of them, and you know it. You'd be killing them too!

FISHER: That's true, Phil. But they're only isolated cells; small groups and individuals here and there. Without power, they are neither truly independent, nor truly free. They too are chained to the wheel of the mighty and must turn with it.

THORNE: Will you listen to me? Joe, I've seen the sparks coming out of those isolated cells here and there, and everywhere. They're all sending messages and they're being heard. The people are bending over, cupping their ears, and with a humble reverence, they're trying to listen and understand. You don't realize, Joe, how much the people are thirsting after understanding. Slowly, but surely, they are beginning to unwind themselves from all the superstitions and beliefs imposed on them. Gradually, they are lifting their chains.

Even a little good-will and human warmth, and all the little truths about everything are so catching. And wherever the people happen to find these things, they catch them and don't let them go. What the people need are more of those who can speak for them, write for them, fight and die for them! Just give us a little more time, Joe, and pretty soon we'll have exposed all the false teachings, the pretty sayings, the enslaving beliefs, and we'll make a good start towards making this Earth a Heaven with justice and peace prevailing everywhere!

FISHER: Philip, you're a fool!

THORNE: A fool! Has nothing I've said touched you?

FISHER: Did you expect it to?

THORNE: Yes, I did!

FISHER: Well, you're a fool. For every one you make free, there are a thousand others who are born into bondage every day. The birth-rate alone would defeat you.

THORNE: Alright, so I'm a fool. Then listen to this. Listen Joe, I bring you the heartfelt love and greetings of someone whom you love dearly.

FISHER: (*startled*) — Olivia!

THORNE: Yes Olivia. You don't want her to die too, do you? Remember, she has only you, her father.

(*Fisher utters a pained cry and violently shuts off the two-way communication. He becomes breathless and agitated. The other men are returned to view now looking at him intently, expectantly. Upon his decision rests their lives. De La Mort opens his mouth to say something, probably concerning the law and its effects in such a situation but Chase restrains him with uplifted hand. A time passes, and Fisher comes to a slow decision. A deep and painful sorrow is clearly painted upon his face. Slowly, he reopens communication with Thorne.*)

FISHER: Hello, Phil? Are you there? Over.

THORNE: I say Joe, I didn't mean to hurt you like that. Honest I didn't. Please forgive me. Over.

FISHER: Never mind that now. It's alright. It's getting hot down here, Phil.

THORNE: Hot! What's your depth?

FISHER: (*looking at his depth-gauge*) — Over 13 miles.

THORNE: Then you must be near the fissure! Joe, I beg you. . .

FISHER: (*shutting him off*) — I'm going to continue my descent. My conditions have got to be met. And the powers behind all the thrones better act fast. So now, and perhaps for the last time, Phil, good-bye.

(*He clicks off.*)

CHASE (*bursting*) — You miserable idiot! You idiotic rascal! You insane fool! Don't you know this is murder? You're actually going to kill us!

MORT: It's positively illegal!

IVANOV: Just because we've cleared the Earth of a few million dirty commoners gives you no right to clear us out! Do you hear me?

PRIEST: "Thou shalt not kill!"

CHASE: Consider our women and children!

FISHER: (*looking at them*) — The tables have turned indeed.

(*The many and feverish clickings of the wireless are heard now as the camera races over the ocean and land, along telegraph and telephone poles and lines to the United-Nations building on Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. The U. N. building is picked up clearly, then relegated to the background as the following newspaper men headlines appear.*)

WASHINGTON EAGLE

July 24th, 1962.

Statesmen of Earth in U. N. Conclave.

Feverish Activity Reported!

MOSCOW GAZETTE

July 24th, 1962.

Korean Conflict Stopped! Germany Disarmed and Re United!

Balkan Questions Settled!

PARIS NEWS

July 24th, 1962.

Christianity and Communism Compromise!

Absolutist Systems Agree to Tolerate Each Other! !

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

July 24th, 1962.

Poverty and Ignorance Outlawed! ! !

Lands Redistributed! ! ! People to Have

Real Stake in the World! !

WASHINGTON EAGLE

July 25th, 1962.

Excessive Profits for Business & Professions Outlawed! ! !

Most Wages Doubled Without Increase in Prices! ! !

Stagehands Wages Among Those Not Included!

MOSCOW GAZETTE

July 25th, 1962.

Atomic and Other Weapons Under U. N. Control! !

Citizens Committees Formed to Watch Courts,

Police, and Armed Forces! !

PARIS NEWS

July 25th, 1962.

All Basic Differences Among Nations Solved! ! !

Organic Unity on U. S. Model Achieved! ! !

Birth Control Advocated! ! !

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

July 25th, 1962.

Federal Republic of the World Proclaimed!

Called: "United-Nations of the Earth."

Religion and State to Remain Separated Forever! ! ! !

COMMENTATOR: Well, this is still the age of miracles, ladies and gentlemen. It's unbelievable but true. Within forty-eight hours; I said forty-eight hours, all basic differences between and among the authoritarian systems of religion, politics,

and economics, including the laissez-faire type, have been wiped away. Or, at least, they'll no longer fight about it. And a political union of all the nations of the Earth has therefore become a reality. And there's still a week to go before Professor Fisher's deadline. And now that I may speak freely, ladies and gentlemen, may I say that it just goes to show you that justice and peace and unity were never as far away as we were made to believe by those who didn't want to see these things established. There's no question, of course, that all these results could never have been achieved without the strong dose of genuine fear that Professor Fisher threw into the hearts of those who, until yesterday, controlled our lives and destinies. Professor Fisher is being contacted now and he's being informed of our wonderful, wonderful achievements. It is now to be hoped that his conditions thus being met, he will lift his submarine from off the bottom of the crater, and relieve the dreadful anxiety we've all been living under for especially these past ten days.

(The scene shifts back to the sub. It's getting real hot now, and altho the men are sweating profusely still they remain in the resigned and hopeless state reminiscent of the poor and the downtrodden of all ages. Suddenly the radio crackles. Fisher interrupts his concentration from his digging operation and goes to it. As he reads an inner relief concentrates itself and becomes more and more apparent, until at the end of the reading he lets out with quite a sigh. The prisoners now begin to awaken to reality.)

CHASE: What, what's the matter?

IVANOV: What are you sighing about?

PRIEST: Are we there? Have we reached it?

MORT: Explain yourself concisely.

FISHER: *(With a quiet intensity)* — You've been given another chance.

CHASE: What's that you say?

IVANOV: Say that again?

FISHER: We'll descend no further. The digging is over

PRIEST: The Lord reveals himself. Praised be the Lord!

MORT: That's a clear and precise statement of the facts. As a matter of fact, that's the clearest and the precisest I have ever heard!

(And thus, they're left weak and breathless with the recurrence of life and hope. Fisher goes to the two-way radio.)

FISHER: Phil? Are you still there? Over.

THORNE: Joel! I've been waiting for you to call. Did you get it! did you get the news? They've done it! They've done it! A Federal Republic of this whole doggone world, and with birth control yet! Over.

FISHER: Thanks Phil. I wanted that confirmation.

THORNE: And all in 48 hours like you said. I love you!

FISHER: I'm coming up. Tell your captain to run his motor so I don't hit him undersides. Wait for me.

(The prisoners have recovered enough now to indulge in some general rejoicings and whoopededoo. Fisher goes to a tiny set of levers somewhere, and pushes three or four of them. The sub starts. The camera withdraws to the outside and we see it rising, Hatch-first, vertically, until it clears the crater-top. After that, the rise may be conventional. Of course there is no more bubbling now, but the ship is visible throughout the rising operation because of its illumination. It breaks surface amid the wild cheers of members of the scientific expedition. The hatch opens and the men come out. They don't wait to be picked up but throw themselves into the water, and swim towards the ship, presumably. Professor Fisher rises to view. The cheers mul-

tiply. He nods towards them in acknowledgement. The close-up is naturally of the professor, when suddenly a voice is heard.)

VOICE: (*Thorne's*) — Joe! Here I am!

(And a small dinghy heaves alongside the sub, and Philip Thorne steps onto it. They shake hands warmly.)

THORNE: Whew! I never thought I'd see you again!

FISHER: How are you Phil anyway?

THORNE: You can count on it Joe. I never felt better in all my life! No sir!

FISHER: I'm sorry I called you a fool.

THORNE: That's the trouble with people like you; you always tell the truth. Listen Joe, the lab's all ready. I already conducted some of the preliminary investigations for the new project. Come on. Let's steam back to port and get to work. I can't wait to get back.

(Fisher shakes his head sadly, reflectively.)

You are coming back, aren't you?

FISHER: I can't.

THORNE: You can't? What do you mean?

FISHER: You may be a whiz at scientific investigations, Phil, but outside of that I'm really afraid you're rather a fool after all; that is if you don't mind my saying so.

THORNE: Not at all. Not at all. But what do you mean anyway?

FISHER: So our little globe has finally formed a Federal Republic for itself, has it? With a measure of justice for all?

THORNE: Yes. Didn't you hear? Don't you believe me?

FISHER: Nonsense. Of course I heard. And of course I believe you. But that's not the point. What do you suppose might happen to this wonderful Federal Republic, the United-Nations of the Earth, if I were

caught, imprisoned, and my sub taken away from me?

THORNE: By God, you're right! I am a fool. I didn't think. They've still got the power back there in their own countries. They could pull away, secede, tomorrow, if you were caught. Some time's got to pass before the U. N. of the Earth really takes over and begins to function everywhere.

FISHER: See?

THORNE: Gee, you're wonderful, Joe. But what will you do?

FISHER: I am the fear that will make them honor their commitments. I am the influence that will give the Republic time to assume its full responsibility and authority throughout all the continents of the seas. As long as I'm free, with my trusty little sub, it will be well for the people.

THORNE: But you'll be a man without a country, roaming the open waters the rest of your life!

FISHER: Of course. But I count on you for one thing, my friend.

THORNE: Of course. Anything.

FISHER: Go back home and raise that son of yours to service my ship. The Earth may still need someone here after I've gone away.

THORNE: (*stricken*) — Joe. . . Joe?

FISHER: Yes, Phil?

THORNE: Olivia. I've taken her in with us. Mary is very happy to have her. And of course, so am I. I think we'd like to adopt her; give her a family.

(Fisher's eyes fill with silent tears. He shakes Thorne's hand with emotion, then turns and descends back into his sub. Before he disappears, however, their eyes meet, and he smiles and waves good-bye. Then the hatch is lowered. Thorne steps back into his dinghy. And as the submarine descends once more into the depths of the sea, and we see Thorne's contemplative look of deep compassion follow it, this T. V. play comes to its end.)

KHATCHATOUR ABOVIAN

S. ZEITLIAN

The Man and His Work

Khachatour Abovian, the man who pioneered the Armenian national awakening of the 19th century, who revolutionized the Armenian tradition by introducing the modern Armenian as a literary medium as opposed to the conventional *Grabar* or the classical Armenian, and who, it might truthfully be stated, paved the way for the Armenian Revolution which culminated in the creation of the Independent Republic of Armenia in 1918, had a brief life of only 44 years, 24 years of which he lived under Persian, and the other 20 under Russian rule, the former being the worst period in contemporary Persian history. At this time, as a result of the laxity of the central government, the whole of Persia was in a state of anarchy, a situation which was particularly perilous to a country of mixed population like the Armenian provinces where various nationalities were constantly at war with one another with their religions, cultures and customs in their effort to seize the power and to superimpose their rule.

Abovian's childhood and youth were spent under this worst period of Persian rule, being an eyewitness of unusual atrocities, tyranny, arbitrary rule, the absence of law and order, wanton maraudings and lootings, with no safety of life and property. The accumulated evil of all this weighed heavily especially on the Armenian people, a situation which found a ringing echo in his future literature.

Under these dire circumstances, the Armenian people turned their eyes toward

Russia as the sole hope of their salvation, an orientation which was started from the days of Israel Ori, David Beg and Hovsep Emin, champions of the pro-Russia policy. In those days, foremost among the champions of pro-Russia policy was Archbishop Nerses Ashtaraketzi whom Abovian admired most and whom he emulated to his dying day.

And, indeed, the condition of the Armenian people under Russian domination, comparatively speaking, was much better. To the peoples of the Caucasus Russia at this time was a symbol of civilized rule, a country which was Christian and intent on raising the cultural and economic standard of the conquered peoples. The Russian supremacy was hailed with great enthusiasm, volunteer fighting units were organized to support the advancing Russian armies in their war against Persia, ostensibly coming to liberate the Armenian people.

It was under these circumstances that Abovian's pro-Russian orientation took form and was crystalized, — a national mood with the force of a tradition which will be dominant especially among Eastern Armenians for a long time. Abovian's following words are highly expressive of the dominant mood of his day: "God keep the Russian sword ever sharp;" "Blessed be the hour when Russia first set foot in our land."

Throughout his entire life Abovian tried to serve the Armenian people, tried to dedicate himself to their enlightenment. He is one of the greatest figures of the Armenian national awakening alongside Catholi-

cos Khrimian, affectionately called by the Armenians "Hairik," which means "Little Father." His life's aim was the national awakening and the cultural development of his people. For the realization of this aim he proposed several basic postulates. These factors were the language, the faith and the past glory of Armenia. To him, the most essential condition of the vitality of a people is a close acquaintance with and the assimilation of a people's past values, its heroic figures and episodes, and its cultural achievements. But the most effective means of reaching this aim is to educate the people.

"Forget your language, renounce your faith and your ancestors, and what have you got left with which to lay claim to your nation?" Abovian pointedly asks in the introduction to his book "Wounds of Armenia."

The necessary instrument for this national education, however, is lacking. The ancient "Grabar", the classical Armenian which is still in vogue as the literary medium is restricted to the clergy, unintelligible to the common people. It is a dead language, and therefore, it cannot serve the needs of the hour. The classical Armenian has served its purpose, and what is needed now is a modern Armenian, what the Armenians call the 'Ashkharabar,' which the people can understand. "To tell the people in their own language things which pertain to current life, things which speak to the heart. And who is the man who will not be attracted by things which appeal to the heart?" The conclusion is, we must speak to the people in their own language. It is true that spoken language as yet is not perfect, but, given time, it will grow and develop into an instrument which is capable of expressing all kinds of scientific and social ideas.

In the initial stages Abovian is hesitant in using the *Ashkharabar* modern Armenian, but soon he shed off all vacillation,

because, in the course of time, he becomes finally convinced that, to bring about the national awakening among the common people which we call the masses, one must write in such a manner "that each man will understand," and not write to a certain class of readers only, but for "hundreds of thousands of people," and furthermore, write in such a manner that "it will come easy to the heart and the mind of the people."

Thus, Abovian concentrated his attention on the common masses, because the nation is the common people, the masses which cling to the ancestral hearth, the traditions and customs, and the religious ritual. Everything which is done must be done for the common people because there is no salvation outside of them. To enlighten the nation is tantamount to saving the nation. To achieve this aim one must sacrifice everything, first of all the classical *Grabar*.

Always under the German and Russian influences, Abovian stresses the creativity of the common people — the folklore, the anecdotes, the popular adages, the songs, the dances, the legends and the proverbs which must constitute the core of the new literature. One must accumulate all this with reverence, tenderness, and meticulous care. The new literature must be the genuine expression of the common people's life — the folklore. It is necessary to make the people live that life, to be tied up with that life. This candid portrayal of the people's life is an irreparable treasure which is impossible to ignore. This literature must express not only the people's current life but its past life as well. It must make the present attractive, must inspire with the past, and must prepare the people for the future which lies ahead. It must contribute not only to the development of national consciousness, but must illuminate and enlighten its path as well. The reality is

life itself, its true reflection, and without it absolutely unintelligible.

Abovian waged a vigorous fight on all these fronts. In this fight he confronted the opposition of the most influential class of his day, the clergy, with the entire weight of his erudition and energy. He promoted his sacred cause with great boldness and fell victim of his daring and relentless pursuit. Temperamentally he was a highly emotional man, restless, observant, and a ruthless critic, satirist and castigator of the old traditions. Abovian was the greatest Armenian patriot of the 19th century to whom patriotism was a veritable religion, and he himself was the indefatigable priest of that creed. To him patriotism was a total devotion to the ancient ancestral glories, the heroes, and the sacred shrines, irresistibly infectious and especially devoutly communicative. Patriotism and love of the nation are his most striking characteristics, equally important and almost identical like his life and person, with the nation he loved and about which he wrote, "Aziz ou arevin ghourban," — "I would gladly give my life to the sun of my beloved Armenia." His is one of the most cherished, most characteristic and most dedicated names in modern Armenian literature, if not the only one, at once a cornerstone and a symbol, from both the literary and national standpoint.

Abovian inextricably links the Armenian emancipatory movement with the use of armed force with which alone he can see the successful consummation of his position, much the same as Dourian and Khrimian later believed. His idea is personified by his leading character Aghassi in his book "The Wounds of Armenia." He ties the political fate of the Armenian people with the use of arms, in open propaganda, as the future outlook. Indeed, what is the mission of the Armenian writer and the intellectual, if not transcending the present and reaching out into the future.

Abovian was a prolific writer, having

tried all the genres of literature, — the novel, the short story, poetry, proverbs, satire, plays and even translations. His outstanding works are: "Moments of Leisure," "The Turk's Daughter," "First Love," "The Wedding of an Ass," "History of Tigranes," "The Wounds of Armenia" (Verk Hayastani) his masterpiece, "Theodora or Filial Love," and "A Children's Play." He has made translations from Schiller, Goethe, Rousseau and a number of Russian authors. He has written memoirs and pedagogical works, and has taken a hand in ethnological explorations. He has several research studies on the ethnology of the Kurds and the Tartars and has made studies of the customs of Tiflis Armenians, their wedding rites and popular festivals. He has done the same thing in regard to Kurdish and Tartar folklore, a fact attested to by visiting scientists to Causasus who greatly profited from his information.

Abovian was not fortunate enough to see the publication of his works, with the exception of a few sporadic articles. Almost all of his works were published after his death, but today he is one of the most widely-read Armenian writers and is universally known by the rank and file by his masterpiece "The Wounds of Armenia."

Dominant in Abovian's literature are the proverbs, most of which are his own creations and the remainder are drawn from the Armenian folklore and from foreign literature which he translated. In these proverbs he ridicules and satirizes all the social vices, the bad habits, and the character stains. With biting sarcasm he castigates human hypocrisy, bigotry, sycophancy, cunning and deceit. He borrows his characters from the living world and draws a moral to each of his proverbs. In this task he is heavily indebted to foreign authors, although he does not fail to utilize the popular wit and comedy. He severely criticises the social inequalities and corrupted morals of his time, the moral decrepitude, and especially

the materialistic philosophy which makes money and wealth the index of a man's worth. He ridicules the rich, their ignorance and their moral turpitude, as well as the ignorant rulers who have assumed the leadership of the people without being worthy of it.

On the other hand, he appreciates the just labor, the devotion to the public interest, and unselfish dedication to the public cause. He has a particular affection for natural life, the physical nature, and exhorts his reader to follow that nature.

Abovian's poetry, his prose, his dramas and his satire strive toward the same end: — the nation, the fatherland, the past glories, love, death, friendship, faith, light and education, social justice and a deep love for justice. In all his works he presents the public life of his time with a genuineness of spirit which is unprecedented, with infectious emotion and deep sincerity. He describes the arbitrary actions of the Khans and the Persian governmental functionaries, their oppression and inhuman behavior, their atrocities on the Armenian people, the sufferings of the common people, their insecure life and their resentment against the centuries-old tyranny.

With equal expressiveness he describes the Armenian tribal life, their patriarchal mode of living, the inherited wisdom and the uncanny world outlook of the common, simpleminded peasants, the gripping psychology of the children of nature, their affections, their hatreds, their practical-mindedness, their generosity, their courage, their sorrows and joys on mournful or festive occasions. He has boundless love toward nature and its blessings, something which is one of the most dominant chords of his basic literature. Abovian has a profound affection for mankind. He firmly believes that all men are equal, the children of nature. Every man born of his mother has a right to live, like all the others, with all the others, without any dis-

crimination of race or creed, a simple nevertheless truthful and valid dogma.

Abovian's masterpiece is his "Verk Hayastani" (The Wounds of Armenia) which is one of the crowning glories of Armenian literature. Before its publication, for 18 years the manuscript was passed from hand to hand and was read in countless copies. Its publication marked a turning point in the life of Eastern Armenians, from the literary, linguistic and social viewpoints. From the initial days to the present it has been read with admiration and enthusiasm by the common people, and for one hundred years it has served to inspire generations in their love for the fatherland.

"The Wounds of Armenia" is the first Armenian novel as a prose epic. In his introduction Abovian points out that he has studied the people with keen interest in order to understand the particular subjects and the moments which speak to its heart, and that he has greatly profitted from its folklore. Speaking of Abovian's work, M. Nalbandian concluded that, "in Abovian the soul of the nation took on flesh." In order words, Abovian gave body and form to the total picture of Armenian reality, exactly as it was at the time, with popular adages and proverbs. In reality, it is a truthful picture of the sufferings, the bleedings and the wounds of the Armenian people under the oppressive Persian rule, punctuated with such concentrated and potent sentences as: "The times were so crooked that one could not keep his head on his shoulders," because "he was the owner of neither his home, nor his property, nor his life nor the life of his children."

"And woe unto the nation which is without a master in this world."

"Woe unto the land which is a slave of the enemy."

"Woe unto the people which cannot protect its life and its land and surrenders to the vile foreigner."

"The Wounds of Armenia" truly is a lamentation. The Armenian Poet Toumanian characterized it as "the author's heart which smoulders with the pangs and the anguish of the Armenian people." "It is the lamentation of a patriot," Toumanian continues, "full of anguish and pain, and yet it is a veritable epic, inspiring pride and power." Its leading hero Aghassi is the personification of the idea of freedom, of struggle and of heroism, the symbol of armed force, the embodiment of resistance.

The novel clearly defines the two facets of contemporary mentality. The exponent of one is Aghassi the hero together with his followers who refuse to conform to the existing conditions and want to put an end to it with armed force. To them, "the sword and the gun carry heaven's benediction." But the ringleaders of the other party are the clergy and the conservative class whose motto for centuries has been "Patience is life itself", while the Christians' sword are his patience and his faith. Abovian deplores the latter mentality as the prime cause of the Armenian people's miseries.

"The Wounds of Armenia" not only is the first eastern Armenian novel but it marks the beginning of east-Armenian literature. It exerted a profound influence on future literary conceptions. All future eastern writers were to seek their inspiration in the people's life, their customs and traditions, and their political, social and moral habits. Most of these writers emulated Abovian although but few of them attained to his success, not to speak of his linguistic and literary excellence.

Abovian possessed a vivid imagination. His entire novel overflows with touching and compelling emotionalism. His descriptions are highly illuminating and original. His language is popular, picturesque with beautiful nuances and idiomatic expressions. He often makes long detours from his subject, pauses on some event or some figure and becomes exuberant in his

characteristic fashion, infecting the reader and without giving him time to recover from the deviation. It is impossible to read Abovian without being infected by its literary and artistic richness.



The son of an old, distinguished Armenian family, Abovian was born in 1804 in the Village of Kanaker, Caucasus.

According to the village tradition, Melik Abov, the patriarch of the Abovian family, was born six generations before and had lived in Lazistan. Perpetually harrassed and persecuted by the Caucasian mountaineers, Melik Abov took his family and moved to Erivan, whereupon he petitioned the Persian government for permission to settle down in his ancestral land under the protectorate of the Sardar. The reigning Sardar granted his request, accompanied with the customary honors and privileges which belong to a person of a Melik's rank, and let him settle in the village of Kanaker near Erivan which was famous for its extensive fertile fields, its salutary air, its delicious pure waters and its beautiful natural landscape.

In the initial stages the Abovians were a very rich and renowned family, noted for their hospitality. In Erivan they owned plants and workshops which they leased; in Kanaker they held vast tracts of land and wonderful orchards which yielded a rich harvest. The Abovian home and the orchards were open to all comers, neighbors, strangers or friends and visiting travelers who were free to partake of the bounties "to their hearts' content." There was never a day when their home did not entertain some guests, not excluding even the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, the bishops, the common clergy and the laity. Abovian's grandfather Abov II is said to have left a great name among the villagers of Kanaker and was remembered for long years.

Khachatour Abovian has related this hos-

pitality in his "Childhood Memories", how in those days friends from Erivan visited the Abovian Vineyard, would sit under the shade of the trees and relax, converse and be glad. The lad Abovian waited on them and later they recalled the memory of their old noble friend Abov II. Abovian's grandfather would often say: "Every thing which God can give to a sinner He has given me, — children, riches and the love of men. For this reason I donate one of my vineyards to His poor children so that they all will enjoy its fruits and be glad." As to his contemporaries, they used to testify of him: "He looked like a king, his riches were like the sea and so was his heart."

It was an Abovian custom each year to make a pilgrimage to Holy Etchmiadzin with great gifts and a stately retinue. In those days pilgrims would rally to Etchmiadzin from all parts of Armenia. On such occasions, Abovian's grandfather who was a friend of the Catholicos, as well as his family, would be entertained by the Monastery's high clergy with unique respect. Young Abovian who often accompanied these pilgrimages was greatly impressed by these visits and later recounted his experiences as among his most cherished memories.

Abovian's childhood was spent in the healthy and patriarchal setting of his village. Living in a purely Armenian village, nestled in the bosom of nature, the tribal customs of an old noble family, the village traditions, the natural beauties, the legends, and the warm hospitable atmosphere of the patriarchal life with its frequent visitors and traveling trabadours left a deep imprint on young Abovian's soul and played a large role in the formation of his character, his world outlook and his future development. This continued until he was eleven years old.

In 1814 young Abovian's father took him to Etchmiadzin and committed him to Catholicos Ephrem to prepare for the cler-

gy. He was placed under the care of Bishop Anton to love and to educate young Khatchatour like a father. He remained in this religious atmosphere for approximately five years learning the elements of theology, the ancient *Grabar*, Armenian history and literature. The rigid life of the monastery, the dreary uniformity, the regimentation, and particularly the cheerless and oppressive atmosphere, however, was a bit too much for young Khatchatour, nature's child who had been used to the carefree village life. He tried a number of escapades but was caught, with the result that the former restrictions were intensified. The reaction of this failure was a great bitterness which gradually increased with tears, prayers and fastings, rendering him a veritable recluse. Notwithstanding his sufferings he continued to make progress in his studies, and inquisitive by nature, the thirst for knowledge in him steadily deepens.

Sensitive by temperament, young Abovian deeply suffered from the prejudice and bigotry of the monastic atmosphere, so much so, later in life, whenever he visited the monastery he felt a cold shudder creep down his spine as he entered inside the building. All the same, the Monastery of Etchmiadzin played a large role in the formation of his character, in the development of his mind and in the awakening of his national consciousness.

Seeing his insatiable thirst for knowledge, Bishop Anton decided to take him to Tiflis to study under Phoghos Vardapet, a scientist of renown in those days, but the intervention of events prevented the project. In 1821-22, discouraged by the accumulating indebtedness of the Monastery, Catholicos Ephrem with a few followers retired from the Monastery and settled in the St. Nishan Monastery of Haghpat, taking along with him young Abovian. From here he was sent to the school of Phoghos Vardapet in Tiflis, but when in 1824 the religious seminary of

Nersessian was opened, Abovian immediately transferred to the new school. Here he was greatly influenced by such distinguished educators as Father H. Alamdarian, recently invited from the Lazarian Institute of Moscow, and the Armenologist Shahan Tcherbet invited from Paris.

In his Junior year at the Seminary, 1826, Abovian went to Haghpat and sought the Catholicos' permission to continue his advanced education at the Mekhitarist college of St. Lazzaro, Venice, but due to unforeseen circumstances, this project too having failed, he returned to his native Village of Kanaker and from there to the Monastery of Etchmiadzin where he remained until the Russian occupation of Erivan. On October 1, 1827 he was ordained deacon (Sarkavak). In 1828, by virtue of his knowledge of the Russian language, he was made dragoman of the Catholicos. On February 9th of the same year the Russo-Persian war came to an end with the signing of the Treaty of Turkmenchay.

Just about this time, on September 7, 1829, Professor T. Parrot from Dorpat, Estonia, arrived at Etchmiadzin. Parrot spent two days visiting the Monastery library, observed the ancient relics, attended mass, and had an interview with the Armenian Catholicos. His arrival was a landmark in the life of Abovian the student. He had come to ascend the top of Mount Ararat. Being familiar with the local conditions, and as interpreter, Abovian was enlisted in Prof. Parrot's mission and was the first Armenian to climb the top of Ararat (Sept. 27, 1829). For about half an hour the two stood at the top of the mountain, viewing the vast panorama below. Abovian was verily fascinated with the beauty of the surrounding landscape. Before descending, the two built a five-foot cross and planted it on the top. Abovian brought to Etchmiadzin some snow from the top of Ararat.

In this excursion Abovian befriended Prof. Parrot who in turn took a great liking

to him. Abovian told Parrot of his ambition to continue his education and the latter promised to help him on his return to Dorpat.

Upon his return to the Monastery, however, Abovian met the intensified persecution of the inmates. At this time the monastics considered a sacrilege the act of climbing the top of Ararat, the sacred mountain of the Armenians. They tried to dissuade him from his intention to go to Dorpat but he remained adamant. They ridiculed him, slandered and persecuted him, but all to no avail.

Finally, in April of 1830 the expected letter from Dorpat arrived, announcing the good news of his admission to the German university. Abovian was to study at Dorpat at the expense of the Russian government, in the interest of Armenian enlightenment, for a period of three years. He departed from Tiflis in May and arrived at Dorpat in September of the same year. His period of scholarship here lasted six years. Abovian at last had realized his dream.

In this entirely new setting Abovian becomes acquainted with a new world and new people. Having associated himself with a protestant circle, he now lives in a society of laymen of liberal ideas and conceptions, the exact opposite of the monastic atmosphere of Etchmiadzin. He fast accumulates a manifold intellectual supply, learns the German, Russian, French and Latin languages, studies pedagogy, philosophy, theology, cosmology, history and music. He puts great stress on the study of the various branches of art, establishes contacts with highly educated families, especially the professors, and most of all, he keeps in touch with all the contemporary scientific, literary and social movements. He becomes greatly impressed with German and Russian culture, especially the German nationalist movement and the ideology of the times, the popular folklore, the social and racial structure, the customs and the tradi-

tions, the legends, the music and the dances. He becomes especially influenced by the German philosophers Hegel and Lessing, the poets Schiller and Goethe, Zhukowski, Parrot and other intellectuals. He follows their national renaissance, the development of their national awakening, their social struggles and their reformatory propositions. In such a setting Abovian gradually sheds off the superstitious mentality of the East and soon becomes a progressive liberal.

Completely transformed in his psychological outlook and fully equipped with his western education, Abovian returns to Tiflis in 1836 and presents himself to Catholikos Karpetzi. On the strength of a letter of recommendation from the Ministry of Religious Affairs Abovian offers his services "for the education of the Armenian people" at the behest of the Catholikos but the latter, who is a prejudiced man, bluntly rejects the offer. All mediations in his behalf prove futile since Etchmiadzin regards him as a heretic and a lutheran.

Abovian's plan was to found an Armenian school based on latest pedagogical science with a view to turning out enlightened educators for the nation; but Catholikos Karpetzi repels him, saying: "You may do a good job in moulding the minds of the innocents, but to educate them is not your job." This hostile attitude embitters Abovian, filling him with a feeling of disillusion and despair. He had come from Dorpat with such enthusiasm and great hopes for the enlightenment of his people, and now he finds himself alone and helpless. After this clash, it was his misfortune never to come to an understanding with the clergy to his dying day and this proved his tragedy. The chasm between the two mentalities was unbridgeable.

For a long time Abovian was unemployed in Tiflis, a wanderer "in need of his daily bread." Then, thanks to his splendid intellectual equipment and his initiative spirit,

he enters the service of the Tzar. He does this despite his will. He had dedicated his life to the service of the people he loved, and perhaps it was fated that this service should come from the top. He retired into one of the cells of the Monastery where he founded his own school, at first beginning with Armenian pupils and later accepting pupils of foreign nationalities. By this venture he was striving to reach twin aims: to make a living, and to serve his people. The school, operating under great difficulties, lasted for one and a half years. The parents of his pupils, according to the good Armenian customs, refuse to pay the tuition and Abovian is forced to close his school.

Upon this failure Abovian again appeals to the Tzarist government for permission to be director of the newly-opened provincial school in Tiflis, a request which is granted. Abovian continues as director of this school until June 19, 1843. Here he makes the acquaintance of a number of Azerbaijanian intellectuals. This period of six years is even more stormy than all his past sufferings. Despite his devotion, his conscientious application to exacting tasks, he meets all around general hostility, opposition and persecution.

As early as 1838 Abovian renounced his ecclesiastical calling as incompatible with his new outlook on life. The same year he married a young lady of German birth. To this union were born two children, a son Vardan, and a daughter Zarmandoukht.

Abovian next applies for a chair on the faculty of Kazan University, but is rejected. Here too Abovian encounters the reactionary hostility of Russian authorities, always the victim of his progressive ideas and his uncompromisingly critical temperament. Abovian's biting sarcasm, an inseparable part of his character, is said to have played a major role in most of his failures to compromise with the reactionaries. Always conscious of his intellectual superiority, he looked down on the benighted functionar-

ies, the petrified mentality of the clergy, and the ignorant governors.

Unable to serve his people as he wanted in government schools, Abovian finally opened his own school in 1840. He rallied as many as 20-28 pupils, but soon his new venture met the fate of its predecessors. A bitterly plaintive poem written on this occasion is proof of his disappointment.

This is the most productive period of Abovian's life. In 1840 he wrote his "Wounds of Armenia." In 1841 he wrote "Moments of Leisure," "Feodora or Filial Love," "Agnes," "The Turk's Daughter," and other works. It was during this period that he finally decided to adopt the *Ashkh-arabar* (modern Armenian) as the medium of his writing. His "Wounds of Armenia" was published in 1858, ten years *after* his death.

During the 40's the Causasus was the scene of scientific expeditions. The first of these, as has been mentioned, was Prof. Parrot in 1829. Later, in 1836-38, the botanist K. Koch visited the Caucasus and Armenia where he met Abovian and enlisted his support. These were followed, in 1843-44, by the German and Russian scientists Wilhelm Herman Abich, Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt, Moritz Friedrich Wagner, Hacksthausen and others, all of whom got acquainted with Abovian and greatly profited by his collaboration in the collection

of their material. They all spoke very highly of him as a talented and highly valuable person and were unstinting in their praise and their indebtedness to him. Hacksthausen in particular said of him: "What all this man could have accomplished if only he had a position befitting his intellectual equipment!"

By a special decree of the government he was sent in 1843 to Erivan to take charge of the newly-opened provincial school. This assignment upset all his plans, but the matter did not end here. Here, too, he failed. Soon he found himself at odds with his surroundings. The teachers under him lacked elementary knowledge of pedagogy. He wanted to replace them with new competent teachers but met the stonewall opposition of the Russian authorities. He tried to put into practice his own pedagogical training, and in this he was successful to a certain degree.

His transfer from Tiflis to Erivan was a sort of exile to Abovian. But here, too, he had to contend with unpleasant situations — envy, hatred, malice, the intrigues of ignorant functionaries, and relentless persecution. In this wholly adverse and hostile setting Abovian continued to work until his tragic death on April 2, 1848. There are many theories in regard to his unique disappearance. The fact is: he disappeared. It is no wonder that his disappearance remains an unsolved enigma to this day.



LAND OF LIBERTY

ARCHIE H. DICKRANIAN

(The following is printed in The Armenian Review as the statement of an Armenian American who believes in America, passionately, devotedly. It constitutes highlights and quotations from an address by ARCHIE H. DICKRANIAN, Beverly Hills businessman, before a meeting of the Beverly Hills Rotary Club.)

Thirty years have passed since I first set foot on American soil. I was a young Armenian boy seeking a new life in this country, a happier one than I had known in the old country.

Armenia has given millions of Christian martyrs. We have been the vanguard of Western civilization in the East — and we have suffered much for it. The circumstances that brought me to America were a little different from those of most immigrants. I wasn't allowed to live as an Armenian and as a Christian. My family miraculously survived a death march to the interior of Turkey, war, massacre and revolution, etc. As a child of seven or eight I had seen women and children killed right before my eyes. Even comparatively minor incidents made a lasting impression on me. One day, for instance, in the city of Konia, a Turkish gendarme slapped my father for refusing to give him a rug he took a fancy to. It was the last valuable thing we had left, and we hoped to sell it to buy food. My father looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, 'My son, don't ever forget this.' And to this day I have not been able to forget it.

We finally managed to come to America and left the horrors of the Old World behind us. It was a dream come true and the reality was more novel and wonderful than the dream. For us, it was like a trip

to another planet, where we found ourselves among a new race of men, free and equal, kindly and humane, where life and property were safe. I was so impressed by what I saw in America, the contrast between this New World and the Old was so striking, and so exciting, that I pledged myself to do everything in my power, if I succeeded in this country, to serve America. I could not speak of it at the time, and it is not easy for me to speak of it now, but that vow, my friends, made 30 years ago, remains the driving force of my life.

America was a challenge. It promised much, but you had to rise to the occasion, you had to prove your worth. Like other immigrants I had to adjust myself to a thousand new situations, to learn a new language, and to keep afloat, somehow.

First of all, I wanted to get a good American education. My goal was to succeed in some profession, like engineering, for instance, in order to serve the humanity and this country better. I wanted to master the American machine and learn some of the secrets of American science. And at the same time, from the beginning, I was engaged in another, in a more comprehensive study: What made America great, why should Americans be such a fortunate people in a world full of sorrow and misery?

But we were very poor. Some of you fellows who are graduates of Stanford,

UCLA, USC, Illinois, and other places of learning — how lucky you are. It wasn't possible for me to complete my schooling. We came to California, which with its orange groves and olive trees and bright sunshine reminded us of the old country. I managed, for a while to go to Sacramento Junior College, and I worked at night with my father, my mother and my elder sister, in the cannery of Libby, McNeill and Libby. We washed the cannery after the other workers went home. My mother was frail, because of years of starvation and none of us were very strong. I did not like to see my mother working so hard and I quit school, with the intention of going back as soon as we saved some money. I am still going back.

I next went to an automotive school in Los Angeles to learn a trade, and I did learn something about electric power motors and armature winding, etc. And for a few months I even tried my hand at plumbing, too, without success. I finally went into the grocery business.

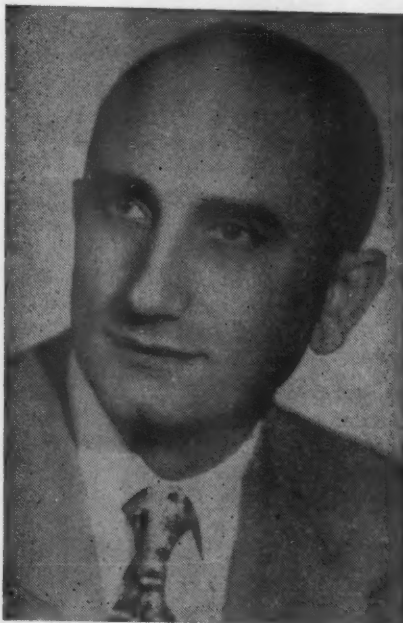
You might say I was a natural grocer. When you are hungry, as I was before I came to America and for some time even here, a rich display of foods becomes a fascinating sight. The sanitary cleanliness of American grocery stores, with the milk, meats and other dairy products kept under refrigeration, made a great impression on me. Especially the large California food markets were vast emporia brimming with the bounties of this land, and I used to

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Before coming to America with his family a few years after the end of the first world war Archie Dickranian had received a good Armenian education in the Hindian School of Constantinople. He was christened Arshag, which he spelled Archag, as in French, and Archag became inevitably Archie. He has always been extremely patriotic, like his father Mihrtad Dickranian, and might have become a teacher or a writer if he hadn't had the practical wisdom of going into the grocery business. Today he owns Premier Market in the heart of Beverly Hills, and half of the movie stars buy their groceries from him.

Both as an American and as an Armenian Mr. Dickranian is civic-minded. He is one of the founders of the Armenian Educational Foundation, which in three years has sent over \$100,000 to Armenian schools in Europe and the Middle East. His father has established the popular Teacher's Day in Lebanon, now an annual event, and in 1953 spent several months in Beirut personally distributing the used clothing he collected in America; he is also a pillar of support for the Armenian National Sanatorium in Lebanon and heads the California chapter of the organization financially backing this much-needed hospital. Father and son have helped scores of Armenian students get a higher education. Both are modest and self-effacing.

Mr. Dickranian has repeated this speech before the Kiwanis Club of Beverly Hills, and the Rotary Clubs of Whittier, San Gabriel, Lynwood, West Hollywood, Westwood, and invitations continue to pour in.



ARCHIE H. DICKRANIAN

stand before them for hours and admire them.

I started in the grocery business with a capital of \$25.

At the end of the first year my total profit was \$400. I took my mother to Sacramento to visit some friends and spent all my savings on that vacation, but it was worth it. I thought I was on my way to financial independence. Returning to Los Angeles, I worked harder than ever before. Often I got up at 3:00 in the morning and worked until 11:00 or 12:00 the next night. But I was happy. I had a job. And, unlike the old country no one took away by force what I earned. I was allowed to enjoy freely the fruits of my labor. Even in the difficult years of the depression, this was still the land of opportunity for me, and in fact, I opened my grocery store here in Beverly Hills during the height of the depression.

Meanwhile I was being Americanized, and my American education continued in the school of hard knocks. There is no better Americanizing than American business. I grew up to manhood here in California, and business made an American and a man out of me.

My first visit to a Rotary Club meeting was a delightful new experience for me. It was American democracy in action. I liked the informal camaraderie prevailing among the members, the habit of calling one another by their first names or nicknames, the noisy good humor, the boyish enthusiasm of judges, bankers, leading local merchants, representative business and professional men. And I was impressed too, by the high seriousness of purpose, the consecration to a good cause, the individual and collective dedication to community, to national and international betterment; our Rotary ideal.

I shall always be grateful to John Deaton for submitting my application, and I am grateful to all of you for accepting me as

a member of this great organization. My membership in the Rotary Club has greatly contributed to my Americanization and to whatever success I have had in business. The idea of service above self — that appealed to me. Some of my customers have been buying their groceries from me for the past 25 years. I enjoy selling food — with a smile. I like to greet my customers when they come in. The names of some of them are known all over the world, but famous or not they all get the same service, and many of them are more than my customers; they are my friends.

About a year and a half ago I made a trip to Europe and the Middle East, and I took my wife and my young daughter with me so that they would see with their own eyes how the other half of the world lives and would not take their American privileges for granted. It was my first vacation in a long time, and I don't know how Americanized I had become until I went back. America became doubly precious to me. Yet the civilization of the Old World will always have their attractions, and I believe we Americans would do well to honor them and to understand them, especially when we visit abroad.

During this trip I visited many Armenian communities. As one of the founders of the Armenian Educational Foundation, which fosters American ideals abroad, I studied the needs of Armenian schools on the spot, notably those in Lebanon, Syria, Cyprus Island and Greece. I realized, as never before, how important is America's role in the modern world. I became acutely aware of our national responsibilities to other countries.

I came back to Beverly Hills like a man who returns to paradise, sobered by my trip. This tour of several foreign countries completed, you might say, the process of my Americanization.

Gentlemen, when you travel abroad and see what I have seen and find your-

self in this American paradise — you don't complain about high taxes. We've got to pay them, and gladly, for the preservation of our freedoms. And when you criticize our government, be unbaised and fair. Don't let prejudice and sentiments mislead you. Whatever you do or say always bear in mind the welfare of America. Our government is not perfect, I suppose, and it may make mistakes — but with all its shortcomings, I bless my lucky stars I am living under this kind of government.

America's industrial power and know-how are very impressive to the nations of the Old World. But I am afraid we exaggerate their importance and overlook the greater potentials of our spiritual heritage, the ideals find their expression in our democratic form of government, they are reflected in the dignity and pride of the average American, our so-called common man.

The value of the dollar doesn't lie so much in its purchasing power, desirable as that is, but in the legend on it: E Pluribus Unum . . . Liberty . . . In God We Trust.

Ours is the only constitution in the world that guarantees its citizens the pursuit of happiness, and happiness is impossible without the higher satisfaction. The established system of human freedoms we call Americanism, which has made it possible for an ex-immigrant boy like myself to

be a member of this club and to have the honor of speaking to you now — this system, gentlemen, deserves to be better known elsewhere. Not so much in terms of so many automobiles or bath tubs — and God knows other countries need them, but in terms of the American home and school, of American history and national character, how our average citizen lives, and what makes him tick as a human being.

I am thankful for the joy and privilege of living among you as an American citizen, and for the little part I am able to play in our community. It is not for me to say how much I have succeeded in carrying out my original pledge, but knowing that I owe everything I have to my adopted country, I'd gladly give it all for its preservation and welfare. You have heard it before, but I'll say it again: "Let's keep and cherish what we have, all these human rights, freedom of thought and speech, freedom from persecution and aggression and freedom from hunger and fear."

Thank you, friends, and thank you, America, for giving me a chance in this land of the second chance. I came with nothing but faith and hope. And if I can give a little faith and hope to others, in this country and abroad, then I can proudly say I am an American.

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THE NUMBER OF ARMENIANS IN THE U.S.S.R.

HAIK SARKISIAN

For more than 25 years there has been no census taken in the USSR, and therefore, the exact number of the Armenians in the Republic of Armenia and the environs remains a deep secret. By performing arithmetical operations, we can, however, advance an approximate guess.

While the determination of the population of Armenia proper is comparatively easy, the same cannot be said of those large or small Armenian colonies scattered throughout the Transcaucasus and remote parts of Russia. The sporadic news items appearing in Soviet newspapers practically say nothing on the subject. Years ago, on the occasion of the Armenian art festival in Moscow, the local papers gave the number of attendants as 50,000. The papers spoke of Armenian schools in Crimea, and that there were 20,000 Armenians on the Black Sea coast, immigrants from Trebizond. The City of New Nakhichevan, the seat of a prelate and the birthplace of many noted Armenian patriots has been wiped off the Soviet map when it was annexed to Rostov on the Don River. What happened to the population of this city and that of the neighboring Armenian villages no one knows. The same is true of the Armenians of Kizlar, Mozdok, Armavir and other Armenian populated spots in North Caucasus. Likewise, we do not know the fate of Armenian communities in Tiflis, Gandzak, Akhalkalak, Baku, Noukhi and even Gori and Telav. Do these Armenian communities in Soviet Georgia and Azerbaijan maintain

schools and a cultural life as formerly, do they have any connection with Soviet Armenia, or are they lost in the Soviet melting pot? There is no answer to these questions.

During the last world war Armenia suffered heavy losses in men, perhaps the heaviest loss of all the Transcaucasian peoples. Of the entire Armenian youth who were drafted in 1941-45, eighty percent never returned. We have certain information that in one family, of the twelve youth who were sent to the battlefield, only two survived and those were said to be far away. However, the war was followed by the repatriation of about 100,000 Armenians from abroad. These two contrasting developments possibly complemented each other. But still we have to reckon with the voluntary and often forcible deportations into Russia, Siberia and Turkestan which took a heavy toll of the native population.

For the determination of the approximate number of Armenians in the motherland we have only one reliable criterion and that is the periodic Soviet elections. These elections record the results and frequently the government-appointed candidates win almost unanimously, 99.99 percent of the voters, to be precise. And since all citizens above the age of 18 are entitled to suffrage by the Soviet constitution, by comparing the records from the elections of December 12, 1937 to the present, we can form a

pretty fair idea of the population of Armenia.

The next question is the determination of the exact proportion of a given population as regards those of voting age and those below that category which varies in different nations according to racial productivity. In this respect the Armenian ratio of high birth rate is comparatively high. If we collate the votes of 1937 Soviet elections and the census which took place 13 months later we can draw an approximate common denominator, giving us the percentage of those above and below the voting age which is 18.

In the general elections of December, 1937, there were 620,220 electors in Soviet Armenia. The 1939 Soviet census places the population of Soviet Armenia at 1,281,600. Deducting 40,000 from this number as the probable increase in population during the intervening thirteen months, it is safe to say that the population of Armenia in December, 1937, was approximately 1,240,000, fifty percent of which number, the voters, were above the age of 18. The conclusion is that we can arrive at the exact number of the population of Soviet Armenia at any given moment by doubling the number of the voters in an election.

In the elections of March 12, 1950, the polls of Armenia registered 769,782 voters; in the elections of March 14, 1954, the number was 862,329. Doubling the latter number places the present population of Soviet Armenia at 1,724,658. This number of course includes a certain percentage of non-Armenians. However, the addition of

100,000 Armenian repatriates of 1948-49 raises the percentage of the Armenian population from 84.7 to 88 or 89. This means, today there are more than one and a half million Armenians within the borders of Soviet Armenia.

A similar analysis applied to Georgia and Azerbaijan would place the populations of these countries at 4,154,000 and 3,575,000 respectively.

According to the tables of the first Soviet census the Georgians in Georgia constituted 68 percent of the population; in Azerbaijan, 64.2 percent. These two countries have a considerable Armenian population, formerly 12.6 percent in Georgia, and 13 percent in Azerbaijan. And while the Armenians are known for their comparatively higher birth rate, a very conservative allowance of 11 percent will give these countries an Armenian population of 850,000. Of this mass of population 80 percent is settled in the immediate neighborhood of the Armenian Republic — Karabagh (159,768), the City of Gandzak and the mountainous villages, the region of Shulaver, the Province of Akhalkalak (purely Armenian), and the autonomous Republic of Nakhitchevan the precise figures of which we lack, but safe to say, an Armenian population of at least 550 to 600 thousand.

Should the Soviet government consolidate this Armenian irredenta as it did in the case of Ukraina when it separated the Crimea from the Russian Republic and annexed it to the latter country, Soviet Armenia would have an Armenian population of more than two millions.



SUGIR -- SUGUR

THE ORIGINAL SUBARIANS

VARTOUHIE CALANTAR NALBANDIAN

INTRODUCTION

In cuneiform literature the name Subar is given to a people and land in the mountain-zone east and north of Babylonia and Assyria. The Subarians are considered by scholars to be identical with the Hurrians, one of the most powerful and influential peoples in the history of the Ancient Near East, whose home was Armenia.¹ Hurrian and Urartian are closely related, Hurrian being the older dialect. Gelb has recently challenged this identification of Subarian with Hurrian,² but the two terms are still held to be virtually synonymous.³

The ethnogeographical name Subar has three main variations: *š/subar*, *subir* and *š/subur*. However there is a fourth variation, *sugir*, listed in Syllabaries as an equivalent of Subartu.⁴ *Sugir* corresponds more fully to the form *subir* (then to the form *subar*) and apparently is an older form of the ethnic, belonging as it does to the older (EME.KU) dialect of Sumerian.⁵

The Subarians and the names *S/subar*, *Subir* and *S/subur* have been thoroughly investigated, notably by Ungnad and Gelb. The following is a brief but entirely original inquiry into the cognate *Sugir* and others of the neglected and, as it will transpire,

much more important *G-category*.

THE NAME SUGAR/SUGIR/SUGUR

1. There is an older form of the name Subar, that is *Sugir*. It occurs as an equivalent of *Subirki* and *Subartu* in syllabaries listing Sumero-Akhadian equations. Thus IIR50:48 *su-birki Su-ba(r-tum)*, 49 *su-gir ki Su-bar-tu (m)*. The same equation is found in VR16, 17: *su(gir) Su-bar-tum*.⁶

2. Actually there was a land *Sugir*. It is mentioned in a text from Elam, Mem. LVIII 6,10 pl. 20: *šSU.GIR (hal) du pays SU.GIR*.⁷

3. Subar comes in three main dialectal variations, *š/subar*, *Subir* and *š/subur*, it would be natural therefore to expect and look for the same vowel variations in the older *G-category* represented by *sugir*.

4. The form *š/sugar*, which would correspond to *š/subar* in the B-category, is not attested (or recognized so far).

5. The form *š/sugur*, corresponding to *š/subur*, occurs in a text from Susa in which a canal near Elam is called (atap) *Šugurri* (Mém. XXIV 369:2), while it is called (atap) *Subari* in parallel texts of the same provenience.⁸

6. There actually was a canal of the

1. Cf. A. Goetze, *Hethiter, Churriter und Assyrier*. Oslo, 1936, pp. 303-6.

2. I. J. Gelb, *Hurrians and Subarians*. Oriental Institute, Chicago. Studies in Ancient Oriental Civilizations, No. 22 1944.

3. Cf. E. A. Speiser, *Hurrians and Subarians*, review article in *Journal American Oriental Society*, 68, p. 1 f.

4. Cf. Arthur Ungnad, *Subartu*. Berlin und Leipzig, 1936, 27 and 28.

5. Cf. E. A. Speiser, *Mesopotamian Origins*. Philadelphia, 1930, p. 52.

6. Cf. Ungnad, *ibid.*; Gelb, *ibid.*, p. 92.

7. Scheil in France, *Délégation en Perse*, *Mémoires* (Paris) Vol. III, p. 7.

8. Gelb, *loc. cit.*, p. 44, n. 57. Note spelling *šugurri* (with two *r*'s). Cf., however, the adjectival form *šu-bur-ri-tu* beside *šu-bu-ri-tu* (*ibid.*, p. 29, n. 43), as well as the Sumerian writing *šubur-ra* in dNin-šubur-ra (=e-le-a-tum, *ibid.*, p. 93). Cf. further the Late Babylonian spelling *šubar-ra* — (*ibid.*, p. 29). Gelb thinks *šugur-ri* is mis-copied.

Sugurians. It was located in the neighborhood of Elam and is mentioned as A. SUHUR "the canal Suḥur" by Eannatum of Lagash in the same inscription in which the Sumerian conqueror reports his victorious campaign in Elam, Subartu and Urua. In fact Urua, in all probability the leader of the Elamite-Subarian coalition against Lagash, was built on it.⁹ *Suḥur* is no doubt a "softened" form of *Sugur*.

7. As to exact location, the land *Sugir/Sugur* (=Subir ki, Subartu) must be placed in the Zagros mountains, immediately north of Elam. The close proximity, and at times identity, of Elam and Subartu are recognized by scholars and discussed at length by Gelb in HaS (abr. of Hurrians and Subarians), pp. 85-88 (cf. also our notes 9 and 10). This localization must be made on other than geographical grounds, too, for the name *Zagros* is but a thinly disguised form of *Sagir*, found in the above mentioned syllabaries immediately following *Sugir* as an equivalent of both *Subartu* and *Elam*.¹⁰ As Gelb expresses it (ibid., p. 40): "There evidently lay the center of the region occupied by the Subarians". This is particularly true of the earliest period. There can be little doubt, however, that Subartu included territory north of the Tigris toward Armenia, and the later Urartu-Armenia itself.

8. The name *Sugur/Suḥur* is undoubtedly Hurrian. It is based on *šukr*, a non-distinctive variation for *šugr*, listed as a well-attested Hurrian root in Purves' List, in Nuzi Personal Names.¹¹ The following *šukr* H. Comparable are Nippur p.n's

are comments by Purves on page 259 of NPN:

with elements based on this root: see Clay, PNCP p. 75 & 133 for the following: *En-zu-ug/uk-ri*, equal to Nuzi *En-šukru*; *Su-gur-te-šub*, equal to Nuzi *Sukri-tešup*. Latter in turn is comparable to *Su-ug/uk-rum-te-šub*, name of a king of Eluḫut, mentioned in Mari archives; see C. F. Jean in RES, 1937 p. 97, G. Dossin in Ex Oriente Lux V (1937-38) 361 and in Syria XIX (1938) 116, and Albright in BASOR No. 67 (1937) p. 29. Comparable to Nuzi *Sukri* is perhaps *Su-gu-ur* from Gasur, HSS X, 131:16; cf. *Su-gu-ra* from Nippur in Clay, PNCP p. 127.

To this the present investigator would like to add: cf. also *Suguru(ta)* in the Fara divine names d *Sug-uru-ta-har-X*, nab *Sug-uruta-gu-azag* and d *Sug-uru-ta-še-gal* (see Deimel, Die Inschriften von Fara, II p. 18) which seem to be Sumerian names compounded with the name of the eponymous god of the Subarians (Sugurians really). This should not surprise in view of the fact that the name *Šubur* is the most popular name at Fara.

As to the form *š/suḥur*, apparently developed from original *šugur*, it also occurs at Nuzi in the names *Šuhursi* (var. *Suhur-zi*) and *Šuhurnaia*. Also as a second element in the name *Ewri-šuhur-ni* (NPN p. 254). Cf. also *Su-ḫu-ur-ni* from Nippur (ibid., under *šehur*). Even the irregular writing with double *r* observed in *Sugurri* (in atap *Su-gur-ri*) is represented at Nuzi in the name *Šuhurra* (not collated, but cf. *Šuburra*, in the corresponding B-series, in our note 8).

Among the Hurrian personal names at Nuzi we find also *Šukria* (from the Hurrian root *šukr*) which evidently represents an older and more authentic form of *Supria* (*Subria*), a well-known ethnogeographic name with definite Subaro-Hurrian connections (cf. Gelb, HaS, pp. 29 & 47). The land *Subria* was a neighbor of Urartu, and

9. Cf. G. A. Barton, The Royal Inscriptions of Sumer and Akkad. New Haven, Conn., 1929. p. 34 (Eannatum), Stone Inscr. A. Col. VI, 11 17-19: URU + Aki A. SUHUR. TA "Urua on the canal Suḥur".

10. Cf. II R 50:50 *sa-girki Su-bar-su(m)*. V R L —: 14 *su-gir Elam-tum* 15 *sa-gir Elam-tum* (Gelb, loc. cit., p. 92).

11. Nuzi Personal Names; Ignace F. Gelb, Pierre M. Purves, and Allan A. Macrae-1943. The University of Chicago, Oriental Institute Publications.

belonged to the general Armenian area called Nairi by the Assyrians. Gelb thinks that its name "clearly developed from the longer form Šubar." (ibid., p. 47). *Sugria* would stand in the same relation to *Šubria* as *Sugir* to *Subir* and *Sugur* to *Subur*.

9. Our recognition of *Sugur*/*Sukur* as older and more authentic form of the ethnic *Šubur*, and our present inquiry based on that recognition has enabled us *a*. To determine the exact location of Subartu in the earliest period and *b*. To trace the origin of the name *š/subar/subir/subur* to *šugr/šukr* and a tribe of the Hurrians whose patronymic is well-represented in Nuzi personal names and elsewhere. The fact that names compounded with other elements, notably *Tešup*, *Tehip* and *Tilla* far outnumber those compounded with *Sukru* or *Šukri* suggests, however, that in the Nuzi period the Sugurians, once the ruling element among the Subaro-Hurrians, were on the wane, while other tribes, some of them perhaps belonging to an alien stock, had become dominant.

10. It was observed that *Sugur*- entered in the composition of some Fara names. This would not in itself be significant, if it were not for the further fact that many, many more Fara names, both divine and personal, are compounded with *Šukurru* or *Šukurri* (=Subari). See Deimel, *Die Inschriften*, vols. II & III. It is even more significant that the ideographical name of Fara-Shurippak and of its patron deity is *Šukurri*. These overlooked facts, together with the overwhelming number of names compounded with *Subur* (already noted by Gelb) enable us to determine more closely the identity of the pre-Sumerian population of Sumer as Subarian (Speiser has suggested it was Elamite). Shurippak, at any rate, must be regarded as originally a Subarian settlement. We should note in this connection the name of the first and only prediluvian king of *Šukurri ki* (Shurippak), *Uburdudu*. The first element in this name,

Ubur (<*Hubur*), is listed in the syllabaries as a synonym for Subartu (cf. Gelb, HaS, p. 92 IIR50:51 *hu-bu-ur ki Su-bar-tum*). *Uburdu* occurs as a land name in an Urartian text (Sayce XXXVIII 11.40 & 41) immediately preceding *Hahi* (1.43). It refers evidently to the source region of the well-known Mesopotamian river *Habur*, the region called Obordene by Ptolemy (geogr. V xiii 13) and mentioned by him along with Arsia (*Uršu?*), Akilisene and Sophene in Southwest Armenia. The reiteration of the ending in *Uburdudu* is also characteristic (cf. Gelb, HaS p. 101 *Garadadu*, p. 102 *Duhšusu*, p. 104 *Hahiš*). Cf. also *Annubani-ni*, name of a Lullu conqueror)¹² The association of *Uburdudu* with *Šukurri ki* is mutually significant.

Another Sumerian city-state, Lagash-Girsu, also seems to have been founded by G-Branch Subarians, for the name *Girsu* is obviously a transposed form of an earlier *Sugir*. It is a known fact that the Temple-city Girsu and the patron-god of Lagash are called *Sugir* and *Nin-Sugir*, "the Lord Sugir", respectively in the earlier (Ur-Nanše) texts.¹³ Significantly, too, a sacred fish called *Sugur/Suhur*¹⁴ is preserved in the holy pools and canals of the Temple-city. These water-courses were replenished from time to time with new and good *Suhur*-fish by the kings of Lagash as an act of piety. All this suggests close ethnic and cultural ties with the (holy?) canal *Suhur* (of the *Sugurri*) on which URU+*Aki* was built. That the Subaro-Hurrians worshipped fish, and identified themselves with it, is evidenced by the fish-tail endings of the hand-

12. Cf. G. Husing. *Annubanini-Annubani-ni*. OLZ (10), 1907, p. 234 f.

13. Cf. Barton, p. 2 (Mesilim) 11.5-6; p. 18 (Ur-Nina) Threshold Stone 1.1; p. 20 Family Group III, Col. II, 1.5; Doorsocket 1.5; Triangl. P.L.I, 1.5 etc. NIN.SU.GIR. *Temple Girsu*: p. 18 (Ur-Nina) Threshold Stone, 1.6; p. 22 (time of Ur-Nina), Frgm. dior. pl., Col. V, 1.1 SU-GIR.

14. *Subur* is also written *sugur*. Cf. Eannatum, Stele, XIX 1.18 *suhur*; Gudea, Cyl. B XII 1.1 *sugur*.

some twin gods in the Nuzi seal.

Gelb notes (*ibid.*, p. 33) that persons belonging to the family and court of the king (of Lagash) are designated, as Subarians in tablets dated to the time of Lugal-anda and Urukagina. Unlike the Shurippak dynasty, the dynasty of Lagash is not even mentioned in the Sumerian King Lists. It should not be surprising if it proved to be a wholly Subarian dynasty.

These observations but scratch the surface of the intimate connection between Sumerians and the *Sugir/Sugur* people (the original Subarians) which should be the subject of a thorough independent inquiry. The present investigator thinks that the very name *Šumir* is a corrupted form of *Sugir/Subir* (for the soundshifts *g/b* and *g/m* cf. Speiser, MO p. 50 f. The interchange *b/m* is attested in Hurrian). This does not clash with Speiser's own theory that *Kengir*, native-Sumerian name of Sum-er, and *Šumir* go back to a common source (*ibid.*, p. 55), but complements it. For there is no doubt in the present student's mind that *šugr/šukr*, or rather

šgr/škr, differently vocalized, has a more original and authentic form, i. e. **kgr*,¹⁵ sometimes nasalized as **kngr*. The Zagros placename *Ganḫar* (cf. Gelb, HaS p. 57 n. 72) may be such a nasalized form, it comes closest to the original. One of the ancient names of Babylonia, *Sanḫar* (cf. also NPN *Sanḫari* beside *Šahari* and *Sakaraia*) may be a corruption of *Ganḫar*.

11. The following is also a guess. I

15. Corrupted to **kbr* Jacobsen has already arrived at the conclusion that *subar* is a corruption from an original *Kubar(a)*. Cf. Th. Jacobsen, The Sumerian King List, p. 88. Cf. also the Nuzi personal names *Ku-bar-ra-ap* — and *Ku-pa-ar-ša* (NPN p. 91) and *Hu-pa-ar-ša* (*ibid.*, p. 63), as well as the name *Gubarris* gen. Gubarri of the (probably Subarian) father-in-law of Cambyses, king of Persia, in a legal document concerning Subarians (Ungnad, Subartu, 44). This investigator would not be surprised if it were discover-

think that **kgr/sgr* itself may not be the ultimate root. The final *-r* may be a formative. This possibility is suggested by the existence of such Hurrian roots as *šak*, *šah*, *šuk*, and *šuh*. *Šuk* occurs in combination with *Tešup* in *Šuk-te-šup* (NPN p. 259), while *šuh* (surely a "softened" form of *šug/šuk*) occurs combined with *Šapartu* (written *Ša-ba-ar-du*), obviously a still unrecognized variation for Subartu.

We may perhaps identify *šug* with the name of the deity *Šugu* mentioned in a text from Susa (cf. Barton, p. 154 Puzur Shushinak, Cone 1.10). *Šugu* was probably the patron deity of Elam's close neighbor and ally, Subartu (*Šugur*). If so, the deity for whom Shushinak erected a temple must be the same as the "God Sugir of the land Sugir" found in another text from Susa. (cf. our note 7).

The basic form *šug* also appears in the landname *Sugi* (mat *Sugi*) mentioned in Assyrian inscriptions as one of the lands of the great Highland-Zone area called *Kurḫi/Kirḫi*. (cf. Max. Streck, Das Gebiet der heutigen Landschaften Armenien, Kurdistan und Westpersien, pp. 39, 101 & 103). The name *Kurḫi* is variously read. However, whether read *Kurḫi*, *Kurti*, *Habḫi* or *Babḫi*, there can be no doubt that it refers to modern Kurdistan.

Curiously, the land *Kurḫi* is closely connected with Elam, and equated with Subartu. Thus a historical inscription from Sippar speaks of a "king of Anšan and Kurḫum" (Jensen, RA VIII 228), while a "king and throne of Anšan and Subartu" are spoken of in another (astrological) text (cf. Gelb, *ibid.*, p. 86). Moreover Arad-Nanna, *enši*

ed some day that Subarians were ethnically connected with the Cimmerians with whom they are coupled in this text, Subarians representing an older, pre-historic wave of Cimmerians. The ethnic *Cimbri* (/Kimbir) could well be a nasalized form of **Kibir*, var. of Jacobsen's *Kubar*. If so, the key to the problem of Indo-European origins is finally found. The ethnic *Sugar* (=Subar) and its older and more authentic from KUGAR are the Key.

of Lagash, calls himself "governor of the Subarians (Suki precisely) and the land of Kardak" in still another text (cf. Gelb, p. 38). All this suggests that *Sugir/Sukir* has a simpler form, *Sugi/Suki*. It is significant, that *Kingir*, too, occurs with and without the final *r*.

The basic Hurrian form *šah* (cf. *Sagir* var. of *Sugir*) is even more interesting, because it explains why Subartu is ideographically written ŠAH. The complete form should be *Šahardu*.

12. This is another guess, but I am strongly inclined to believe that the Hurrian names *Tešup* and *Tehup* are compounded forms, and that they should be analyzed as *Te-Šup* and *Te-Hup*, *te* being an attested independent element. A third name belonging to this group, *Tehip*, must be a phonetic variation for *Tehup*. If this "intuition" is correct we can assume that *šub*, second element in *Tešub* is identical with *šub* root of *Šubur* and that *hub*, second element in *Tehub* is the same as *hub* root of *Hubur*. The Dilbat personal name *dTe-eš-(šu)-ub-a-RI* (NPN p. 265) which contains both the names *Tešub* and *Šubari* best illustrates our theory. If it can be proven, we can reverse our previous judgement and declare that the Subarians were the really dominant element among the Hurrians at Nuzi. They would be revealed, too, as the real and original *Tešub*-people.

The equation *Hubur-Šubur* suggests that the twin gods in the Nuzi seal may represent *Tešub* and *Tehub*.

What does *šug* mean? It may have changed its meaning with time and evolution but, if the Sumerian *sugur/suhur* has anything to do with the ethnic *Šugur* as we have tried to establish, then its most primitive meaning must have been "fish", symbolizing the Waterdeity. That is why, as already observed, *Tešub* and *Tehub* are pictured in the Nuzi seal as half fish and half men. *Hubur*, name of the Sumerian underworld river (cf. Gelb, *ibid.*, p. 97) also indicates

a Water-God inherited by the Sumerians from the pre-Sumerian inhabitants of the land, and demoted to the nether region. This is a far cry from *Tešub*, god of Heaven, but it must be remembered that most divinities have different, even contradictory, attributes acquired during their long career. Sumerian *šubur* and *šahar* indicate that the eponymous national god of the Subarians was also an Earth-God, which in turn may indicate an evolution from fisherman to cultivator. With time the primitive water-and earth divinity of the Subarians seems to have been promoted to Heaven.

Whether or not our guess that *Tešub* and *Tehub* are compound names composed with the independent element *Te* and the roots **šub* (of *Šubur*) and **hub* (of *Hubur*) prove correct, we feel that we have made a good case for the following conclusions:

The ethnic *Subar/Subir/Subur* is a corruption from an older **Šugar/Sugir/Sugur* which probably indicates an original **kugr*, differently vocalized.

**sugr* and **kugr* are not primary forms. They are probably based on **sug* and **kug*.

Although all these forms are apparently Hurrian, there is a mysterious connection between Subarian and Sumerian which should be thoroughly explored.

I am an aging, ailing woman, not too well equipped for this task. It is unlikely that I will ever be able to write and publish that scholarly book on Mesopotamian origins (including Armenian origins) I was planning for so long. Like Ariadne of old I hand the clew, the ethnic root **sgr<kgr*, differently vocalized, to the modern Theseus — may he be a young American of Armenian extraction — and wish him luck. I feel that I have discovered and communicated enough to convince the most sceptical scholar that the Subarians and their ethnic name, as well as their relation to the Hurrians, are far from being an "inflated topic." (Copyright held by Author)

THE ARMENIAN EMANCIPATORY STRUGGLE

PART IV

VARDGES AHARONIAN

For a great many great and small nations the 19th century was the age of national and political revival. Of the great nations, Italy was the first to win her liberation from the Austrian yoke through the unification of separate Italian principalities which created the free and united Italy of 1866. The petty German kingdoms, the principalities and the dukedoms, under the leadership of the Iron Chancellor, after the successful wars against Denmark, Austria and France, were welded in 1871 into the unified German Empire.

The small nations which had been ground under the heel of the mighty, rose up in arms and won their liberation. The small Christian nations of the Balkans under Turkish tyranny, after a long and determined struggle, once again rewon their freedom and independence which they had lost long since. In these emancipatory struggles the small nations of the Balkans were supported by Russia. Russian interest in the fate of the Balkanian peoples stemmed primarily from the fact that the Balkans were the only land route to Constantinople, an objective of Russian expansion. The second motive which really should be called a pretext, was the fact that two of the Balkan nations, the Bulgarians and the Serbs, were tied to Russia through a common Slavic origin, while the Greeks, although not ethnically Slavic, were tied to Russia through the bond of the Orthodox Church. As to Rumania, it being a

bordering country, her fate naturally was bound to interest Russia. By helping the Balkan nations to shed off the Turkish yoke, Russia was pursuing her fundamental aim, namely the weakening of Turkey with whom she had scores to settle both in the Balkans and in Asia Minor — Armenia.

The first country to take up arms against Turkish despotism was Serbia in 1804, an uprising which resulted in autonomy in 1807, and complete independence in 1878 through the famous Treaty of Berlin. The second to rise against Turkish tyranny was Greece, the old Hellas, the cradle of European civilization which, through the Treaty of Adrianople in 1830, won her independence.

After the Crimean War, by the provisions of the Treaty of Paris signed in 1856, the two regions of Rumania, — Moldavia and Wallachia — were welded into a semi-independent state under the Suzerainty of the Sultan. Rumania won her complete independence, likewise through the Treaty of Berlin.

Finally Bulgaria for whose liberation Russia made war with Turkey in 1877, likewise through the Treaty of Berlin, won a semi-independent status, under Turkish suzerainty. In 1908 Bulgaria shed off the Turkish yoke once and for all and became an independent country.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it nevertheless is an historic fact that Russia, the liberator of small peoples from the Turkish

rule, on the other hand, was ruthless in the suppression of small peoples under her rule, and the latter, in turn, rose up against Russia.

In the 19th century, the first people to rise against Russian rule was little Georgia which, for a whole century, had sought the protection of Russia. In 1812, taking advantage of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, Georgia raised the banner of rebellion, however, no matter how deeply Russia was involved with the Napoleonic war, it was not difficult to crush the rebellion of a small people like the Georgians. And, as a matter of fact, it actually happened. Russia made short shrift of the Georgian rebellion.

Russia, which unsheathed its sword for the liberation of the Balkan Slavs, together with Prussia and Austria, partitioned the Slav Poland three times, in 1772, 1793 and 1795. Twice, in 1830 and in 1863, the Russian section of Poland revolted against Russian rule, and both times Russia crushed the rebellion of her Slav brothers in a blood bath.*

The Repercussions of The Balkan Movements

The emancipatory movements of the Balkan peoples had their repercussions in Asiatic Turkey. In 1860 in Damascus there was a massacre of the Maronites (Catholic Christians) at the hands of the Mohammedan Druses and the occasion was used by the France of Napoleon III to assume the role of defender of Christians. At the orders of the Emperor, a French contingent landed on Syrian soil to defend the Christians of Syria and Lebanon. Simultaneous with this military operation, Napoleon presented to Turkey a series of demands, designed

to insure internal autonomy for Lebanon, demands which were supported also by the other European Powers. Turkey was forced to yield and in 1861 the Protocol of Lebanese autonomy was signed. By the terms of this protocol, Lebanon was to be governed by a Christian Governor - General, appointed by the Sultan. The Governor-General was to hold the executive power, watch over law and order and the public peace, he was to levy the taxes, appoint the government functionaries, summon the representatives of the people to the Medjlis (National Assembly), preside over the Medjlis, etc. etc.

In the days of Napoleon the Third, there also was an effort to call the attention of Europe to the pressing Armenian Case. During the Crimean War (1853-1856), Stepan Voskan, the noted western-Armenian journalist, presented to the French Government a memorandum in which he outlined what European diplomacy could do for Armenia. Leo, the Armenian historian who has recorded this episode, says that unfortunately nothing more is known about this interesting plan.

Soon after Voskan's appeal, an attempt was made to connect the Armenian emancipatory case with the cause of the Balkan peoples. In 1859, Michael Nalbandian, noted Armenian journalist and poet, made the acquaintance of two noted Russian revolutionaries, M. Bakounin, the Anarchist, and A. Gertzen the journalist, at the very time when the liberation of the Slav peoples through united effort was being planned. According to this plan, each of the Slav nationalities was to obtain autonomy, the autonomous states, in turn, would form a general federation. To realize this aim, there was to be a simultaneous revolt against Turkey, Austria, and partly against Prussia. Michael Nalbandian prevailed in including Armenia in the list of those autonomous states. To this end, in 1860, he organized in Constantinople a secret body

* It was General Paskevich, the Armenophobe, who, although a Pole by birth, was so devoted to the Tsarist throne that he drowned the Polish uprising of 1830-1831 against Tsarist tyranny in a blood bath. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that a man who did not spare his own people could not have any sympathy for the Armenians, another oppressed people under the same tyranny.

which would organize the Armenian revolt. This body was headed by Haroutune Suvajian, the editor of "Meghoo" (Bee) of Constantinople. The planned revolt was to start from Cilicia, specifically the region of Zeytoun. Zeytoun, Sasoun and Artzakh-Siunik (present day Karabagh and Zangezour) are the three mountainous regions where Armenian authorities lasted longest and whose peoples never bent the knee to the foreign tyrant.

In 1862 an Armenian Vardapet (clergyman immediately below the rank of bishop) came to Constantinople from Zeytoun to obtain funds and arms, accompanied by 30 warriors. Nalbandian, who had returned to Russia, was arrested and thrown into jail just when the Zeytoun rebellion broke out, inflaming the entire Armenian people.

The Western Armenians now took active steps to place the Armenian Question on the international agenda. The Western Armenian intellectuals of Paris, through the co-operation of French Armenophiles, launched a propaganda campaign in behalf of the Armenians whom they classified among the Christian nationalities of Turkey which have been oppressed and which are worthy of liberation.

The rebellion of the natives of Zeytoun had had a profound impression on the public opinion of Europe, where the pro-Armenian propaganda was received with sympathetic spirit. Delegates of rebellious Zeytoun travelled to Europe where they presented their case to the Great Powers. These appeals were favorably received, at least in France. Napoleon the Third, who had been instrumental in the liberation of Lebanese Christians, now took up the case of the Armenians. In a public declaration, the French Government announced that she "has always recognized the independence of Zeytoun and its exemption from taxation."

If these favorable dispositions did not culminate in the semi-independence of Zey-

toun, as had been the case with Lebanon, the reason was the religious factor which was injected into the case. Hassoun, the Patriarch of Catholic Armenians, wanted to utilize the situation for the extension of Catholicism among the Armenians. The natives of Zeytoun were even willing to espouse Catholicism if only they could attain their political aim. However, the Armenian Lousavorchakan (orthodox) clergy of Constantinople, being advised of the plan of apostasy, took up active steps to stop the movement.* Thus, the movement for the liberation of Zeitun came to a sorry end.

An Attempt At Armeno-Polish Collaboration

In the middle of the 19th century an attempt was made to connect the Armenian emancipatory case with the cause of the Slav peoples.

In 1863, Mr. Noradounghian, a noted public leader of Constantinople Armenians, in a letter addressed to a representative of the high ranking clergy, proposed a definite political plan in regard to Armenia, which was supported by the Armenian poet M. Beshigtashlian. Apparently, in this connection, Beshigtashlian had a political interview with the noted Polish expatriate Prince Chartoriyski.* * Although the above-mentioned letter was written in 1863, Mr. Beshigtashlian's interview must have taken place not later than 1861, since by that time Chartoriyski already was dead.

The son of a noted Polish nobleman, Prince A. G. Chartoriyski was a government officer and a revolutionary. He was born in 1770. After obtaining his advanced education in Europe, in 1795 he was invited to St. Petersburg where he met, and later became an intimate friend of Crown Prince

* Leo, *Documents of the Armenian Question*, Tiflis, 1915, pp. 41-44.

**Ananoun, *The Political Growth of Russian Armenians*, Erivan, 1923, p. 205.

Alexander, the future Emperor Alexander I. In 1801, upon his accession to the throne, Alexander appointed Chartoriyski his foreign minister, an office which the latter occupied until 1805. Thereafter, in 1830, Chartoriyski took part in the first Polish rebellion, when Alexander had been succeeded by Nicolas I, one of Russia's most reactionary and despotic emperors. At first, Chartoriyski became the head of the rebels' temporary government, then President of the Polish Sejm (National Assembly), and in the final stages of the rebellion he fought against the Russian army as a common soldier. After the suppression of the rebellion, Chartoriyski moved to Paris where he headed the organization of Polish political expatriates and did his utmost to support the Polish revolutionaries of the homeland in their fight against Russian rule.

Chartoriyski's interview with Beshigtashlian must have taken place in 1860 or 61, when the second Polish rebellion which was to break out in 1863 was in preparation. In his talks with Beshigtashlian, Chartoriyski proposed that the Armenians, too, rise up against Russia, but Beshigtashlian positively rejected the proposal.

In their unequal fight with the Russians, the Polish, apparently, were seeking allies among the nationalities which were subject to Russia. However, even if they had wanted it, the Armenians could not have been a party to such a venture. First, Armenia was thousands of miles away from Poland, something which rendered any idea of co-operation impossible. Secondly, what was even more important, the Armenians under Russian rule still had faith in Russia, and hoped that the latter would play a liberatory role in regard to the Armenians of Turkey.

A people which had such expectations from Russia, small in numbers and unorganized, could never have thought of taking up arms against Russia in the middle of the 19th century.

All the same, this first, although vitiated plan of Armeno-Polish collaboration is highly significant. Only after half a century after Chartoriyski, it became possible to rally the co-operation of the revolutionary elements of the small nationalities under Russia for the common fight of liberation.

(To be continued)



"YOU KNOW ME BETTER, ARA"

KENNETH BARSAMIAN

I was half through cleaning Mr. Davidian's new Pierce-Arrow cabriolet when he called shrilly, "Aral Aral!"

In fear of the worst, I threw the whisk-broom aside and ran into the house and upstairs to his bedroom. He always stayed there after his noon meal, resting and reading.

He laughed at my heavy breathing and put away his Armenian language paper. "Always expecting me to be sicker, Ara?" he asked. "Have no worry. I believe I'm getting better." He took out his snuff box and dosed one nostril and then another. "In fact," he continued. "I'm getting so much better that I am getting young ideas into my head."

He sneezed once, then once again. "Sit down. Sit down, Aral!" he ordered. "What I have to say may disturb you. Now. . . Do you think I should get married?"

"Marry?" I asked, more shocked than if he had ordered me to shoot him.

"You know me like yourself, Ara," Mr. Davidian said. "Anyway, you often say you know what is good for me."

My employer was a good man and deserved a honest answer. He had paid me a hundred-fold for my services as his valet the past six months. Not many young Armenian refugees had come to California and found such a fine man to work for. "I don't think it's wrong to marry," I said. "Didn't Setrak marry? And he's older than you."

"I was going to say that, Ara," he said. "Last night, after I came home from Setrak's, I started wondering about marriage.

Where most people think of a wife between twenty and thirty I have started at fifty-five. When I'm rich, stubborn, and past good looks." He sneezed twice more. "Now, Setrak. His house is a picture of happiness. His wife Stella is one of the young Armenian widow refugees from Tomarza. She had made Harpout Kufta that was delicious. Truly."

"I heard she is a good woman," I said.

"I'm glad to have you say marriage is not wrong for me," Mr. Davidian continued. "I didn't know what people would say. I thought I'd ask you first. Some would think I have nothing to gain or offer in marriage. But, perhaps, I can help some unfortunate lady find just what she is looking for in America."

Next day, while I vacuum cleaned the parlor rugs, Mr. Davidian entered. He sat in a wing back chair and I continued working. Mr. Davidian looked at the imported carpeting at his feet and smiled. He didn't trust anyone else to clean the expensive Orientals.

"Sit down, Ara," he said. "I've something to say."

"Yes sir," I said.

"I've decided to marry! And, Ara, I want you to pick out a wife for me."

I felt like a man who has had a dream job suddenly realize it has ended.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "The procedure to me seems simple."

"Procedure?" my voice squeaked. "I don't know anything about women. Marriages. I haven't got any idea. . ."

"Ara," Mr. Davidian smiled benignly.

"Listen carefully to me. You've purchased and prepared my food, you've bought my snuff, you've driven me! You even shaved me better than I could shave myself. You know me as well as I know myself. What other person would be better qualified to find me a wife?"

"I don't know what to say," I said. "I've never refused to do anything for you before. Because you've been reasonable."

"It isn't as hard as you imagine, Ara. You'll agree with me after I explain things." He smiled as if there was mirth in the situation. "Everything's going to be reasonable. Night after tomorrow, the Armenian refugees who arrived the past two months are going to be feted. Just like the reception they had for you and your friends. There'll be eats, Armenian dancing, welcoming speeches, and music. Now. There might be a wife for me among those refugees. Mix around, look around and see if there is one. If there isn't one, I'm not going to lose sleep."

Mr. Davidian stood up and put his hands on my right shoulder. "Setrak found his wife at a reception. Big George found a wife like that, too. I don't want a jewel, Ara. I don't want devastating looks, worldliness or charm. You know what is best. Simple, good natured, wholesome."

"Why don't you go, Mr. Davidian."

"I would. Truly, I would. But all that music and noise wouldn't go well with me. Besides, I can't eat half that food and nothing is more annoying than to see something on the table that is delicious and you cannot touch. You'll find out someday."

"I hope you know what you're doing," I said. "I'm all scattered inside. Like barley from a torn sack."

"Go to Fresno this afternoon," he said. "And see Zarro about some new clothes. Tell him to put the suit and whatever is necessary on the bill."

"Yes sir."

"And, Ara. Ask him when he's going to

come over for backgammon?"

As I walked out of the room, Mr. Davidian again spoke. "And, Ara! Don't buy the cheapest suit he has. Get a good one. You may have to wear it as my best man."

I didn't know too many people at the reception although there were many young people of my age around. But Mr. Davidian's name was well-known and I wasn't surprised when strangers started pointing fingers at me and soon actually conversing with me. Most of the people talked about vineyards, fig orchards, women and the Lord only knew what. So I didn't mingle. What did a valet have in common with farmers except the good air to breathe and dry earth to walk upon.

The hall was small and the hundred odd people inside made things packed. On the small stage up front there were eleven refugees recently arrived from Turkey and Greece. Six were women, three of them young. All eleven acted like frightened, timid sheep.

Discreetly, I carried out my mission for Mr. Davidian. None of the ladies, from my point of vantage, were particularly good looking. Their newly adorned American costumes made them appear even awkward. I couldn't tell much of their past roles in life; their sufferings had erased any occupational etchings.

But, when the dancing began, their stolid, bewildered faces changed. I marvelled at the changes, like witches turning into fairies. I felt my arm suddenly shaken by a small, slight man. Two or three steps behind him stood a lovely, long-lashed girl. She took one wide-eyed look at me and then kept her eyes to her new buttoned shoes.

"Ara?" the man inquired. "Good. I'm Aaron Rustigian. From Tomarza. Near Kayseri. This is my niece, Anetta. Can we go somewhere to talk?"

Outside Mr. Rustigian came to the point quickly. "I understand why you are here. I don't intend to mince words. Can you tell

me how much Mr. Davidian is worth, what he is like, and what kind of a wife he wants?"

Half angrily I replied, "Mr. Davidian is not interested in being appraised."

Mr. Rustigian's hands swept the air for forgiveness. "I didn't mean to anger you," he said. "I'm a reasonable man. I understand everything. Only, the impoverished condition of my finances forces me to be blunt. And, to part with Anetta."

I thought he would burst into tears when I only promised to tell Mr. Davidian of Anetta. Anetta curtsied, murmured "thank you" and for the barest moment unveiled her lovely brown eyes imploringly to mine. What the look meant I didn't understand, but it touched my heart.

Soon after Anetta and her Uncle disappeared, a lady approached. Instantly I thought she was the most charming and desirable creature I had ever seen. She wore a beautiful velvet black dress and her dark brown hair was cut short and modern, like a girl in one of the hair net ads. She was of medium height and her smile was intimate and warm, like the faint perfume she wore.

"I am Miriam Contozian," she said. "May I speak with you, please?"

Here was a woman with taste and good manners inbred like rings in a tree. "What can I do for you, Miss Contozian?"

"I've heard about Mr. Davidian's decision to marry," she said. "I thought you could perhaps answer some of my questions." She smiled and I looked at her ringless fingers. "What would you like to know about me to retell to Mr. Davidian?" she asked.

"Well," I stammered. "C-Can you tell me a few things about your past life?"

She drew a deep breath and smiled. "Shall we go outside," she asked. "I came with friends. We can talk in their automobile."

Inside the car she said, "I used to be a

actress in Istanbul. You probably have heard of the Contozian theatrical name."

"I don't know much about acting," I admitted. "For all I know you may have been famous. . ."

"Not even a good one," she said. "But it was all I ever knew to do. Father was a actor and we starved. Now that I'm here in America I certainly cannot act in plays I cannot even read. I would rather be the wife of an old man than a starving ex-actress."

"Mr. Davidian is not that old," I said. "I have a picture of him. . ."

"I've already seen his picture," Miss Contozian said. "I'm not as dumb or innocent as I try to make people believe. I've had lots of trouble. But I'm not finished yet." She sighed and looked away from me into the light from the Hall. "Mr. Davidian has a good face," she said, "But for that mustache."

"He's a fine man," I said.

"That mustache," she said. "Do you think he could be persuaded to part with it?"

I couldn't answer. It was like asking Mr. Davidian to part with his snuff, I thought. He had once said, "things other than flesh and bones cling to us, Ara. And they are of great importance."

The next morning I told Mr. Davidian of the two prospects. "Ara," he said. "Take your time. I've waited years and years. Surely I can wait a few more days. Last night Otto Sussman called. I have to leave for San Francisco right away. Something about the quality of raisins we shipped last week not being extra fancy."

"I better hurry and get things packed. . ."

"Mabel helped last night. My only request is that you take care of my marriage plans. I'm only going to stay overnight so it won't be necessary for you to go."

That afternoon, a few minutes after answering a telephone call from some lady asking for Mr. Davidian's whereabouts, I noticed a man peeking into the house. I

approached the door and flung it open quickly. It was Rustigian.

"Oh," he said, clutching his throat. "I was wondering if perhaps I could see Mr. Davidian."

"Mr. Davidian left for San Francisco early this morning," I said. "He won't be back for awhile. Is there a message?"

Mr. Rustigian looked hurt and for a long moment looked me over; his eyes trying hard to find fault in my assertion. His bloodless lips quivered. "You don't have to like me, Ara," he said. "You have no reason to! Maybe. But you also have no reason to dislike me. Unless it's because I'm a broken, poor man. If I've offended you, I beg your forgiveness."

"Come in," I said.

"Thank you," he said, half unbelieving. He was crossing the threshold when he remembered, "I almost forgot Anetta. She's outside."

"Bring her in, too. I'll have some *than* (diluted matzoon or yogurt drink) made."

"Thank you," he said. "*Than* would be fine."

Mabel was the colored maid who had worked for Mr. Davidian long before I had. She naturally made Armenian delicacies "better than any Armenian" according to Mr. Davidian, but her *than* and matzoon were rare.

Mr. Rustigian and Anetta were seated when I entered the parlor with the tray of *than*. Anetta stood up.

"In America you don't have to stand when a man enters, my dear," Rustigian said to Anetta. He greeted the *than* and drained half his glass immediately. "Best *than* I've had in America."

"Very good," Anetta said. I suddenly realized her voice was low and easy. I felt I wanted to hear her more often.

"I can't take the credit," I said. "The *than* you enjoyed was made by Mabel, our colored maid."

Anetta said, "colored maid?" and her fine, white teeth showed.

"I'm sorry about Mr. Davidian's absence," I said steering back to our important topic. "He had to go to San Francisco about some raisins. He's quite a busy man."

Rustigian looked at his niece and then me. "Anetta has decided to marry Mr. Davidian," he said. "No questions asked." He shifted uncomfortably and stared at his empty *than* glass. "What do you suppose Mr. Davidian would say?"

"I-I don't know," I stammered. "I believe Anetta is a good person and would make a good wife. I suppose Mr. Davidian would agree with me."

Anetta's head was low and discontented. I was studying her discontentment when Rustigian interrupted, "You, I understand, know him better than he does himself," he said.

"I've said it, Mr. Rustigian. You seem to be in a big hurry to get Anetta married."

He broke down completely. If there is anything more pathetic than an elderly man crying I don't know what it is. "Hurry you say," he said. "Ara, I am in a hurry. You would be, too, if you didn't have a penny. Believe me, I would never be doing what I am if hunger, frustration, and helplessness didn't run through me like it does."

His small hands dabbed at his eyes. Anetta looked up but her face was no longer aglow.

"Anetta should be fine for Mr. Davidian," I said. "I'll do all I can for her."

Rustigian didn't look at Anetta and smiled like he had taken advantage of me. For this I was pleased. We started talking of the Old Country.

Rustigian had survived the mass deportation of Armenians from Turkey into Arabia. My own parents had not. If it hadn't been for my youth and endurance I probably would not have either, I told Mr. Rustigian and Anetta. I guessed that Anetta's youth had helped her, too.

Anetta's folks had died in the march near Dehr-Er-Zhor. Uncle Aaron had fled by ship from Adana to Aleppo and Anetta had finally found him there.

It was quite late when we finally ran out of experiences to relate. Mr. Rustigian noticed the passage of time first. "My children," he said. "Do you realize what time it is? Get ready, Anetta."

"But . . . where. . ." Anetta's face went blank and not even Mr. Rustigian's sharp glance changed her.

I realized they had no place to go.

"While Mr. Davidian is away," I said. "I cannot but take his place and say what he would say if he were here. Will you give us the pleasure of your company?"

Mr. Davidian didn't return the next day, or Wednesday, or Thursday. I called three of the San Francisco packing firms with whom he dealt.

"He's over at Guggenheimer's," Mr. Kemper offered.

At Guggenheimer's they suggested Sussman's. I wanted to go to San Francisco immediately. Maybe Mr. Davidian had suddenly become ill.

But my duties had increased. I had to take care of his correspondence, payroll, and delegate the various ranch operations to Big George and the three other foremen. The Rustigians stayed, at my insistence, and were great helpers. Mr. Rustigian helped tend the flower beds and shrubs. Anetta helped Mabel in the household chores and I became very fond of her.

"Forgive me, Ara, if I'm over inquisitive," Rustigian said one afternoon. "But I have noted a strange behaviour in you the past few days. Normally, this would mean nothing because I don't know you well. But I have also noted the same behaviour in Anetta and I'm concerned. Ara, are you and Anetta keeping something from me?"

Anetta must have seen us from the inside. She came to my side and I took her wet, working hands in mine.

"We are in love, Mr. Rustigian," I said.

Rustigian seemed to reach for my hands. To shake it, I thought, but instead he rubbed them together. "I knew it," he said. "I knew this would happen."

"I'm sorry if you don't approve," I said. "But Anetta and I are going to marry."

"No. . . No," he said. "I don't disapprove. But what will Mr. Davidian say? I'm not sorry Anetta is in love with you. But what about Mr. Davidian?"

"I'll find him a wife," I said. Then I realized what I said was a poor joke. "We'll think of something, Mr. Rustigian."

"Something is not enough for a man like Mr. Davidian," he said. "Something is all right for other people. Without character or moral virtues. But we Rustigians don't deter from original plans just for convenience."

I tried to speak but he waved his hands for silence. "In Armenia one gets married for honor, culture, character. In America it should be the same. These qualities are international."

"Just as important as those three," I said, "is love. one should marry for love." I gripped Anetta's soft arms.

"Oh, Uncle, can't you see," Anetta pleaded. "I love Ara only. I couldn't be as happy with anyone else."

Anetta and I agreed to study the problem to the fifth day. On that, after dinner, we announced our decision.

"What do you propose to do?" Mr. Rustigian asked.

"We're driving to Orono," I said. "And marry there. That is, if Reverend Kemalyan doesn't want to."

"I've already packed, Uncle," Anetta said.

In a short time Anetta and I had packed all of our belongings into my Star coupe, a present from Mr. Davidian on my fifth anniversary with him. I gave Mabel all the instructions for running things until Mr. Davidian returned and also a sealed

envelope which contained "our story." I was willing to come back if he wanted me.

Tears welled in Mabel's dark eyes. "God bless you, children," she said. Impulsively, she hugged me and kissed my cheeks like I was a son going away.

"Miss Anetta, if I haven't been very agreeable to you," she said, "I'm sorry. I was scared you were gonna take m'job away here." She kissed Anetta, too.

Aaron Rustigian was in the house all this time; torn between original and present plans. I placed Anetta in the Star, kissed her, and closed the door. While cranking the car I noticed how truly beautiful she was.

Inside the car I said, "If you want to change your mind, Anetta, you can. I really haven't got much to give you."

She looked shocked but soon smiled. "Do you always have to start your conversation with a bad joke in America?" She leaned closer. "Don't you ever joke about us. Ever." I kissed her.

The Star finally started and I had just shifted into first when Anetta's Uncle ran into the yard shouting, "Ara. . . Wait a minute. . ." His arms were flapping like a rooster's wings. He darted into the house and came back a moment later with a small valise. "You have won, Son," he said. "I'm with you."

We were very quiet on the way to Reverend Kemalyan's. Mr. Rustigian didn't

try to make Anetta and I reconsider things as I had figured he would.

Halfway to town, a beautiful new car approached us. I recognized Mr. Davidian driving it instantly. He was minus his mustache and by his side was the ex-actress, Miriam Contozian. We stopped the cars on opposite sides of the road and walked to each other. I introduced Mr. Rustigian and Anetta.

"I was detained, Ara," Mr. Davidian said. "By this lovely creature here. Miss Contozian and I were married yesterday."

"Remember the lady on the telephone?" Mrs. Davidian laughed. "Thanks, Ara. Mr. Davidian is more than you mentioned."

"Your Ara has a confession," I said to Mr. Davidian. "Anetta and I were on the way to Reverend Kemalyan. We're getting married."

"Ara, you too? Congratulations! Miriam, did you hear? Here I was telling you about a wife for Ara and he finds one himself." He shook my hands a long time and kissed Anetta as a father. "Let's go back to the ranch and tomorrow we can plan everything. You'll have a big family wedding."

"Antranik, honey," Mrs. Davidian said. "They're in love. Remember?"

Mr. Davidian looked at me wondering what he had said wrong. "Never mind going to the ranch then," he laughed. "Mr. Rustigian can go there with us. Drive where you want to. When the honeymoon is over return and your job will be waiting."



NIKOLAY MARR AND ARMENIAN STUDIES

PROF. CLARENCE A. MANNING

In its modern form the study of linguistics took its rise in the middle of the nineteenth century after centuries and millenia of careful but usually disconnected observation of language. It required years of work to bring home to scholars the necessity of studying language in all of its forms and not only in the written monuments of the past. It was hard for scholars trained in the older schools of thought to realize that popular dialects, often unwritten and kept alive by the speech of simple and unlettered people, might be of real assistance in studying problems that were left unexplained by the surviving manuscripts of the past, especially when these had in large part perished, because of the ravages of war and of time. Likewise, in the study of the archaeological remains of past civilizations, there came a similar transformation. The explorers of the eighteenth century were primarily interested in the major achievements of the period in which they were studying. It seemed far more important and necessary to bring home from an expedition into foreign lands some great statue, some monument of the fine arts ordinary citizens of the day or the type of implements used in daily life. Today it is recognized very generally that the proper material for the study of a national language or a national culture includes everything that can be found out from all available branches of knowledge.

Yet even now, the most difficult pro-

blems are those that concern the relationship between various families of languages. The same technique that works so effectively in the comparison of Greek and Latin, of English and German, seems to be lacking in some essential quality when we come to the comparison of Slavonic and Finnic where the basic structure of the language seems to differ and where we can hardly be satisfied with mere lists of words that have been borrowed in various stages of history. Forward looking scholars agree that there is need of a serious study of this and similar problems but the task becomes more overwhelming as the amount of material available in each linguistic family increases at great speed and each part becomes so complex that no individual can in one short lifetime acquire a mastery of what is already known. When we add to this the large number of dead languages which have been discovered in short inscriptions by the more recent archaeological investigations, the task really appears to be almost hopeless.

Among the scholars who have ventured to hazard their reputations on attacking these seemingly insolvable problems was Nikolay Yakovlevich Marr, one of the best and most careful students of Armenian and the language of the Caucasus. Much that he has done has won universal acceptance and he has thrown into clear vision the early history of the Armenian people and the stages of the development of

their language. Even if many of his later theories seem to be influenced more by politics and the efforts to defend the supreme intellectual achievements of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin than serious and independent endeavors to ascertain the truth, this cannot hide nor detract from the great work which he did as a real pioneer in his early days.

Marr was the son of a Scotch emigrant to the Caucasus, who had done much for the cultivation of fruit, and a Georgian wife, Agafya Sharashidze-Magulariya. He was born probably in 1864, although there is some doubt as to the day and even the year. His father, who was well advanced in years when he was born, died when he was eight years old and his mother had hard work to support herself and her child as a result of various lawsuits. The boy's early education was very sketchy. He used only Georgian with his mother and French and English with his father, so that when he was admitted to the classical gymnasium in Kutais, he knew almost no Russian, which was of course the language of instruction. He succeeded, however, in passing the course and in acquiring a good knowledge of various languages, especially ancient Greek.

In 1884, he secured a scholarship at the University of St. Petersburg and entered the faculty of Oriental languages. At that time the study of Georgian and of Armenian was at a low ebb in the University and this was the more annoying to him, as he was an ardent Georgian nationalist and hoped for the return of Georgian independence, for it had been less than a century since the country had been absorbed by Russia. He secured the backing of Prof. V. R. Rosen, one of the leading members of the faculty, but he did not get along any too well with Prof. Tsagareli who had the chair of Georgian. His studies soon convinced Marr that there was a strong influence of Persian on the mediaeval court

poetry of Georgia and his assertion of this brought him into conflict with many of the other Georgian students at the university, for they did not want to admit the possibility of Mohammedan influence upon their national culture. He also conceived the idea that Georgian was akin to the Semitic languages, an idea to which he returned again and again during the later years.

In the summer of 1888, he returned to the Caucasus in search of the Georgian version of the Wisdom of Balavar, the existence of which had been assumed by Rosen. This was the old tale of the life of Buddha, presented in Greek under the title of Varlaam and Joasaphat. Rosen had assumed that the Greek version had been made from Georgian and the young scholar was not only able to find the manuscript in the library of the Society for the Spreading of Literacy among the Georgians but also to recover an Armenian version of the same work.

His continuing disagreements with Tsagareli caused him to turn to Prof. P. K. Patkanov, who was in charge of the work in Armenian, and for the next years while he was making his scientific reputation, Armenian was the starting point for his work. He spent the summer of 1890 in the monasteries of Echmiadzin and Sevan, working on various manuscripts and comparing them with the printed texts. In the autumn he returned to St. Petersburg and took the master's degree with the aid of Rosen and against the wishes of Tsagareli. In 1891 he became Privat-Dozent in Armenian at the University and this time there was a protest from the Armenians because a Georgian had secured the post.

This marked the beginning of a long and arduous career which was largely associated with the excavation of Ani, the old capital of Armenia. Marr was sent by the Archaeological Commission in 1892 to make a preliminary survey of this site; in-

terest in it had been aroused by the excavations of the French archaeologist de Morgan in the Orient where he had secured valuable material for the museums. A rapid survey of the field convinced Marr that much of the preceeding archaeological work had been done on the false principle of endeavoring to deal only with the oldest remains on a given site and of paying less attention to later developments. He insisted that in the excavation of Ani, it would be impossible to secure sound and scientific data on the oldest periods until there had been a careful study of the remains of the Armenian middle ages, the period of the Bagratides and later periods including the fourteenth century. He continued the work in 1893 and wanted to investigate the entire city including the dwellings of the poorer sections of the city. He also excavated a pagan tomb in Vornak in the vicinity. He failed, however, in his endeavors to have the objects discovered kept together; they were distributed to various museums. He planned a general museum in Ani and when this was not approved, he decided to create an archaeological museum at Echmiadzin but this too did not meet with much success and Marr decided to give up the work.

The following years Marr spent in studies in the Armenian and Georgian language and literature together with trips to Mount Athos, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem to study manuscripts preserved in those centers. In 1900 he was named Extraordinary Professor at the University and after taking his doctorate in 1901, he was named Ordinary Professor of Georgian and Armenian.

During these years Marr worked out the fundamental theories of his position. Some of these points have not found full acceptance, but they have met more than partial success. He assumed that there existed in Armenian a proto-Armenian language which was not purely Indo-Euro-

pean in character and he connected this with the basal stock of the Georgian and the Japhetic languages as he called them. On the other hand the later Indo-European elements acquired control of Armenia, whereas the non-Indo-European forms and influences triumphed in Georgia. In the field of culture there was a marked similarity between the art and culture and life of the ruling classes in Armenia, Georgia, and Persia, despite the Islamic religion of the latter and he assumed that in the same way there could be found equal similarities between the culture and life of the Caucasus as one cultural and political unit, despite the bitter struggles that had been waged for centuries among the groups and that had so seriously damaged the well being of all and had thrown them under the Islamic yoke.

It cannot be denied that there is a vein of common sense as well as of scientific accuracy and clarity of thought in these theories. The relations of the states of the Caucasus were very much the same as those of Europe at the time of the extension of such international movements as chivalry and the Renaissance. The Caucasus had largely received its Christianity from Syria and this tradition crossed with elements borrowed from Byzantium undoubtedly affected the nobles and the church more or less in the same way in the different countries. It is far more difficult to assert the complete identification of these movements in all the countries and at times Marr was tempted to carry through his theories at the expense of other factors which he was led to overlook.

The chief handicap to all of them lay in the difficulty of bringing together languages of different linguistic stocks and of working out the conditions under which there can be mutual influence exerted. There has been and still is a definite feeling on the part of many linguists that it is better to try to explain a phenomenon of

one language by a similar phenomenon in another language of the same linguistic group, even if it is widely separated geographically and temporally than it is to seek the explanation in a geographically close language of another linguistic stock. It is at this point that the theories of Marr aroused the sharpest criticism and he did not relieve the tension by his invariable habit of learning more languages and of citing more and more possible parallels.

He sought to support his positions by a more careful study of the results of archaeological research and an analysis of the relations between these and the monuments of literature of any given period. In this way he sought to unite linguistics, literature, archaeology, history, and ethnology for the solution of the problems of the Caucasus and the history of Armenia. He undertook serious studies of the unwritten dialects of Armenia and of the language of the Caucasus and he found many surprising similarities which were often beyond the ken of other experienced scholars.

It was a result of this that he formulated his ideas against migrations and sought to build up his history of language on class foundations. It is undeniably true that only rarely in history have there been complete changes in population in a given area. The conquering races have always retained at least the women of the conquered and have thus brought about a new complex of culture by a fusion of old and new elements. With his customary zeal and his strivings to form a new and logical system, he was led to go further along the path of innovation than might have been warranted in the mind of a less daring thinker, with the result that many of his theories seem but an extreme statement of certain principles that must form part of the critical apparatus of a well informed and well balanced scholar.

To secure further foundation for his

ideas, Marr returned to the excavation of Ani and from 1904 to 1917 he conducted a model series of excavations which threw light upon the entire history of Armenian culture in the Middle Ages. There has hardly been any site worked upon as thoroughly and consistently as that of Ani, for Marr paid no special attention to any one period and sought to secure a full and accurate picture of life in the city in all periods and of all classes. He secured support from the various institutions of the Russian government and from the wealthy Armenians who were interested in securing a knowledge of the past of their country. He had visions of building ultimately a large and important museum on the site, of creating there a real center for the study of the past of the Caucasus; with the outbreak of the Revolution he thought that he had achieved his goal. He transferred to Armenia all the records, photographs, and the like of sixteen years of work, but unfortunately all the material was lost in the troublesome times somewhere in the south of Russia. The disturbances injured some of the monuments and political disorder had thus ruined a large part of the work of his life.

Yet even the excavation of Ani did not exhaust the energy of Professor Marr who was chosen in 1909 Adjunct of the Academy of Sciences and soon after he was named a full member. In 1911 he became Dean of the Faculty of Oriental Languages at the University and he accompanied all this activity with the study of the Vannic inscriptions, the learning of the unwritten dialects and languages of the Caucasus and the development of his theories on the various influences that had come into Armenia and the Caucasus from Constantinople, from Syria, and from Iran and Islamic sources.

The Russian Revolution interrupted the work of Prof. Marr and in the early days

led, as we have seen, to the loss of the results of his excavation of Ani and of other sites in Armenia. It did not prevent his working, for he was among the first of the Russian professors who adhered to the Soviet regime and he took a large part in the reorganization of the various intellectual institutions under it. Yet his later work had much less to do with Armenia than with the general development of his theories of the Japhetic languages and his attempts to show that the languages of the Caucasus are connected with such other tongues as Pelasgian, Etruscan and Basque. In this connection he came into open conflict with the entire science of Indo-European linguistics and he tried to develop a new theory of language based on his Japhetic ideas. He endeavored in this connection to formulate his theories on class languages, so as to bring them into line with the theories of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, and to furnish a scientific basis for the development of the new Soviet culture, which was to be national in form and purely international, Marxist, in content. His almost superhuman activity continued until finally he was taken ill; he died quite suddenly, although after a long illness, December 20, 1934.

Nikolay Yakovlevich Marr lived a long and arduous life and his influence permeat-

ed all phases of the study of Armenia and the Caucasus. It is of course impossible to evaluate fully and correctly all of his ideas. Many of them will not stand the test of time in the form in which he expressed them, particularly in his last years. Yet there is one thing certain. His early work and his excavations in Armenia shook Armenian studies out of a lethargy that threatened to turn them into sterile studies of manuscripts and isolated details. It was under his influence that those same tendencies which have come to the front in other lands have been applied to Armenia and the Caucasus, that we have come to realize that mediaeval and ancient life in those areas was animated by the same tendencies and forces that have operated in all ages of human history. It is now recognized that it is as impossible to departmentalize the study of ancient and mediaeval Armenia into language, literature, archaeology and history, as it is to departmentalize the study of any other country or age. It is this and his detailed studies of many definite problems, his excavations of Ani and other sites, his many surprising discoveries that form his real claim to fame, give him his real rank as an outstanding scholar and a man whose cultural achievements the Armenians and the world can never forget.



I KISS THE HAND OF THE HOLY FATHER

NORAYR BAGRAD

The Big Dipper and the Northern Star, with countless thousands of stars were scintillating in the clear blue skies of Moscow, tranquil and softly luminous.

During the simple summer nights, those stars of our lovely and friendly skies, like hanging lamps, bathed our ancestral roofs and the streets in a sea of soft light. Their presence in our skies lent a sort of closeness, intimacy, and sweet contemplation, and when I first saw them in alien skies I had the delusion of the good old days in my hometown. I gazed at them with voracious eyes, and while they were the same stars, there seemed to be something cold and repellant about them. When at last I lowered my burning eyes to the snow which had been whipped by the wind, like a motion picture, the beauties of our old Harpoot flashed before me, one after another. In the white snow before me it seemed I saw the silvery Rock of Sinamout, our crooked-faced moon, the Khourayin, the Cemetery Hill and the winding luminous foot track which coiled around its waist. I remembered my mother and the stories she used to relate when she put us children to bed.

"See," she would say, pointing to the Dipper and the countless big and small, brilliant and dim stars, "how quiet, and how obedient they are to their mother."

And we children would close our weary eyes only to find the stars replaced in the morning by the red, warm sun.

Instead of the humble abodes of our native town, in this big city, the broken shadows of the sky-scrapers and the tall churches seemed to complete the mystery of the alien skies. I felt like a stranger in the company of such magnificence. Something from my soul seemed to break down inside me, and my pilgrim heart wept from longing of my hometown and my loved ones.

The Armenian Holy Cross Church of Moscow, devout like a superannuated saint, stood there in the company of Moscow's tall buildings, motionless and silent, waiting for the morning when Abar the Sexton would come to awaken it. This Armenian sanctuary, with its shining four-armed cross, was the only familiar face among the surrounding buildings for persecuted and homeless pilgrims like me, a real living person which smiled at us, cheered us and lightened the weight of our loneliness.

Early in the morning before he rang the church bells, to make his presence known, Sexton Abar would cough, would shake off the snow of his feet, and murmuring the Lord's prayer, he would cross his chest and forehead as he trudged toward the sanctuary. His shadow, the crunching of the snow under his feet, merging in the night's inspiration, seemed to draw the strange, mysterious picture of the Armenian faith which from the day of our birth, together with the first look of our

mothers, had descended upon us with such tenderness and, like it, had seized a sacred corner in our hearts.

At sight of this enrapturing picture I would remember the old church of our hometown, with its courtyard, the small garden and the well, together with the good Holy Father and the timorous Sexton Abar. Next I would see the surly face of the representative of the Church Assembly who planted himself before me with his short stature, his ruddy cheeks, and his thick white mustaches turned yellow from the smoke of his cigaret.

My only solace in my dormitory, a solitary room in the Gasparian Home of the Aged, was the company of old and wasted men and women. With them, I was one of the infirm in this huge city, all alone. The only friend or acquaintance I had was the cross on top of the Holy Cross Church. It was this cross which, in its solitude, tied me to itself, whispering into my ears sweet nothings.

In the mornings and the evenings, after the call to prayer, companies of devotees rallied to the church. Pale faces, tired bodies, men and women with despairing looks. Like me, they all were wanderers in a strange land. The terrors of the deportations had driven them to this distant, huge northern city. They prayed in the same language and raised their petitions to heaven from the same church. And when the solemn words of "Voghchouyn Douk" (Greet Ye One Another) were pronounced during the ritual, they exchanged holy greetings with one another as if they were members of the same family, but once outside of the church, they were hesitant, strange and unknown to one another.

It is tragic to be poor and a wanderer in a strange land at the same time. Each evening I used to love to gaze upon those stars in alien skies, no matter how much they rent my heart with the memory of my childhood days in my hometown. Despite

the blinding cold wind, I used to rush outside under the blue skies and watch my good old friends, those stars which had moulded my childish heart. And when, after a brief moment of enjoyment, the cold reality of my surroundings brought me to my senses, my eyes would be filled with tears, shattering everything inside me.

The next day was the Sunday of Saint Sarkis. For three days the Saint had been whitening his bread. That day the church was illuminated with countless candles, rendering it unusually attractive with the warmth typical of ancestral holidays. The sweet music of the Badarak (the holy mass), the reading of the Scriptures lent an unusual charm to the ceremonies of the day. In those days of desolation and general abandonment, there under the arches of the Mother Church, fugitive, homeless Armenian kinsmen had gathered for a moment to forget the bitter past and to enjoy the flitting, colorless present.

Hope and faith had unfolded great vistas in their frozen souls, and the smile shone on their faces like the sun's rays which pierce the somber sky. The tall, handsome pastor, the holy father, himself as if inspired by the festival atmosphere and the multitude of the worshippers, fills the recesses of the temple with his ringing voice:

"Peace be unto all. Peace upon you!"

Could this message be true? Was peace to come only in the wake of the terrors and the devastations? Was that the only way to obtain peace?

Ah! How long we had waited for this peace! With what longings and for how many centuries the whole race had waited for the peace! When was it to come? And how? when all was lost, when our graveless loved ones were strewn on the roads? When so many lovely dreams, like rose buds, had been crushed under foot, when so many hearths had been extinguished?

What were we to do with the peace now under these alien skies, when we all were

orphans, helpless and persecuted, in need of a place to lay our head on? What good was the peace to us now?

The services over, I was standing in the vestibule. There stood the Holy Father, a pilgrim like us. Devout worshippers, full of hope and faith, approached the Holy Father and kissed his right hand according to the custom. And they offered him their pennies, the result of scrimping and self-denial from the black days, likewise in accordance with the old Armenian tradition.

Instinctively, I too came close to the good old man whose eyes glistened through the tears at sight of the people's hard-earned sacrifice. I too craved his blessing. I took my hand to my pockets but they were empty. And yet, I needed his blessing so very, very much. I wanted to kiss his right hand with the same beneficent and sublime faith that I had kissed the right hand of Father Marcos so many times in my hometown.

Finally, when the crowd was gone, I approached the Holy Father timidly, and grasping his right hand I kissed it warmly.

"Forgive me, Holy Father," I pleaded tremblingly. "I bring no gifts to you. I have no money. But with this kiss I bring to you the revenge of those myriads of martyrs who perished with the longing for peace in their hearts. I am a Turkish Armenian. My people perished in the dread deportations. There are no longer any Armenians in my native land. And now, I no longer have any need of peace."

The venerable Holy Father looked at me in surprise, bent low his head and sobbed:

"God bless you, my son. I am keenly sensitive of your anguish. God grant heavenly peace to all your loved ones who perished."

The voice was choked in the sobbings. The white-haired priest was weeping, and the tears were rolling down his white beard like the dew of the dawn.

LAMENTATIONS

Thy body, dear Jewel, is richly
endowed,
With perfection of grace, and
curvaceous symmetry.
Was its exquisite mould created
in the workshop of the Gods;
To delight mortal eyes, with a
vision of sublime artistry?
But of thy heart, dear girl,
and thy mind as well,
Alas the angels, in sorrow do
weep — draw thereon a shroud,
For the Devil too, hath a
workshop in hell.

LEVON NAZLIAN

ARMENIA and ROME BETWEEN 200 B.C. AND 325 A.D.

PART IV

DR. ARSHAK SAFRASTIAN

THE EASTERN LAW OF NATIONS AND ROMANS

In one of his casual remarks on the geography and judicial conceptions of the Eastern monarchies at his own time, Strabo has recorded some ethnographical facts, which in themselves are more accurate and more enlightening than all classical Greek writers combined:

"Now, as for Adiabene," says he,¹ "the most of it consists of plains, and though it too is a part of Babylonia, still it has a ruler of its own; and in some places, it borders also on Armenia. For the Medes and the Armenians and thirdly the Babylonians, the three greatest nations of that part of the world, were so constituted from the beginning² and continued to be, that at times opportune for each they would attack one another and in turn become reconciled. And this continued down to the predominance (epicrateia) of the Parthians. Now, the Parthians rule over the Medes and the Babylonians, but they have never once ruled over the Armenians; indeed, the Arme-

nians have been attacked many times, but they could not be overcome by force since Tigranes opposed all attacks mightily, as I have stated in my description of Armenia. . ."

It is appropriate to take up here some of the historical assertions of Strabo and evaluate their significance in the light of modern knowledge. He mentions "the Medes, the Armenians, and thirdly the Babylonians" as the greatest nations of western Asia. The appellative *mada* = Medes is a very old misnomer coined by the Sumerians and Babylonians from the word *mada*, which merely meant "land". Herodotus must have borrowed the word from the Babylonians or Persians, without understanding its original connotation, and has turned it into the Median *logos*. Quite correctly, to my mind, Herzfeld⁴ interprets it as a historical and not ethnic denomination: that is to say, the term *mada-Mydia* is a conventional appellative which has no ethnic foundation, because there has never been a people called Mede. Herzfeld applied the term to certain west Persian pro-

¹ Strabo, XVI, 1.19. p. 745.

² The text in Greek runs as *ta megista ton ethnon ton taute dieteleoun outas ex arkhes sinestotes*.

³ The text is: *ton d'Armenion oud apax*. . . To a great measure, Strabo may be relied upon in his relation of the political situation of — and events in — western Asia in his or near his own time. But his account of ancient history, the origin of races, etc., which he borrowed from the earlier Greek writers — at least those concerning Armenia — are completely valueless, such as one Armenios from the legendary Argonautic expedition coming to Armenia and founding the nation.

⁴ E. Herzfeld, *Medisch und Parthisch*. Archäologische Mitteilungen aus Iran; vol. VII, pp. 22-23. They were and are today Persian Khanates known by the name of their central cities or fortresses. Originally they never called themselves Medes; they learned this eponym later from the official Persian geographical nomenclature, just like the Haik (Haig) who have never called themselves Armenians; they learned this eponym from foreign literature.

vinces and delimited it to "Media Assyria, east of Tigris and Eastern Armenia". It seems to me that a more proper denomination for "Media" would be *Khanates* which lay west of the great salt desert. (A Persian Khanate is — or was until recently — a semi-independent principality comprising a well-defined geographical area (see above footnote 4). From the beginning of the Persian monarchy under the Akhaemenid Dynasty (from 538 B.C.), only strong Shahs could establish some sort of sovereign power over the numerous *Khanates* ⁵. The centrifugal tendency among the Iranian feudal aristocracy was much stronger than, for instance, in Armenia, or under the Parthian Dynasty, because the latter two had been wise enough to let the hereditary landed nobility to rule in their own provinces. By including Eastern Armenia in "Media", Herzfeld had the province of Atrpatakan in view, a large region which extends from the southwestern shores of the Caspian and the river Eraskh (Araxes) to the south of Lake Urmia, the most fruitful province of modern Persia, as in the past as the homeland of the people of Man. ⁶ Before the rise of Persia, the province was a real "bone of contention"

between Khaldia-Armenia and Assyria, just as the state of Atropatene-Atrpatakan, corresponding to the same geographical area was a debatable land between Armenia and Parthia. The Assyrian and Armenian cuneiform annals unanimously call the province as *Man*, *the land of Mana*, a peaceful and industrious community, which built fortified cities, raised fine breeds of horses and cattle, and worked metals. The pull of the term *Mede* has traditionally been so powerful in classical literature that the real people of Man, attested both by Assyrian and Armenian contemporary inscriptions (8-7th centuries B.C.) has vanished in the phantom *Media*.

With a view to clearing up this very old and persistent historico-geographical misunderstanding in respect to Media, the epigraphic knowledge acquired in the course of the last half-century should be utilised for objectively defining the more or less accurate geographical boundaries and the ethnic appurtenance of various peoples which lived within. Between 1907-36, E. Herzfeld scoured almost every unknown corner of Persia; he excavated the subsoil and minutely described the monuments still extant and interpreted the documents he discovered. He concluded that excluding the powerful confederation of Bakhtiari and Lur tribes, "*Media*" proper (or Persian Khanates) consisted of Isfahan-Gulpaigan - Burudjerd - Nihavan - Kirman-shah regions down the Baghdad Highway to Paitag pass. Those who are personally acquainted with those areas know the geographical unity which links them to each other. In the depths of their souls, the ancients believed that providence had deli-

⁵ Cf. *Abraham Katoghikosi Kretac'voy Patma-gruthiun . . . ev Nair Shahin Parsits*; 1870, Vagharshapat, ch. 28th, pp. 39 ff. For this election as Shah of Persia, Nadir Tahmaz Ghuli Khan, invited in 1733 more than 40 chieftains of Iran: Sultans, Khans, Mirzas, Mirsphis, Vekils, Vizirs, Sheikhs, Valis, Kalanthars, Maliks, etc., to the plain of Mughan to agree to his accession to the throne of Persia. Among the invited was also Abraham Cathoghikos the head of the Armenian Church, who has left the above-mentioned most interesting account of the ceremony. Among the Iranian dignitaries he mentions Tahan Khan of Khorassan, the Serdar of Iran, the Khans of Muzandaran, Nishapur, Meshed, Sabzavar, Astirabad, Ghilan, Ghazwin, Kashan, Ispahan, Tehran, Shiraz, Bandar, Kirman, Shusbar, Tabriz, Souj-Bulak Darvaz, Yazd, and many others. Here are the *mada* — lands of Iran, the Western ones being the "*Media*" of classical authors.

⁶ J. Marquart: *Eranshabrnach der Geographie des M. Kborenaci*; Abhandlungend. konigl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaft zu Göttingen; philhist. Klasse, 1903, pp. 108-114. Also E. Herzfeld:

Sakastan; *Archaeologische Mitteilungen aus Iran*; Vol. IV (1932), the whole volume of 116 most enlightening pages. As long as the Armenian Arshakuni Dynasty was in being, the royal army garrisoned the fortress-city Gandsak Atrpatakan, south of Lake Urmia. The clientel-state of Atropatene will be discussed in a separate passage.

berately created the great Salt Desert in order to divide this *Media* from eastern and southeastern Persia, which was the real homeland of the Persian stock.

But the absurdity of a "Median" race or of a "Median" empire jumps to the eye the moment that the historian turns to the earlier authentic history of these regions. Sumerian, Akkadian and Assyrian cuneiform documents have undeniably shown that from the second half of the third millenium B.C. most of the regions mentioned, at least Hamadan-Kirmanshah-Paitag pass area, was held by a kingdom named as Gutium, that is the kingdom of the Kurds, who for about four generations ruled over Babylonia and Sumeria. Again, a few centuries later, another kingdom named Kashshu = Kassites ruled for nearly five centuries (ca. 1650-1150 B.C.) over most of Babylonia. This was another Kurdish kingdom with its base of power in the Middle Zagros chain. The heirs of these kingdoms, the Kurds, today hold the same heights and plains in the Zagros, as four and three thousand years ago. Thus before the Greek hagographers came on the scene and created the *logos* of "Media" (ca. 7-5 centuries B.C.), the lands under discussion were held by the Babylonians and Kurds in the south, and Caspians, Armenians and Assyrians in the north (that is, Atrpatakan in its largest extent). Then, where the "Medes" may be looked for, except perhaps, as Herzfeld says, in the more eastern parts of Ehaga, Agbatana, Isfahan, and Niha-vand provinces, which as *mada* — lands came under the sovereignty of Akhaemenid Persia.

The foregoing rectifications were necessary to allow a more rigid approach to the line of Strabo, where he says that "the Medes, the Armenians and Babylonians, the three greatest nations in that part of the world, were so constituted. . . that at times opportune for each they would attack one another and in turn become reconciled."

Here the Mede is eliminated and replaced by the Manneans, which are a historical people; and as the Parthians had taken the place of Persians, the land of the Mannean people had come under Armenia and Parthia. Indeed, the two neighboring empires attacked each other "at times oportune for each, and in turn became reconciled. . ." But to say as Graeculi writers do that one or the other joined Roman aggressors against its neighbor, is sheer missapprehension of the real outlook and political relations which governed policies of the two empires. On inductive evidence Tarn⁷ concludes that:

" . . . *The Parthians were the supreme imitators of the ancient world; except in warfare, where they could be original enough, they never invented anything themselves, but always copied from the Greeks (sic) whether of the West or East; Parthian analogies, therefore, are legitimate illustrations, and in the first century B.C. there were similarly two Parthian realms, one in the west governed by the Arsacids (sic), which Romans knew and called Parthia, and one in the east governed by the Surens, with its center originally in Seistan and subsequently on the Indus. . .*"

Indeed the Parthians were the supreme imitators of the ancient world. A small tribe at the outset, they could not have possessed anything distinctive, which might be called Parthian. They must have learned from the Greeks both of the West and the East the minting of coins, because the old-established hereditary monarchies of the east never minted coins as a medium of exchange. "Before the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great," says J. G. Milne⁸, "there was nothing that could be described as a native coinage in circulation in the country; certain metals, usually gold or copper, were traded in exchange both for

⁷ W. W. Tarn: *Greeks in Bactria and India*. 2nd Ed. 1951, pp. 203-204.

⁸ J. G. Milne: *The Currency of Egypt under the Ptolemies*. In *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology*, XXIV (1938), pp. 200-207.

local and foreign business, but they were treated as commodities and were not given standards of value; they passed by weight at the market price. Silver is more rarely mentioned in the records of business transactions. . . . Native Egyptians hardly touched the coinage minted by the Ptolemies, the "unclean" invaders of their country, except as objects of curiosity. So too in Babylonia under the Seleucids and the Parthians. Among the great monarchies of the East, Armenia by then alone the sovereign power, never had her own coinage, not because it possessed not the technical skill and means to mint, but because as a paternal government of its people, it did not believe in its morality. Like Egypt and Babylonia, Armenians used gold, silver, copper and precious gems in trade both for local and foreign business. Parthia learned its art of warfare (the famous cavalry tactics) from Armenia alone. Sallustius leaves no doubt about this:

Fragment No. 66: "In the first line rode the cavalry, mail-coated from head to foot, presenting the sight of iron-statues".

Fragment No. 75: "According to the ordinary maneuver of a cavalry battle, the squadrons charging in turn, withdrew, and by this backward movement, they gave themselves space to return to the charge. . . ."

These fragments from the *Histories* of Sallustius concern the incidents of Roman-Armenian war which was started by Lucullus; consequently, the fall between the years 69-87 B.C., when the Romans had not yet met the Parthians and had had no military conflict with them and did not know much about them, except what they could learn from Graeculi story-tellers.

⁹ B. Maurenbrecher: *C. Sallusti Crispi historiarum reliquiae* . . . 1891, caput IV: *Bellum Armeniacum*, fragments Nos. 56-80 (pp. 177-189). For a study of Armenian-Roman antagonism, intended for students, no more fragments can be quoted without detailed discussion.

Conte de Brosses-Charpentier, Gerlach, Kritz, Dietsch, and finally Maurenbrecher, who have carefully studied these fragments, are unanimous in stating that Sallustius was describing the Armenian ironclad horsemen and their cavalry tactics. By a curious misunderstanding, however, this military art and strategy has been attributed to the Parthians who, on the contrary, copied every regalia and emblems of power from their Armenian neighbor and friend. The political and military contributions of the Haik-Armenian empire had grown up in the course of the previous twenty centuries. To the hereditary nobility of the land, honor, personal courage and fearless self-sacrifice were the highest tests of manhood; they took to the horse from early youth and spent a great part of their lives on horseback. The royal army had its training ground near the headwaters of the Aratzani (eastern Euphrates) in the meadows of Shahapivan, within sight of Great Massis, where the cavalry exercised each spring at the hipodrome.¹⁰ Immediately, this raises the problem of the horse and its domestication several millenia before historical times. The problem has been rendered highly intricate because the origin of the horse and its earliest domestication has been presumed on insufficient evidence and long before the archaeological discoveries had brought out the original home of the horse. Recent studies have shown that the earliest war chariot drawn by one or two horses was invented by mountain peoples and primarily by the Khurrians in Armenia, and that an aristocratic class of charioteers, called *Mariani*, went to war with this new weapon of

¹⁰ Ph. Buzand: *Patmuthiun Haiots*. Book IV, ch. 15: In this passage, Buzand refers to the *siusk*, which is the Khaldian *susi*, meaning a "royal shooting park". The late Hrachya Adjarian often wondered what it meant. As to the word aspires — hipodrome, cf. *Nor Barrgirk*, Venice, 1836, Vol. I, p. 316. col. 1.

warfare.¹¹ The idea of horse-riding, from which developed the army of cavalry, must have followed the chariot.

The scope of this preliminary study would not allow a thorough inquiry into the military art of early Armenia, closely related with the politics of Armenian-Parthian nexus. Were it possible to describe in full some other aspect of Armenian national life under the Arsakuni Dynasty and compare them, in as far as the historical sources permit, with those of Parthia, it would have been seen that the latter, suddenly thrown up on the world-stage in circumstances as yet deficiently known; in any case, a small tribe without much social or cultural background, could have done nothing better than to imitate Armenia and its Constitution, as the sole solid and sovereign power in western Asia.¹² For instance, Agathangehos¹³ refers to the Parthian political and military dignitaries with the same titles as those of their Armenian counterparts.

It is not the old established orderly and civilised society that learns from a new state like Parthia. In his life-long study of Roman-Armenian-Parthian political rela-

¹¹ A Moortgat: *Die bildende Kunst des Alten Orients und die Bergvoelker*, 1932, pp. 50 ff, and plates 42f; also, Albrecht Goetze, *Hetbiter, Churriter und Assyrier*, Hauptlinien der Vorderasiatischen Kulturentwick., lung im II. Jahrtausend, 1836, Institute for Sammenlignende Kulturforskning, Oslo, pp. 85, 110 ff. These two authoritative works opened a new vista in the cultural development of the ancient East.

¹² Cf. M. Iuniani *Justinus Historiarum Philippicarum Pompei Trogi*, Book XLI. After the Seleucid Dynasts of Syria had been exhausted by unceasing strife for the throne, occasioned by the internal animosities of brothers and by sons succeeding to the quarrels of their fathers, the people began to look for relief from foreign countries and to think of choosing a king, willing to come for restoring peace in Syria. They did not apply to Rome or Parthia, nor to Mithridates of Pontus, but to Tigranes of Armenia, who, in addition to the power of his own country, was further supported by an alliance with Parthia. . . (See below.)

¹³ *History*, Venice edition, 1861, p. 32. Written in Greek in A.D. 4th century and rendered into Armenian in the 5th.

tions under the empire, Werner Schur¹⁴ has gone a long way in defining the actual position of the three sovereign powers and traces their political relations at the time of Emperor Nero (51-68 A.D.). He thinks that after 70 years, of experience, Rome came to understand that, Armenia, this Ritterland of noble knights, with its aristocracy strongly influenced by Iran, could be held off from joining the Parthian empire only at the price of excessive military and material means. Bearing in mind, however, the experience of the continuous life of Armenia in the previous twenty centuries, and the whole range of borrowing and learning, it would be more correct, it seems, to say that it were the Parthians who were "Armenianised" in their most essential military and political institutions, than the reverse.

Looked at from Rome or from the province of Asia, and later on from Syria, indeed the Parthians looked formidable. But it is often forgotten that this Roman fear was primarily fostered by Graeculi mercenaries in the service of the Roman dignitaries, or of the Parthian kings as quoted from Titus Livius in the third part of this study, and almost fully confirmed by the disaster at Carrhae in 54 B.C., where the Roman legions led by the proconsul, M. Crassus, were wiped out by a joint army of Parthian-Armenian cavalry. Before the disaster at Carrhae, the Romans could not have had much regard for Parthia, as Sulla's reception of the Parthian envoy, in 92 B.C., shows. It was one of the political rituals of the Roman Senate and its *imperators* to claim that like Sulla, Lucullus and Pompeius also are reported as having received Parthian envoys, while they were fighting Mithridates and Tigranes, and concluded treaties of friendship

¹⁴ *Pauly's Realencyclopaedia*. . . Vol. XVIII, letztes Drittel (1949), col. 2014. To grasp Werner Schur's argumentation, it is necessary to read the whole article.

with them, although according to Plutarchos, the braggart Pompeius intended "invading" Parthia also, in spite of his claim of a treaty with them. On the other hand, however, if the Romans were of the metal, as they are represented to be, they could not have held a high opinion of the Parthian kings who, as will be seen later, in detail, sent their royal princes and magnates to Rome for safe-keeping.

It has never been pointed out that there is no record of any kind of any Armenian king sending members of his Dynasty or his hereditary nobility to Rome, or to Parthia, for safe-keeping. A proud Dynasty, conscious of its national dignity, would never think of such humiliation. But Pompeius, eager to demonstrate his "victory" in Armenia, wanted at any price to have an Armenian prince in Rome. As mentioned before, he had fraudulently abducted an Armenian nobleman, whom he presented as Tigranes, the son of king Tigranes the Great, and had brought him to Rome. This "Prince Tigranes" was kept in captivity in a Senator's house until the year 58 B.C., when the notorious Publius Clodius, the people's tribute, helped him to escape. A bloody fight took place on the Appian Way, outside the city of Rome, between henchmen of Pompeius and the armed hand of Clodius, in which many people are said to have been killed, for the keeping of the Armenian prince. The political repercussions of this incident connected with the keeping of this Armenian, resulting in the recall of Cicero from exile, will be described in the following part.

It is one of the recurrent fallacies still recorded in almost every textbook that in all common military actions by Pontos and Armenia, Mithridates the Great was a military genius and, as such, the initiator of all political and military plans; that Tigranes the Great was simply following the superior leadership of Mithridates and taking the initiative only at the instigation

of the Pontic king.¹⁵

There cannot be any doubt that Mithridates of Pontos, like Tigranes, was one of the greatest soldier-kings of the ancient East, a personally courageous and determined leader of armies and cautious negotiator as well. In spite of all Graeculi falsifications as to his tactical ineptitudes and lack of foresight in various battles with Lucullus and Pompeius, minutely described for making the latter's victories plausible, he emerged victorious to the end against all Romans, with some inevitable strategic retreats, as is usual, in all wars. Even Cicero¹⁶ pays a well-merited tribute to the generalship of Mithridates. In the trial of Lucius Murena, one of the legates of Lucullus, which took place towards the end of 63 B.C., the prosecutor Marius Cato, perhaps the most honest Senator after Cicero himself, had said that the war with Mithridates was waged entirely against weak women. After enumerating some of the military feats of Mithridates, Cicero replied to Cato:

"Do you think that naval battle off Tenedos was a trivial contest, an insignificant engagement, when in swift course with the boldest of captains the enemy's fleet was sailing from Italy with exalted hopes and courage? . . . Driven at last from his kingdom, the king still had power enough by his craft and influence to recoup himself with fresh resources and troops by an alliance with the king of the Armenians."

But what is still more significant is

¹⁵ See the flighty and comic article of Felix Guse, in *Klio*, 1926, pp. 332 ff. In 1934, I asked my friend Prof. C. R. Lehmann-Haupt, the editor of *Klio*, what profit there was in publishing such drivel in an earnest scientific journal like *Klio*. He laughed and asked me to forget about it. But that article has been quoted at least twice as an "authoritative opinion" based naturally on Th. Mommsen and Th. Keinach. This is how tendentious and utterly worthless "history" acquires currency in due course.

¹⁶ *Pro L. Murena Oratio*, XIV-XIV, 31-34. Murena was prosecuted for bribing voters during the consular elections for the years 64 B.C.

Cicero's speech against the Agrarian Law, brought in 64 B.C. by P. Servilius Rullus, a popular tribune, for appointing a Commission of ten men (Decimvirs), with special powers for five years to purchase and allot all lands in Italy and "The provinces" to the poor citizens. Pontos also was going to be sold; in fact, the Decimvirs arrived in Pontos for this highway robbery. In his speech, Cicero said: ¹⁷

"... But among these royal districts . . . he (Rullus) adds the royal lands of Mithridates which were in Paphlagonia, Pontos and Cappadocia, and orders the Decimvirs to sell them. . . But the war is not yet over; King Mithridates, having lost his army . . . is even now planning something against us in the most distant countries of the earth. . ."

A natural inference may be drawn from these arguments by Cicero. Responsible authorities in Rome were convinced that probably in agreement with Tigranes, Mithridates had gone to the Caucasus to organize fresh armies, return and expell Pompeius from his kingdoms, as he had expelled Lucullus in 72 B.C. But unfortunately, he seems to have died in 63 B.C., as all human being will die some day, leaving no worthy successor to carry on his work. This means that in actual warfare, Mithridates was not finally defeated; and that all tales amounting to sadism in respect to his death and the alleged murders of his sons or wives must be attributed to the evil-milded Graeculi scribes, who desired to soothe the Romans for the massacre of some 80,000 of their people, supposed to have been ordered in 88 B.C. by Mithridates.

The crucial facts regarding the kingdom of Pontos ¹⁸ have never been emphasized

¹⁷ M. Tulli Ciceronis: *de lege agraria oratio secunda contra P. Servilium Rullum tr. pleb. ad populum*, II, XIX, 51-52. C. F. W. Mueller's edition, 1903, Vol. II, part II, pp. 206f.

¹⁸ There has been an intermittent Pontic kingdom from the days of the Hittites (ca. 1400

in a convincing manner. In an ethnic and geographical sense there was no Pontic nation then, as there is no such nation today. Apart from the cavalry divisions which Tigranes sent to help Mithridates, the Pontic army consisted mainly of mercenaries; almost all the generals and admirals of Mithridates, such as Archelaus, Dorylaeus, Diophantos, Aristion, etc., were Macedonians, Greeks or of non-descript origin. When things went well, these commanders seem to have served Mithridates well; but when the military situation looked hopeless, most of them betrayed their king and surrendered to the Romans. If every phase of Roman-Pontic clashes be studied in minute detail, it will be found that several of the defeats of Mithridates were primarily due to the treachery of his commanders.

Leaving a full description of the provincial military organization of the royal army and the commands of the hereditary nobility of Armenia to the next part of this study, it is appropriate to point out in this connection that the original sources do not mention any single foreign general in the army of Tigranes. As will be seen in due course, Roman and Greek sources mention very few: Magadates, the commander of the Armenian garrison in Syria, was really *Bagadates*, a Bagratuni prince. In the heirarchy of the hereditary nobility, the Bagratuni clan (*nakhararuthiun*), one of the oldest priestly families of Armenia, attested by Assyrian records ¹⁹, possessed the privi-

B.C.), if the land of Kizzuwatua mentioned in cuneiform documents may eventually have to be identical with Pontos. First hand epigraphists and historians differ as to the location of the land of Kizzuwatua. Winckler, Hrozný, Weidner, Foerster, Garstang, and others place it in Pontos, whereas Sidney Smith, Olmstead, Goetze, Sayce, Cavaignac, Radoszke, and others, place it in eastern Cilicia. This writer has tried to prove that Kizzuwatua corresponded to Pontos. About two years ago, Julius Levy wrote privately to say that he had discovered new epigraphic evidence to show that land lay east of Cilicia. Anyhow, the small kingdom of Kizzuwatua was a real "bone of contention" between the Hittite and Khurrian empires.

¹⁹ D. D. Luckenbill: *Ancient Records of Assy-*

lege of laying the crown of the king at his coronation and girding his sword.²⁰ Mancaeos, the commander of the Armenian garrison at Tigranacerta during the alleged siege by Lucullus, was a Mamikonian (*Mancaeos, Mamkeos-Mamikon*), a powerful clan in whom was vested the hereditary privilege of the marshaldom of royal cavalry.²¹ Another Mamikonian, Prince Menemachos²² is assumed to have deserted King Tigranes in 69 B.C. and taken refuge with Quintus Marcius Rex, then the proconsular governor of Cilicia, a deadly enemy of Lucullus, though the two Romans were brothers-in-law, both having married the two Claudian sisters, i.e., the sisters of two notorious friends, Publius Clodius and Appius Claudius Pulcher.

The multimillinary national tradition, nurtured by the theocratic dispensation of the ancient East, would never tolerate the presence of foreign soldiers as commanders of national armies. Such was the military organization of Armenia that every provincial or cantonal armed forces, cavalry, and all other ranks, were commanded by the hereditary feudal lord, who led them to war under the supreme command of the monarch. The faithful liege, a mass of freemen and farmers, would never follow a foreign commander.

Furthermore, it is hardly realized that without the effective power and support of Armenia, Mithridates hardly would have

disposed the means of fighting the Romans and driving back their attacks for about 30 years (ca. 93-63 B.C.). As stated above, had he not died in 63, he would have returned to the offensive to the consternation of Pompeius, who desired to return to Rome and distinguish himself by suppressing the conspiracy of Catalina. Nowhere in the original sources is it recorded that Tigranes simply followed the advice of Mithridates. Romans saw their greatest enemy in Mithridates, because they believed that it was he who had ordered the massacre of some 80,000 Romans in the province of Asia in 88 B.C. There is no hint of any kind to show that the unfortunate natives of the "province of Asia", including the Greeks, were so roughly handled and oppressed by Roman tax-gatherers, usurers and governors, that they were ready to rise at the first opportune moment, such as the great Civil War in Italy (91-89 B.C.). Probably Cicero had explained all these interesting points in the Secret History (*anekdota*) which he wrote in Greek, but lost forever to posterity, as well as some of his most important letters to his friend Atticus, relative to the alleged "victories" of Pompeius in the East.²³

It was the Armenian bastion, one of the imponderables which shape the destinies of nations, which provided material and moral protection to Mithridates and served as a point d'appui for him in moments of distress and crisis. It was the predominance

ria and Babylonia, 1926, vol. II, p. 5 and 28. *Bagdatti of Uisbdush*, a devoted ally of King Rusa of Armenia (716 B.C.).

²⁰ Agathangeghos, 112 (p. 569): A phrase here means, "the crown-laying prince of the dignity of knighthood".

²¹ Ph. Buzand, Book IV.ch. 2: "The Prince of the high command of the land of Armenia." There and in several other chapters the eyewitness Buzand describes the feats of courage and victory of these fighting princes, their weapons, their flags bearing the emblems of eagles, and their bugles and their bugles. Cf. also Agathangeghos, *op. cit.*

²² *Dio Cassius*; XXXVI.v6.b. The situation will be discussed in the next part. He was certainly not a deserter but an agent of cooperation against Lucullus.

²³ *Cicero*; *ad Att.* II.6.1 and *ad Att.* XIV. 17.6. Cicero's secret history of his own time is an intricate philosophical problem. It suffices here to quote Dio Cassius (XXXIX.10.2-3) about it: "Caesar and Crassus really disliked Cicero. . . Caesar while even absent displayed some goodwill towards him. But they received no thanks for their pains. . . Cicero secretly composed a little book . . . and in it he heaped together many denunciations against them and certain other men. Fearing, therefore, that these statements might get out during his lifetime, he sealed up the volume and delivered it to his son with the injunction not to read or publish what was written until his death." Besides this *Anekdota*, Cicero wrote also in Greek a history of his consulate, in

of the latent power of Armenia on both banks of the Euphrates between the cities of Malatia and Mosul that defended Parthia from 54 B.C. onwards, an almost inexhaustible reserve of manpower, a granary of foodstuffs and every kind of material supplies, including horses and weapons.

Whatever power rules in the Highlands north of the Taurus chain, it commands also the entire periphery in all four directions. King Tigranes reinforced both Mithridates and the Parthians to the extent of expelling the Roman aggression and thus maintaining Armenian's traditional policy of keeping the balance of power in western Asia.²⁴ The Euphrates frontier could effectively be protected and controlled first by Armenia, and then jointly with Parthia. The military disaster suffered by M. Crassus at Carrhae in 54 B.C., just as the massacre of Romans in the province of Asia in 88 B.C. (carried out by the natives for long time crushed and outraged, probably by the instigation of King Mithridates), terrified the Romans and offended their imperial susceptibilities to the core.²⁵ Hence, they saw everywhere Mithridates or the Parthian cavalry chasing them out of Asia or Syria respectively. Taught and misguided by their Graeculi advisors, Roman commanders seem to have hardly been able to identify the armies which faced them.

These statements are certain to sound as unheard-of historical paradoxes, because there are no such clear records in the original sources; and whatever little there is, is scarcely utilized as an explana-

tion of the policies of eastern monarchies and their mutual relationships. It is just by a hazard that Appianus lets out a line regarding the intentions of Mithridates towards the province of Asia. He says: "He (Mithridates) thought that he should not hold (the province of Asia) for long. . ." In accordance with the same principle of divinely-granted natural law, which governed the political relations of theocratic nations, King Tigranes never intended to hold Syria for long, after having pacified the country as requested by the Seleucid Dynasts. It follows that all the faked and alleged heroisms of Lucullus and Pompeius of having wrested Syria from Tigranes and "conquered" the province are altogether false as are all other claims of these Roman commanders with respect to Armenia. The historical fact is that Pompeius, and later on his uncouth henchman Gabinius, bled Syria white and fleeced the defenseless population to the skin. Both of these men, as well as M. Crassus, robbed the temple of the Jewish people in Jerusalem and intrigued between the rival Jewish kings with the same end in view.

The nefarious idea of conquest of other peoples' lands is Greek and Roman. It was altogether repugnant to the great hereditary and civilized monarchies of Egypt, Armenia and Babylonia, as the entire course of their *multimillinary* history fully shows. It must be repeated that there are nations with long traditions and endowed with distinctive characteristics, thought that gods had laid down national frontiers by mountain chains, rivers, valleys, widespread bogs and other such natural barriers. Trespassing over each others' boundary for the purpose of conquest, they regarded as against the commands of their gods, and the law of nations; they often quarreled and even fought over frontier districts in dispute, or in anticipation of possible invasion by upstarts, whereas, Greeks and Romans had no such law or

63 B.C., and sent it to Pompeius, who was still in the East (see *ad Att.*, I.19.10). None of them has survived.

²⁴ Cf. R. Stein: *Domitius (Corbulo)*, in Pauly's Real encyclopaedie. . . Supplemental band 3 (1918), col. 398, as to the national policy of Armenia.

²⁵ During the year 51-50 B.C., Cicero was the pro-consular governor of the province of Cilicia. His several letters written to the Senate and friends to Rome betray the constant fear of the Romans for Parthian raids, which never took place.

tradition; the latter even claimed the right to place their candidate of a hybrid type on the throne of Armenia or have the kings receive their crown from Rome.

The other assertion of Strabo to the effect that: "*Now the Parthians rule over the Medes and the Babylonians, but they have never once ruled over Armenia*" confirms both the political reality and the unwritten law of nations in the ancient east. Had the Parthians even wished it, they would never have been allowed to secure a foothold on Armenian soil. They ruled

over "Media", because in the political vocabulary no such national entity existed; it consisted of *Khanates*, which had no status among the old nations. Parthians ruled over Babylonia, because on coming to power, they found it already under foreign (Seleucid) domination.

Under the light of the foregoing remarks, the actual military conflict between Rome and Armenia will be understood better and appraised more objectively.

(To be continued)

HOPE

Hope,
When you seared
My mimicking wings
You lost me my hold
On soaring things
Left me obsessed with
Black earth and hoes
Breaking all tentacles
that cling
To cultivate the fine grass
that grows
Upward and cool
From a buried wing.

DIANA DEB HOVANESSIAN

GEVORG MARZPETOUNI

A Historical Novel

By MOURATZAN

Translated from the Armenian

THE STORY THUS FAR

The time is the first quarter of the 10th century when Armenia is in conflict with the Arab invader. Ashot the Iron, the Armenian King, has alienated two of his most powerful princes, Prince Sevada, the father of Queen Sahakanoush, and Prince Tzlik Amram, the Governor of Outlik. The cause of the rift is Princess Aspram, the wife of Tzlik Amram, an old flame of the King with whom he is hopelessly in love. To add to the King's troubles, his princes have deserted him, seeking shelter in the security of their castles, while the country is open to the ravages of the invading Arab army. Prince Gevorg Marzpetouni, a veteran soldier and a devoted patriot, takes it upon himself to reconcile the princes with the King with a view to present a common front to the enemy and, thus, to save the country, but all his efforts prove in vain. The King has retired to the monastery on a little island on Lake Sevan. At this time the King's only two friends are the Queen and Prince Marzpetouni. In his desperation, Prince Marzpetouni decides to take the field against the Arab with only twenty of his valiant and loyal followers, and to this end he proceeds to Sevan where he obtains the King's benediction in his hazardous venture. The prince's force soon falls on an Arab force encamped before the Fortress of Kel and puts the enemy to flight. Led by the King himself, an Armenian force subsequently defeats the Arabs again at Sevan. But the King is wounded.

CHAPTER I

THE RESTLESS SOUL

On the western bank of the Akhourian River, where the merger of the Teger Stream forms a triangular confluence, nestled an ancient city. On the south, which offered easiest access, the city was protected by a line of high walls and powerful towers; to the east and the north was the Akhourian Valley where flowed the mighty river of the same name; the west was surrounded by an abysmal canyon between mountainous rocks and grotesque natural ramparts which extended to the Citadel, perched on a mighty elevation to the north of the city.

Eight centuries before that city had been a mythological sanctuary, the repository of the sacred relics of pagan Armenians, their principal idols and temples, where they held their religious festivals and offered their sacrifices to the pagan gods. That was the famous Bakaran, the handiwork of Yervand the Second. Besides these pagan gods, there was a magnificent mansion, the residence of royal high priests with their retinue of countless priests and vestals which constituted the greater portion of the city's populace. The pagan people resorted to this city from all parts of Armenia to offer sacrifices to the gods and to bring gifts to the rich treasury of the high-priests. For three centuries here had stood the images of pagan gods to whom the Armenian people prayed, but in those days Bakaran was free from the fear of enemies and its inmates had never been forced to close its heavy bronze gates against attacking marauders. The people lived there to pray and to enjoy themselves.

Centuries passed and in 925 the City of Bakaran presented an entirely different picture. There no longer were any ancient pagan temples, no traces of idolatry; these

had been replaced by magnificent churches and elegant chapels. Instead of the one-time pagan worship one heard the murmur of the devout Christians' prayers, men who worshipped the true god but who no longer were as fortunate as their pagan ancestors. The former freedom and the tranquil life were unknown to Bakaran now. The high walls and the mighty fortifications prevented the free access of the people, the somber towers looked down below with awesome and terrifying eyes while the abysmal gulch of Akhourian cast its gloom on the passerby.

At that time the King's uncle, Ashot the Strategos, was firmly entrenched in the city together with his forces and his treasures, from which vantage spot he watched over his estates and his subjects but denied his protection to those who were the King's subjects. Years before, having received a crown from Yousouf the Emir, the Strategos had tried to remove the crown from his nephew — the true king — and to take his place, but, having failed in the attempt he merely ravaged the country for which reprehensible deed he won the infamous sobriquet of "The Tyrant." From that day on he was indifferent to the miseries of those who were not his subjects and gloated over the King's discomfitures.

All this, however, did not prevent Catholicos Hovhanness from seeking refuge with the despicable Tyrant. As had been noted, he fled from the fortress of Burakan when the Beshir was about to attack it with his forces and whose fall he could have prevented by his presence. Instead, he had sought refuge with the Tyrant together with his followers. Since that day the Strategos had taken the Catholicos under his protection.

And now, one beautiful day, a company of mounted troops descended to the Valley of Bakaran, apparently intent to disturb the Catholicos' easy life. The captain of the company was Prince Gevorg Marzpetouni, accompanied by his guards. The Prince apparently was coming on a new mission.

Months had passed and Marzpetouni's victories had brought about decided results. The Arabs slowly had disappeared from the Armenian provinces; the Beshir and his troops had been confined to the City of Dowin, without daring to come out in the open. The Armenian princes who had fortified themselves in their castles, now having taken heart from Marzpetouni's victories, had come out of their hiding and were mopping up the Arab bandits from their boundaries. The peace had been restored, the people had taken a fresh breath, and the peasants and the city folk had resumed their former occupations.

Besides, the royal troops who had been scattered in various parts of the land, or had entered the service of various princes, hearing of Marzpetouni's successes who was operating under the King's command, had reformed their ranks and had joined the Prince in their companies. Thus, Marzpetouni's army had increased into thousands.

This sudden turn of events had given the Prince a new and daring idea. He now wanted to take a bold and venturesome step to rid the land from the Arab invader once and forever and to restore the Armenian crown. He meant to attack the City of Dowin itself, seize the city and chase the Beshir out before the return of the Emir from Azerbaijan.

But since this was a much more hazardous venture than his former exploits he wanted to be more thorough in his preparations. To this end he consulted his immediate associates in arms, Vahram Sepouh, Mushegh, the Keeper of the fort, and his

son Kor. It was finally decided that the army would stay at the Kela mountains where it could be amply supplied with provisions from the people of Mazaz, Vostan and Ourdzatatsor, while he himself would proceed to Bakaran to advise the Catholicos to return to his seat in Dowin. From here he was to proceed to Yerazgavors to intercede with the King's uncle Abbas to become reconciled with his King and to receive him with due homage should the latter decide to return to Yerazgavors. After this, he was to proceed to Sevan to ask the King and the Queen to be with him when he attacked the City of Dowin and to support him with their counsel.

It was midday. The Prince and his retinue crossed the Akhourian river and started to ascend the heights of Bakaran. Their mounts were racing upwards at full speed and the company insignia was shining in the sun. From their bold approach the guards surmised that the newcomers were friends and they opened the gates before them.

The Prince headed straight for the Strategos' mansion to offer him his respects. The "Tyrant" who still called himself king and was recognized as such in the Plain of Shirak and the Valley of Arsharouniatz, received him with an homage due to a prince.

"If I had known that Marzpetouni the Conqueror was paying us a visit, I would have sent a company to meet him," the Strategos said, smiling.

"Your humble servant, my Lord, is already content with this reception, a reception to which he perhaps is not even worthy," the Prince replied modestly.

"You are too modest," the Strategos hastened to reply. "To do you justice, you should be crowned with a victor's wreath and triumphant arches should be erected to your name everywhere. The Beshir is thinking of taking flight while the Amiras of Dowin tremble as they pronounce your

name. You must really have terrified them."

The Prince smiled, hiding his lurking suspicion of the Tyrant's sincerity. Inwardly he knew that these praises were a mere outward show. He knew that, secretly, the Strategos resented his recent successes on the battlefield.

"I wish I were really worthy of your praise, but I am far, far from it," the Prince observed seriously.

"Come now, really. My nephew is lucky to have a valiant warrior like you," exclaimed the Strategos, "I would give the province of Yerazgavors if I only could find a servant like you."

The Prince fixed the Strategos with a stern look, as if trying to pierce the malice and the envy which was hid behind that strong exterior. It seemed to him it was this very spirit which was speaking at the time and the thought distressed him. Before him stood the blood brother of King Sembat, tall of stature, handsome, broad-shouldered and strong-armed. His voice was like the thunder, and the ground under him shook when he walked. And this mighty man, instead of being a defender of the King and his fatherland, was really an enemy and a rival. Ambition had closed the eyes of his soul, the perfidy of the foreigner had blinded his vision, and the crown of an Arab Emir had killed in his heart the noblest of sentiments — the love for the fatherland. The emotion of malice had shrivelled this mighty giant, and he was reluctant to call Ashot the Iron his King when he mentioned his name. He always referred to the King as his nephew, as if fearful that calling him "King" would deprive him of all worldly blessings. And yet he was very lavish in his praises of the King's loyal servant and was trying to win him over to his side.

To avoid the Prince's stern gaze the Strategos hastened to ask the cause of his visit. "I know you don't like Bakaran, Prince," he said with a smile, "you must

have a compelling reason for calling on us, of course."

"Yes, I have," replied Marzpetouni and he explained that he had come to return the Catholicos to his seat in Dowin.

"Why do you want to deprive his Majesty of our protection?" the Strategos asked mysteriously.

The Prince explained to him that should the Emir return from Azerbaijan and find the Catholicosate in Dowin without a master he might confiscate it and thus revenge himself on the Armenians for the defeats of Beshir.

"But what has he to gain by such an action?"

"There are hundreds of monasteries and religious fraternities which are being fed by the estates of the Catholicos. Isn't that inducement enough to confiscate them?"

"You've got a point there," the Strategos replied with an enigmatic look. It seemed to him the Prince had some other ulterior motives which he hid from him, and yet he could not tell what these intentions might be.

The Prince, finally, expressed his wish to see the Catholicos and the Strategos offered him a guide. At this time the Catholicos was staying at the Citadel. The trail which led to the citadel was rugged, now winding through rocky gulches, now through thick brushes on the higher slopes. The path being too narrow the company was ascending the slope in single file.

When they finally made the fort the gates were opened. The Catholicos received the Prince with joyful patriarchal blessings and making him sit beside him, expressed his satisfaction and his boundless admiration for his recent exploits on behalf of the fatherland.

"I wanted to prove to the princes and to you, Majesty, that it does not take great forces in order to accomplish great deeds, all that is needed is faith. To save the fatherland one does not need to wait for

the opportune moment, nor to beg the mercy of the princes. Faith in God and in one's right arm are enough. I proved the veracity of this opinion and now it is up to you to follow my example," observed the Prince, taking advantage of the Catholicos' cheering words.

"And what do you propose that I shall do?" the Catholicos asked uneasily.

"Each of you must do his duty."

"Meaning?"

The Prince explained to him his plan in a few words.

"You want to capture the City of Dowin?" the Catholicos asked amazed.

"Yes, and as soon as possible."

"Aren't you afraid of the Emir's anger, the mighty Arab armies?"

"Who is the Emir? We have a king of our own," the Prince shouted angrily.

"But Dowin is his property. He is the master of the greater part of Vostan; He regards Tjakatk, Kokovid and even Tzaghkotz as part of Tourouberan which he now controls."

"You mean to tell me they are the property of the base Arab?" the Prince roared angrily.

"For the present, yes," the Catholicos was calm.

"No, a thousand times no," the Prince shouted. "The land of the Armenians belongs to the Armenians. Dowin is the handiwork of King Khosrov; Tjakatk, Kokovid, Tzaghkotz are the provinces of the royal seat; Tourouberan is the property of the Mamikonian dynasty; each province of Armenia has a history, who can deny it? You, who know the history of the Armenian nation, how can you testify in behalf of the base Arab? If at this moment the ghost of Khorenatzi, the father of our historians, should appear, would you dare repeat your testimony before him?"

"I said 'for the present'. . ."

"Neither now nor in the future," the

Prince interrupted, "the Arab must reign in his land, not in Armenia."

"Let it be as you say, I am not the one to contradict you."

"And that is the way it will be, Your Majesty, if you will not delay my request."

"What is your request?"

"I told you before. You must return to your Seat."

"To Dowin?"

"Yes."

"But what is the good of my return? I am not a fighter, nor do I command an army with which I could help you. If you are intent on capturing Dowin, go ahead, liberate the city from the Arab. Then I will return and give you my blessing."

"You may curse me, if you wish, just so you return even now while the Emir is still absent and while my soldiers have not laid siege to the city."

"But what is the good of my return now? Will you explain?"

"Don't you think telling you my secret will be in vain as long as you stay here?"

"I will leave right now if I am convinced it is necessary."

"Very well. The good, Your Majesty, is that right now I need some men whom I can trust in Dowin. I cannot infiltrate my men inside Dowin, the Beshir will stop them. Whereas, you can return to your Seat freely. Such a step will even flatter the Emir's vanity. With your monks I will sneak in a few of my men."

"They will not let any laymen enter through the gates of Dowin."

"I know, but they will let hooded monks in."

"My God! You are hanging the Emir's sword over my neck," the Catholicos exclaimed turning pale.

"Have no fear, Holy Father, I will not permit it. I will not let the Emir bare his sword, not to speak of hanging it over your head."

"And what about your trusted men?"

"If need be, they will dig a tunnel under your residence to the outside wall."

"Oh, I could not be a party to such a plan. He who commanded us, 'Give unto God that which is God's' also commanded us, 'Give unto Caesar that which is Caesar's' . . ." the Catholicos said firmly.

"Who is your Caesar?" the Prince asked, trembling with anger.

The Catholicos did not answer.

"You have a king whom you are duty-bound to obey, that is King Ashot," the Prince continued. "The Arab has no right in this country; he is an invader, a usurper, a bandit. The Armenian who calls him the rightful owner is a traitor to his people and the first soldier who meets the traitor has a right to kill him without sinning against justice."

"I have been running away from the tyrant's vengeance," the Catholicos apologized lamely, "and now you are sending me to meet that vengeance. What have you to gain by my death?"

"You should rather say what the fatherland has to gain. If you think your return to Dowin will mean your death you should rejoice in it. Is it not better to be classified among the martyrs of Ghevond Yeretiz rather than to perish without leaving a memory?"

The Prince's stern language instead of angering His Holiness, on the contrary, mellowed him. He could not help but see that the Prince was pleading not for himself but in behalf of the fatherland, therefore, how could he get angry with him? Was it not true that he loved the fatherland and its freedom no less? But what could he do? God had not endowed him with the soul of a Marzpetouni; he was afraid of danger, afraid of the Arab sword. He was even willing to sacrifice himself but could not go through with it. Nature had deprived him of the necessary courage.

"You spoke of the Ghevondian martyrs," he said weakly, "I really would like to be

worthy of the glory, but I doubt if I am capable of it."

"To be willing is to be capable, and now the right moment has come. Be brave, spurn this transient life, show with your deeds what you have been preaching to your disciples and future generations will bless your memory."

"What shall be my task at Dowin?"

"It shall be your duty to protect the men who live with you as your spiritual servants. They shall sleep during the day, and work in the night."

"What if traitors inform on us?"

"In that case a few men may die, including perhaps our Patriarch, but that is inevitable."

"It's a heavy condition."

"What is more easy and more desirable than to lay down one's life for the sake of the fatherland?"

"For a brave man, and for a patriot, yes, it is easy, but . . ."

"But you are not a brave man, Your Majesty, I know that; still you are a patriot, you cannot deny that."

"Let it be as you say, dear Prince. If God has willed that I should die, I accept it willingly. They will not classify me among the martyrs, I know, but at least there shall be no blemish attached to my memory," the Catholicos said firmly.

"God willing you shall be free of all peril, Your Majesty; fate already has smiled on us. It's impossible that this last attempt shall fail," the Prince reassured him.

"We shall see. Perhaps God will hear the prayer of the righteous."

The Prince rose to his feet, kissed His Majesty's right hand and thanked him for His condescension. Then he wanted to know when His Majesty would depart from Bakaran.

"Tomorrow, if necessary," the Catholicos replied.

"It is necessary. Each day's delay may cause us incalculable harm."

"What if the Strategos should delay me?"

"Ah yes, the Strategos! I completely forgot him. You shall say nothing of this to him, Your Majesty."

"What excuse shall I give him for my departure?"

"I have already given him the reason. You are going to Dowin to prevent the confiscation of the Catholicosate by the Emir."

The Catholicos was satisfied and agreed to leave Bakaran on the third day. Meanwhile the Prince was to assign his men who were to follow the Catholicos as his retinue.

The very same day Marzpetouni took his departure of Ashot the Strategos and with his guards set out for the mountains of Kela.

CHAPTER II

THE PLAN LEAKS OUT

As soon as Prince Marzpetouni left Bakaran the Strategos hastened to the citadel to learn the true cause of his visit, but since he was convinced that the Catholicos would not divulge it to him, he decided to resort to cunning.

"I don't like the Prince's intentions," he confided to the Catholicos, avoiding a direct question. "You must be careful not to become a tool of this man."

"What is this? You already are familiar with the Prince's intention?" the Catholicos asked innocently.

"How not? At first he tried to hide it from me, but when he came to see me I forced him and he told me everything."

"Really? But he warned me against. . ."

"He warned you to tell me nothing, isn't that right?" the Strategos asked with a sly smile.

The Catholicos hesitated. He did not know what to say.

"Do not hide anything from me, Your Majesty. He already has confessed to me everything. And don't think that it was my royal dinner and wine which opened his mouth. I promised to support him with my regiments. His plan needs extra aid."

"You mean to tell me you really promised to support him, and you will carry out your promise?" the Catholicos asked with enthusiastic incredulity.

"Of course I will. The best interest of the fatherland demands it."

"Bravo, illustrious Lord. By doing so you will save the Catholicos from a base act. The two of you captured the City of Dowin two years ago, you can do the same now."

"You will never be forced to commit the base act; I will never permit you."

"I will pray for you and the Prince. I will pray God to make your armies invincible, but to stage an act of treason inside the Catholicosate, that I cannot do."

"Did the Prince ask you to do it?"

"Yes. His men were to accompany me disguised as clergymen, and once inside the city, they would dig a tunnel to the outside walls. How could I be a party to such a thing?"

The Strategos learned all that he wanted to know. He was thrilled inwardly. "No," he said resolutely, "you will not be a party to such a base act. I will not let the Catholicos of the Armenians be disgraced as a conspirator before the world. My arm is still strong enough to protect you. I will join my regiments with the Prince's forces and the two of us will take Dowin by force. That's what I told him."

The Catholicos, who was looking for an excuse to crawl out of his promise, was almost beside himself with joy and recounted

the whole details of his conversation with the Prince.

Supremely satisfied with his accomplishment, the Strategos returned to his mansion, and retiring to his private room he called his secretary to bring him a parchment and writing ink. He started to write a letter, apparently top secret and obviously not intended for an Armenian because the script was in Arabic.

Having finished the letter he sealed it with the royal seal. Then he called one of his braves and commanded him to deliver the letter to its address in three days.

"Sire, it is difficult to reach Azerbaijan in three days," the messenger objected.

"In three days the letter will reach its destination," the Strategos repeated.

The messenger bowed low and hurried off.

A few days later Marzpetouni's men were encamped at the Forest of Tznendots, waiting for the arrival of the Catholicos to accompany him to Dowin. Days passed and yet there was no sight of the Catholicos. A week passed and still there was no news from Bakaran. Some of the soldiers proposed to send a messenger to Bakaran and find out what had happened, but others objected. The Prince had commanded them to wait and they did not want to miscarry his plan by taking a misstep.

At this time Prince Marzpetouni was at Yerazgavors, calling on the King's uncle Prince Abbas to induce his support in the forthcoming venture. At the time Abbas was living in the castle built by his father king Sembat. Like his brother he was a tall man, handsome, and powerfully built. Although he was younger than the King, still he was more discreet and circumspect. Besides, he was more honest and devout a person than Ashot and for this very reason he was angry with his brother for having disgraced the family honor through his illicit love. And for this very reason he had even raised arms against his King. A few

months before he had rejected Marzpetouni's intercession to become reconciled with the King.

Prince Marzpetouni was doubtful of his success even now in his second mission of reconciliation. The only thing which lent him a measure of confidence were his recent victories on the battlefield. He felt that these victories gave him the right to speak more freely with the recalcitrant princes and even demanding their cooperation. That was how he had gone to see the Catholicos. But now when he saw Abbas he found him completely changed. Abbas not only accepted his proposition for reconciliation but he even expressed his willingness to lay his regiments at the disposal of the King.

"Your victories made me feel ashamed of myself," he said candidly. "When I learned that you attacked the Beshir with only twenty soldiers, repeated your attack twice more and came out victorious, from that day I determined to join you. Here in Yerazgavors I have an organized and well-equipped army, lead it wherever you will. I extend my hand to the King in a spirit of true reconciliation and will receive him with homage. The question is, will he come out of Sevan?"

"If he learns that you have extended him the hand of reconciliation, he will joyfully return to his capital."

"Yes indeed I forgive him. I forgive his frailties which were unpardonable in a king. I forgive him; however I fear he will be too stubborn to return to Yerazgavors. I really want him reinstated on his throne. The Queen has gone through a lot, she has suffered so much. We must comfort her."

Marzpetouni was surprised seeing so much tenderness and solicitude in Abbas' words. What could have happened? Could it be he was truly repentful for his past enmity to his brother, or was it because his conscience was torturing him for having raised arms against his king.

"I will go to the King and intercede with him in your and my behalf," Marzpetouni offered. "I am hopeful that he will not dis-appoint us."

"I will accompany you," Abbas volunteered.

"You will, your Majesty?" Marzpetouni could not believe his ears.

"Why not? Does my desire seem so strange to you?"

"Not strange but very natural. Still, I don't know, why this sudden change?"

"Prince, it is difficult to forget a brother."

"I would say it were impossible."

"The King has written me a personal letter," Abbas interrupted, dropping his gaze sadly.

"It's a sad letter," he added, "it distressed me profoundly."

"What did he write which caused you such sorrow?" the Prince was curious.

"He is sick."

"How come?"

"He was wounded in his fight with the Beshir."

"I did not know," the Prince added, alarmed.

"He was wounded by a poisonous arrow; his doctors say the wound is mortal."

"That is tragic news," exclaimed the Prince. "We cannot leave him at Sevan, we must bring him here right away."

"We can start tomorrow."

"What about his letter? Could I read it?" the Prince asked respectfully.

"You are the King's trusted servant, we have no secrets from you. Here is the letter. Read it."

The King's letter read:

"From Ashot the unhappy king

"To his beloved brother Abbas

"Greetings.

"The right hand of Providence, beloved brother, has laid heavily on me. It has punished me heavily for the crimes I have committed. I saw the devastation of my country, saw my loved ones turning their faces

away from me, I saw the diminution of my crown.

"Did I deserve all this? That I do not know. I only know that Providence does nothing wrong. Therefore, I bow before its holy will and bless its name for comforting me in my suffering. That comfort is the firm conviction that in a short time I shall depart from this world, putting an end to my torture.

"In the battle with the Beshir I sought my death but was only wounded, such a wound which would prolong my torture and to give me time to ponder my sins. No doubt this too was ordained by God, blessed be His will. But since my surgeon has despaired and already has predicted my death, I hasten to appeal to you, dear brother, that you extend to me the kiss of reconciliation. I have decided to die in Sevan, but I trust you will take my body to Bakaran for its final resting place. All the same I shall give up the ghost here in my exile. That is my wish. Therefore, listen to my last wish and see to it that it is fulfilled.

"I die sonless; you are the heir of my crown and throne. This is rightfully yours. It is my wish that you will assume the crown not as a rival, but as a brother. Bring me the kiss of your reconciliation and in return receive from me your rightful heritage. Together with it, I leave you one last trust whose preservation I can trust only in you as my own blood brother."

After reading the letter the Prince asked, "When did you receive this letter, Sire?"

"Three days ago," replied Abbas.

"How could you stand it this long?"

"I suffered while waiting. If the King had spoken only of reconciliation I would have gone to him at once, but he also has mentioned my inheritance, How could I become reconciled with him for the sake of the inheritance? I am not a mercenary."

"If that's all that is worrying you don't give it another thought, Sire. I advise you to hasten to the King as soon as possible."

A few days later the King's brother Abbas and Prince Marzpetouni departed from Yerazgavors for Sevan, accompanied by a joint army of their forces. They deliberately took a longer route in order to pass through the villages and the towns of the south so that the people could see their march, and indeed, their appearance was the signal of great demonstrations everywhere. The people welcomed them with open arms and was thrilled at the sight of the King's banners.

While Abbas and Marzpetouni were setting foot on the northern border of the province of Siunik, events of an entirely different nature were evolving in the southern part. The Emir Nasur having been informed by Ashot the Tyrant's letter that Marzpetouni intended to lay siege to Dowin and to capture it through conspiracy, instantly gathered his forces, organized auxiliary marauding units from the Persians of Azerbaijan, and marched into Vaspourakan. And, by way of lending his march a triumphant look, he tried to capture a number of towns on his way, but he was vigorously repelled by the ever ready and vigilant troops of Gagik Ardzrouni. Unwilling to become involved in a fight with King Gagik lest he weaken his forces, the Emir retreated, and hastily crossing the river Yeraskh, entered the land of Siunik.

The Emir knew that two of the three brothers who ruled the province of Siunik, princes Sahak and Babgen, were hostages in Dowin. There remained the third, Prince Sembat, who surely would not dare cross swords with him. Consequently, he boldly approached the fort of Yernchak with the intention of capturing it and putting the garrison to the sword. In this manner, he meant to spread terror and destruction on his way to Dowin.

But the Emir was in for a great surprise. Having taken heart from Marzpetouni's example the Armenian princes were ready

for the Arabs everywhere, particularly the Prince of Siunik. Having ambushed the Emir's army in the gorge of Taru, Prince Sembat sent him a messenger, saying:

"God's avenging arm has led you into this trap, you who perfidiously seized my two brothers, and now I will make you pay for their sufferings. At this moment your army is surrounded by my soldiers and not an Arab will escape unless I say the word. Therefore, as a ransom for your person and your army, I offer you these terms. As soon as you reach Dowin you will set my brothers free and return them to me here. For this, I want your sworn word as well as a number of hostages from your princes. Should you reject my terms, I will make this gorge the grave of your army."

And truly at this time the Arab army was in peril. The natives of Siunik had trapped them in a narrow gorge, surrounded on all sides from the heights. The braves of Siunik could have destroyed the whole army within an hour under an avalanche of rocks, without resorting to their arms.

Seeing his plight, the Emir resorted to his customary cunning. He gladly received the Prince's messengers, agreed to return to Dowin and free the hostages, and on his part he delivered a number of hostages.

But, the minute he extricated himself from his trap, the Emir marched into Nakhitchevan, entered Sharoor and Ourdzatsor which were regarded as his estates, and started to raid the Armenian villages whose inhabitants had aided Marzpetouni. Finally, having entered Dowin, he not only did not free the hostages but doubled their guard.

Besides, in revenge for the reverses of Beshir's armies, the Emir confiscated the estates of the Catholicosate which, in his opinion, was the principal cause of all his misfortunes.

Having heard of the Emir's perfidy Prince Sembat regretted his error in trust-

ing the Arab but it was already too late. All the same, he resolved to make the Arab pay heavily for his perfidy if only God would permit him to save his captive brothers.

The Catholicos, on the other hand, was disconsolate and conscience-stricken. "If only I had listened to the advice of Marzpetouni," he complained repentfully, "if only I had carried out my promise, the Catholocosate would have been spared now." He was particularly bitter toward Ashot the Tyrant for having dissuaded him from his original intention.

"On the contrary, I saved you from certain dishonor and death," the Tyrant apologized. "You had run away from the Emir a number of times and you could not have placated him by returning to Dowin. Sooner or later he would have arrested you and would have killed you in a dungeon. This is what would have happened to you, had you listened to Marzpetouni's advice."

"I am already dishonored and dead," the Catholicos wailed. "What right have I to call myself the head of the church when I have betrayed and lost the trust of my predecessors?"

"The fault is not yours. It is the fault of him who calls himself the King of the Armenians but who is hiding from fear in Sevan. When a king who weilds a sword and has an army to follow him runs away from the enemy, what can an ecclesiastical do whose only weapon is his prayers?"

"If only the people could share your thoughts, but the people will blame me for everything, especially when the indignant prince puts the whole responsibility on me."

"You refer to Prince Marzpetouni?"

"Who else? I dread the thought of him. What answer can I give him should he return here?"

"You don't have to give an account to him. What right has he over you?"

"He is the King's loyal servant and acts at his behest. He gave me good advice but I didn't listen to him."

"Do you want to spare yourself further unpleasanties, Your Majesty?" the Tyrant suddenly asked.

"Oh, I do, I do, but how?"

"Go away from Bakaran."

"Where else can I go? There is no room for me in Ayarat."

"You are the Catholicos not only of Ayarat but of all Armenians, and wherever your seat may be, the Armenians are obliged to worship you."

"But where can I go? Who else can defend me?" the Catholicos asked quite crestfallen.

"The very man who is willing to defend you and whose request you have rejected so far."

"And who is that man, pray tell me?"

"King Gagik."

"King Gagik?" the Catholicos exclaimed and suddenly his face brightened.

"That's right. You go to Gagik Artzrouni in Vaspourakan and he will protect you. If you do not want to stay in the Ardzrouni capital you can retire to the Island of Akhtamar. The king has built there an impregnable fortress, a beautiful mansion and a magnificent church. Establish your seat in that island which is the heart of Armenia, assemble around you a new monastic order, foster the teaching of the faith and spend your last years in peace."

"God has not deserted me after all, Sire," the Catholicos said with great relief. "He has spoken through you and has shown me the way. I am grateful to you and I will bless you as long as I live. I will go to Vaspourakan, retire to the island of Akhtamar where I shall be free of the slings and arrows of enemies. The throne of the Armenian Catholicos shall be intact there and my successors shall bless your memory. I shall found there a new fraternal order, shall assemble around me new disciples of

the Holy Scriptures, and will rekindle the torch of the faith in Akhtamar. I have wandered long enough; now I shall find a corner for myself where I can rest my head."

"And there you shall complete the history of the Armenians," the Tyrant reminded.

"Very true indeed. I shall finish my own story which to this day is incomplete. I shall be indebted to you eternally once I finish that story."

The Catholicos was happy like a little child who has suddenly recovered a lost toy, as if he had no other worry in the world to torture his soul, or as if the history of the Armenians would be completed once his life story was finished.

A few days later the Catholicos, together with his retinue left Bakaran and entered Yerazgadzor. Marzpetouni's soldiers who had been waiting for him at the Tzendots woods were delighted at his appearance but great was their regret when the Catholicos informed them that the Emir already had arrived at Dowin and had confiscated the

Catholicosate. Under the circumstances, he told them, he was seeking refuge in Vaspourakan under the protection of King Gagik.

Upon this disclosure Marzpetouni's soldiers returned to the mountains of Kela and from here, at the command of Sepouh Vahram, they set out for Sevan to take the news to the Prince. But the Catholicos, traveling through Tjakatk, Bagrevand and Kovkit, finally reached the border of Vaspourakan where he was met by a few companies of King Gagik's troops who led him to Van, the capital of the Ardzrounis. The people of Vaspourakan received the Armenian Patriarch with a great demonstration of joy while King Gagik met him on the way with his princely entourage. The king's joy was boundless now because the arrival of His Majesty the Catholicos completed the only prestige which his kingdom lacked. That the Armenian Catholicos had transferred his seat into his country was an honor too great for words.

(To be continued)



BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

BULLETIN ARMENOLOGIQUE (*In French*)
edited by Rev. J. Mecerian, S. J. First vol. Octavo,
large, paper, pp. 132, Beirut, 1947-1948. Second
vol. pp. 250 Beirut, 1953.

★ ★ ★

Father Mecerian thus offers us two well-prepared and edited scholarly, important works. The first volume contains "Notes de droit Armenien" (Notes on Armenian Law) with lengthy research on David son of Alavik, a XIIIth century Armenian law maker, and on his extant Armenian manuscripts, etc. Then Mekhithar Kosch, also XIIIth century, Armenian law maker, his work and his extant manuscripts. To these Father Mecerian adds an extensive article on Armenian writers that have done research on Armenian codes such as Siragan Dikranian and Khatchic Samouelian.

The second work is this volume is "Esquisse de L'Histoire Litteraire De La Medecine En Armenie" (A sketch of literary History of Medicine in Armenia) and covers the V to XIV century. Father Mecerian very ably compiles this work and gives an excellent account of the literary history of medicine in Armenia with all contemporary bibliographies on the subject as well as condensed biographical information about those who have contributed to Armenian medicine and its history with its Greek or Arab influences.

The volume ends with notes on Abbot Mekhitar of Sebastia, the works of H. B. Karekin Catholicos Hovsepian and Armenological works of R. P. Van Den Oudenrijn. Finally a list is given of Armenian books and magazines received at the University of St. Joseph in Beirut, Lebanon.

The second volume (1953) is "Bilan Des Relations Armeno-Iraniennes au Ve Siecle ap. J. C." (Written on the 1,500th anniversary of the Battle of the Avarayr).

The second article in this volume is a splendid study "Des Synaxaires Armeniens" that is *The Haysmaurk*. This study occupies most of the present volume. After this Father Mecerian gives us a fairly detailed "Chronique D'Art Armenien" introducing to us all the works, books and articles published on the subject in the last few years, that is on Armenian Architecture, Sculpture, Illumination and Lesser or Industrial arts. Then come additional notes on the Armenian Law.

Final section of this volume contains the names

with some short notes on their lives and works of the lamented Armenologists who have passed away, namely Prof Robert Blake (9 May 1950), Paul Peeters (18 August 1950), Maximilien, Prince of Saxe, (12 January 1951), Hagop Topdjian (7 March 1951), Archbishop Ardavast Surmehyan (27 September 1951), Karl Mlaker (2 October 1951), Levon Chanth (29 November 1951), Hagop Manandian (4 February 1952), Catholicos Karekin Hovsepian (21 June 1952), Rev. Hmayag Hamparian (19 July 1952), Rene Grousset (12 Sept. 1952), Hratchia Adjarian (16 April 1953), all of them well known, fruitful, prolific writers to whom the Armenians in general and armenology in particular are grateful and lament their loss.

Finally Father Mecerian gives us a long list of books received at the University of St. Joseph, in Beirut, Lebanon. It is very unfortunate that the books and periodicals are far less than has actually been issued by the press for that period. Father Mecerian complained to me personally when I was in Beirut in April 1954 that he was not receiving many important Armenological publications. Thus he was not able to give a more regular and complete bibliography and introduce to international Armenologists everywhere in the world the advances made in Armenian researches. Without doubt his work, unique and important, could be of great assistance to students of Armenian arts and history everywhere. It would be wonderful if some culture-loving reader of mine would give a subscription of the Armenian Review as a gift to St. Josephs University of Beirut. Still better, perhaps some one would be generous enough to give to the University the whole set of the Armenian Reviews from the first issue on. It is indeed a shame that the University has not the collection nor receives the new issues. I was very much surprised to hear from the learned Father that the University did not receive even the HAIRENIK MONTHLY. And just to think that a great number of subscribers of the monthly are such great devotees of Armenian history, culture etc. and not one of them has had the idea of making a subscription gift of the monthlv. . . Well let us hope that in the next issue of the Armenian Review I will have the happiness of giving the name of the donor of subscriptions to the University of St. Joseph of *Hairenik Monthly* and *Armenian Review*. This will be a worthy gift and a splendid donation.

ARMIANSKAI NABOIKA.—*Armenian printed textiles. Large folio, cloth, 82 cuts in color, text in Russian, printed in Moscow USSR, 1953. Price 52 rubles.*

Just received the interesting and colorful volume. Only one title page is in Armenian and states (in Armenian) "Armenian State Gallery". The title in Armenian Հայկական Զարդապատ Կտոր however does not make any sense, and obviously it is a misprint and it should be Հայկական Զարդապատ Կտոր (ներ), that is "Armenian ornament printed pieces."

The text in Russian occupies pp. 5-7. Unfortunately my very primitive Russian is not enough for me to derive any information as to the contents of the text. But I do understand that the 82 reproductions in color in this volume represents printed textiles taken from the inner side of the bindings of old Armenian manuscripts.

Of course we know that the Armenians in general were great masters in cutting wood blocks and printing textiles of cotton (calico). Particularly in ancient times Tocat, in present Turkey, and Tabriz, in present Iran, were very famous for such textile printing work, the masters always being Armenians. Even Evliya Chelebi in his renowned work informs us about the great skill of Armenian calico printers.

The reviewed work presents us a collection of such printed calico taken from Armenian manuscripts. Unfortunately not being able to read the accompanying text, I do not know what proof and facts the editors of the present volume claim the Armenian creation of these printed calicos. Naturally the fact that those pieces were found in the bindings of Armenian manuscripts does not make them of Armenian origin. The dates of the manuscripts are not enough to class those calicos as of the same period as the manuscripts. Few Armenian calico or other textiles have any Armenian letters or other such definite signs incorporated in their designs. Of course we exclude the embroideries. I have some very large and elaborate Armenian church altar drapes printed in color figures and designs on cotton upon which there are also extensive inscriptions in Armenian informing us about the artisans that worked on the pieces, the donors, place, date and other essential information. However, none of the calicos represented in this volume has any Armenian letters or inscriptions, not even any religious symbols, etc. On the contrary some of the designs are of Persian and Indian nature.

Nevertheless the volume supplies us with material that could be very useful for any future research on the subject.

The printing has been done well. The color cuts are clear. The colors primarily are of various hues of red, but now and then there are pieces dyed with light and dark blue, green, yellow.

It is a most valuable collection of designs for Armenian textile designers, calico printers etc.

★ ★ ★

HAYASTAN (Armenia) *an album of pictures presenting ancient and modern Armenia 8°, paper bound pp. 128; Antilia (?) 1954;*

The work contains photo reproductions of old Armenian churches, religious objects, portraits of individuals, and scenes from modern Armenia etc. These are mostly photographed by Archbishop Derenik Bolatian who has visited the USSR a number of times and has secured these photographs.

Some of the photos are interesting; few are already well known; many are staged subjects for obvious propagandic value. But all in all, the collection is of interest to casual viewers as well as for those that have interest in our ancient arts of stone carving, architecture, embroidery or silversmithing; we are grateful to our dear Archbishop friend for thus presenting some valuable material for the history and research of lesser Armenian arts.

The album no doubt will be a good picture collection for the average Armenian home which will remind the occupants of the ancient glory as well as present charms of the Armenia imprisoned behind the Iron Curtain.

★ ★ ★

L'UNIONE DEGLI ARMENI DI POLONIA CON LA SANTA SEDE (1626-1686), by Rev. Gregorio Petrowicz, *Edition Orientalia Christiana Analecta 135.8°, paper, pp. 336, (Italy) 1950.*

A splendid scholarly work on an old and sore subject with new facts and documents well prepared.

The young author, an Armenian of Poland, has exhaustively scrutinized the archives of Vatican and the Prop. Fide in Rome. An impressive and extensive bibliography enumerates almost every book that has been published on the subject.

Richly documented and illustrated with few pictures Rev. Gregorio Petrowicz' book narrates the history of forcible conversion of the Armenians in Poland from their Apostolic Armenian native church to the Roman Catholic church.

Rev. Petrowicz does his best to be an impartial judge of the tragedy that befell the Polish Armenians from the year 1626 on. He tries to excuse Archbishop Torosowicz to some extent. He shifts most of the blame on Father Piromalli and some of the opponents of Torosowicz.

The result of his work undoubtedly makes the dark subject a little more detailed and a little more clear, but hardly changes the position of its spirited actors whose intelligence in some cases may have been wanting; but their evaluation of right and justice remains as it was as far as Armenian interpretation of the total action remains. The cold and sordid fact remains that, totally innocent, and fanatically loyal to the Polish kings and country, Armenians of Poland were ruthlessly "converted" against all humane decency, right and justice, from their ancestral, fine ancient Christianity to the alien Catholicism of Rome of the period. This unfortunate conversion reduced immediately the great importance of the ancient colony of Armenians in Poland, shortly after totally disappearing with detrimental effects on general Polish commerce, industry and arts. To achieve this the "enlightened" Popes, Catholic missionaries, and devoted Catholic Kings of Poland are

the only ones responsible; for the Armenians of Poland were helpless in the Catholic Polish state, subject to the wishes of loyal Catholic Kings who were advised from the Catholic center of the all-powerful Rome and the heads of the Roman church. As to the share of the Armenian clergy in this sad religious fiasco of the XVII century they could not with all their "might" change an iota from the rules and regulations that were obligatorily imposed from Rome or Polish Kings of the time.

Times have changed. Today a Catholic priest more or less likes to bring to the open the condemnable actions of the Catholic church. It is for this reason that with changing time we have a great deal more respect, sincere appreciation, understanding of Rome and her great and venerable rulers of our days.

Rev. Petrowicz has supplied us with material for which we are deeply grateful. We hope that he will continue his splendid work. It goes without saying that even when we disagree with him in various parts and points that disagreement is born not from bigotry and fanaticism but from deeprooted desire to bring to light all the details of Armenian history to clarify our history from unsavory entanglements with other nations,

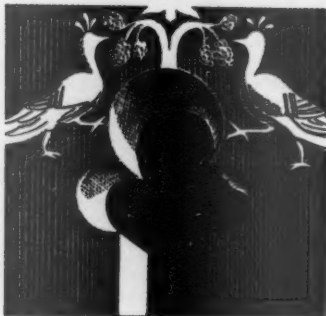
religions and people. We like to know the truth so we can not be subjected to mischievous gossips, misunderstanding, which can supply the ammunition of hatred to our universal enemies whose chief contribution to humanity it seems so far has been nothing but lies, dissention, moral decadence.

★ ★ ★

THE EPIC OF SAINT VARDAN THE BRAVE. — *Small octavo, cardboard, pp. 108 with many illustrations and maps, edited and annotated by Vahan M. Kurkjian, New York 1951.*

This small volume contains primarily Yeghisheh Vardapet's well-known work translated into English, as well as abridged by C. F. Neumann, to which are added commentary and annotations by one of our venerable and well-known writers, Mr. Vahan M. Kurkjian.

Mr. Kurkjian is well known for his devotion to Vardan Mamikonian, Yeghisheh and their cause. The present volume is prepared with the same undying devotion to Vardan Mamikonian, Yeghisheh and their cause. The book, well illustrated with pictures of carvings, coins, miniatures, manuscripts, maps etc. also has a good many cuts that were creations of the past century.



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OF ARMENIAN REVIEW

Boston, Massachusetts, October 1, 1954

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